

Lyrics : From the Trenches

Went to Paris, Champs Elysées, Eiffel Tower by the Seine
But now we're in The Trenches in the cold and the rain
And there's mud everywhere, that just swallows your brain
It's so cold and so grey and it rains every day.

Write a letter to my folks ... trying not to explain
Leaving out all the sadness the fear and the pain
We fought at Pozieres and now at Bretonneux
Lost so many of the lads, who left home without a care.

Chorus

My mates they all died, but somehow I survived
Yet oft times in the night I hear their cries
And it seems so long ago, when we first heard the line
Dulce et decorum est pro patria Mori.

As I write this letter to you the dark night arrives
I make light of each day and hide the pain away
I don't say all that's real, paint a picture surreal
Don't worry I say... it'll all be Ok

Chorus

Back in France once again ... it's been 50 years
I never talk of the war or write letters anymore
I'm back at Bretonneux, where so many mates died
Yet still over Bretonneux, the Australian flag flies.

So many mates died but something good still survives
Not an ideal, but something real for which they all died.
And here at Bretonneux they never forgot the sacrifice.
And today was never so proud to be Australian
My mates they all died but some good still survives
Dulce et decorum est pro patria Mori