Brothers In Arms

Dire Straits

These mist covered mountains
Are a home now for me
But my home is the lowlandsAnd always will be
Some day you'll return to
Your valleys and your farmsAnd you'll no longer burn
To be brothers in arms
Through these fields of destruction
Baptisms of fire
I've witnessed your suffering
As the battles raged higher
And though they hurt me so bad
In the fear and alarmYou did not desert me
My brothers in arms
There's so many different worldsSo many different suns
And we have just one world
But we live in different ones
Now the sun's gone to hell
And the moon's riding high
Let me bid you farewell
Every man has to die
But it's written in the starlight
And every line in your palm
We're fools to make war
On our brothers in arms

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