

THE 31st OF JUNE

(Ray Austin-Marshall)

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F	C/G	a	-				

I had orders from the Captain to present myself at dawn
 In matters appertaining to the crown
 My customary uniform had only twice been worn
 Projected in the likeness of a clown

Presented to the men-at-arms, enshrouded all in steel

The hero in my heart began to shrink

These weapons have been commandeered for some poor flesh to feel

Armoured lambs in line upon the brink

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I had orders from the Captain to lead the dawn patrol
 Into the strange and wintry lands beyond
 Frantically searching for the soldier in my soul
 My mind and body crave a common bond

The trumpet in the distance tells me all I need to know

The enemy before me holds his fire

The sound and smell of victory I surely must bestow

On those who form the final funeral pyre

Those who form the final funeral pyre

I had orders from the Captain to refrain from showing pain
 Before the boy recruits had passed our way
 The Captain died and I contrived to smile into the rain
 Into the growing darkness of the day

The 31st of June came upon us all too soon

Before we'd found a reason not to fight

My eyes will not behold another rising of the moon

There'll be no light to give them second sight

There'll be no second life to give them light