

Lift Me Up John

Lift me up John, for I fear I am broken
Lift me up John, for I shan't rise again
Lift me up John, for the shilling I've taken
Has torn me away from my good fellow men
There's wine in the taverns, and hares in the field
There's good men in this country who never shall yield
But I'm weary with battle, and cannot fight on
So why won't you lift me up John
Why wont you lift me up John

Lift me up John, for the night it is coming
Lift me up John, and with it the cold
Lift me up John, for I now hear the drumming
And the more that they drum the more I lose my hold
When first I enlisted, of glory I dreamed
But I soon found it wasn't at all as it seemed
Now all that I've dreamed of in ashes has gone
So why won't you lift me up John
Why won't you lift me up John

Lift me up John, for I think of my sweetheart
Lift me up John, and the friends that I know
Lift me up John, for there is cold comfort
In knowing that to them I someday will go
With honor my country will carry me home
They'll give me a flag and they'll give me a stone
They'll call me a hero for what I have done
So why won't you lift me up John
Why won't you lift me up John

Lift me up John, for I lie here so lonely
Lift me up John, for I cannot stand
Lift me up John, for I fear that there's only
So much you can do for a poor broken man
I know I'm for dying, but would not die here
On a cold, bloody field full of fire and fear
Through the smoke and the flames I'd once more see the sun
So why won't you lift me up John
Why won't you lift me up John

Lift me up John, for I ask but one promise
Lift me up John, one favor likewise
Lift me up John, would you carry a message
To those I'll ne'er more see again with these eyes
Tell my sweetheart I love her, my parents as well
Tell my friends that I'll miss them more than words can tell
Tell the general and his cronies to go straight to hell
For they're bastards and fools, every one
Why won't you lift me up John
Why won't you lift me up John

Composed by: Alex Sturbaum

Appears on *River Run Wide*

A new song about an old subject. The men who dream up wars seldom die in them.