

# Barclay James Harvest, Summer Soldier

I feel sorry for the soldier who is shot and stoned in anger  
I feel sorry for his wife and child at home  
I feel sorry for the bomber who all life and limb dishonours  
For the people that he's maimed and left alone  
The Lord God said love thy neighbour  
Though in human life he trades, he's still a man  
I feel sorry for the children who with open mind are willing  
To fight for ideals aged and past their time  
I feel sorry for the children who will join the vicious circle  
Of instinct fear bred from their parents' minds  
The Lord God said love thy neighbour  
Break the circle, free the hater, call him a friend

Wake up, wake up, there's a man by your side  
With a knife and a gun in each hand  
Wake up, wake up, you're one and the same  
It's time to stop and decide  
Is it love or hate?  
Is it peace or war?  
It's for sure there's no inbetween  
Politicians point views  
But they're pointing for you  
The solution has to be seen

I thought I saw a summer soldier, helmet on his brow  
His silver rifle clutched beneath his armour-plated shroud  
I fire in hate, he cried aloud  
To protect myself from defeat  
My shield's my cause, my cause is war  
And from war I'll make no retreat

I dreamt I saw an angel bright, a halo on his brow  
His golden sword lay in its sheath beneath his silver shroud  
I drwa thee not, he cried aloud  
Though your deeds like spears strike my soul  
My shield's my love, my cause is peace  
Faith be sure I shall not retreat