

Remember, Remember

Remember, remember, the wars of November,
December, January and all year round.

The blood soaked trenches and the rotting corpse air,
Fill my senses without a care.

The gunshots and shell shock, the screams and cries,
The trenchfoot, the lice, the burn in my eyes.

The wet on my feet, and the wind in my face,
The blood, sweat and tears in this terrible place.

The dreams I've had of me losing you,
I can't bear the thought, what would I do?

I've served my country, my duty is done,
What's left to say? My life is gone.

So never forget the wars of November,
For me they'll never be done.