

Soldiers

Abba

Intro: **F#m C#m7 F#m C#m7**

Verse

F#m C#m
Do I hear what I think Im hearing
F#m C#m
Do I see the signs I think I see
D E F#m
Or is it just fantasy
C#m7
Is it true that the beast is waking
F#m C#m7
Stirring in his restless sleep tonight
B Bm
In the pale moon light
F#m C#m7
In the grip of this cold December
F#m E
You and I have reason to remember

Chorus

A F#m D Dm
Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing the songs that you and I dont sing
D A F#m
They blow their horns and march along they drum their drums and look so strong
A D E
Youd think that nothing in the world was wrong
A F#m D Dm A
Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing the songs that you and I wont sing
F#m Fdim C#7 F#m
Lets look the other way taking a chance
A D E A
Cause if the bugler starts to play we too must dance.

Verse

Whats that sound, whats that dreadful rumble, wont somebody tell me what I hear
In the distance but drawing near
Is it only a storm approaching
All that thunder and the blinding light in the winter night
In the grip of this cold December
You and I have reason to remember

Chorus

Instrumental: **A F#m A D/A E E**

Chorus

Outro:

A

F#m

D

Dm