Ten Civilians By Robert Priest and Allen Booth Song produced by Bob Wiseman

When I

| C / / / | F / / / |

See that list of names upon that long black wall so many

| C / / / | Am / >G / |

Fallen in their prime it’s hard to count them all oh

| F / / / | G / / / |

Yes the soldiers die they fall in all their millions

| E7 / / / | F / G / |

But for every one of them that dies say goodbye to

| C / / / | F / / / |

Ten civilians - fathers and mothers

| C / / / | Am / >G / |

Ten civilian – sisters and brothers

| F / / / | G / / / |

\_ Ten babies being born

| E7 / / / | F / G / |

\_ Ten lifetimes of tears for those who are left to mourn

| Am / / / | / / / / }

Ooooooo

| F / G / | F / C / |

Ooooooo

| Am / / / | / / / / }

Ooooooo

| F / G / | F / / / |

Ooooooo

When I see that line of monuments roll out of sight

So many names engraved in stone but something’s not quite right

Yes the soldiers die

They stain the ground vermillion

But for every one of them that fell

Ring the bell

For ten civilians, dreamers and lovers

Ten civilians, grandfathers grandmothers

Ten children and their teacher too

They won’t be coming home

No matter what we do

| Am / / / | / / / / }

Ooooooo

| F / G / | F / C / |

Ooooooo

| Am / / / | / / / / }

Ooooooo

| F / G / | F / / / |

Ooooooo

No their names will not be written on that long black wall

And on the TV news they’re hardly there at all

It’s hard to think of them who knows how many millions

So for every warrior who dies, multiply (by)

Ten civilians, fathers and mothers

Ten civilians, sisters and brothers

Ten nurses and a doctor too

They won't be coming home

No matter what we do

OOO

When I see that line of names upon the long black wall…