

4. LAST POST (aka. 1000 YARD STARE)

Normal tuning
3/4 75bpm

Em₍₆₎ Am₍₆₎ Em₍₆₎ Am₍₁₂₎ B7₍₆₎ Em₍₆₎

(6) = six bars

D₍₆₎ Em₍₆₎ Am7₍₆₎ Gma7₍₆₎ Cma7₍₆₎ Fma7₍₆₎ Dm₍₃₎ Dm/C₍₃₎ B

Was it always ever thus,
That we send the best of us
Torn from their mothers and their wives
Gambling loosely with their lives
Marching bands and waving flags
No trauma yet nor body bags
The rank and file from coast to coast
Give no thought as yet to their Last Post

Over and over, again and again
Generations of our best young men
Placed in danger and great harm
By those of us home all safe and warm.
How many have been cut and slain
To soak the ground in blood and pain
Dying in waves or alone for most
Each approaching their own Last Post

All excited and eager-eyed
Crossing lands and oceans wide
Dying to join the dying trade
With tools of gun and trenching spade
Patriotic fervour soon wears thin
On stale crumbs and adrenalin
Fathers, Sons, and the Holy Ghost
You can read it all in their Last Post

Bandage, stretcher, needle, stitch
And each bullet sold makes someone rich.
When pawns on boards or specks on screens
Our decisions seem far less obscene.
No honour, no rules, no cricket pitch
When dying lonely in a ditch
Body parts in flies and sand
Blood in eyes and guts in hand

Tracer, mortar, bomb and mine
Kill or break the body and mind
Who is who and which is which
In the fog of war with a fighting itch
No one cares and no one learns
There'll always be young lives to burn
Discarded under foreign skies
Deaf to the sound of the bugler's cry

What use the flag draped on a box
To orphaned kids in bobby socks
A hero's tale that will only last
Until the winds of time redact the past.
Too dumb when young too wise when old
We decide on lives from half-truths told
So again we'll send the best of us
Was it always ever thus

We still march in rank and file
That modern times don't reconcile
Uniformed fish in a high-vis barrel
Stalked by hate dressed in street apparel
Our rules of law and high-placed morals
Are no exchange for wreaths and laurels
To come back home to lives stripped bare
Just medals, ribbons, and a thousand-yard stare

04. Last Post - CHORDS

