

# Roy Orbison, There Won't Be Many Coming Home

Listen all you people  
Try and understand  
You may be a soldier  
Woman, Child or man

But there won't be many coming home  
No, there won't be many coming home  
oh, there won't be many  
Maybe ten out of twenty  
but there won't be many coming home

Now the old folks will remember  
On that dark and dismal day  
How their hearts were choked with pride  
As their children marched away  
Now the glory is all gone  
They are left alone

And there won't be many coming home  
No, there won't be many coming home  
oh, there won't be many  
Maybe five out of twenty  
but there won't be many coming home

Look real closely at the soldier  
Coming at you through the haze  
He May be the younger brother who ran away  
And before you kill another  
Listen to what I say

Oh, there won't be many coming home  
Oh, there won't be many coming home  
Oh, there won't be many  
There may not be any  
but there won't be many coming home

If they all came back but one  
He was still some mother's son  
And there won't be many coming home

Oh, there won't be many coming home  
Oh, there won't be many coming home  
Oh, there won't be many coming home.....