

Dying Soldier
Christy Moore

(intro) **G A**

Am

Look at the dying soldier , I heard someone whisper,
Em
then I saw the blood come through my shirt.

Am

Am I going to die here? I don t want to die here,
Em
someone come and pick me from the dirt.

G

A
I don t belong here, I don t wanna die here alone,

G

A
I don t belong here, don t let me die here alone.

Am

My hands are getting colder, my thoughts are growing weaker,
Em
this must be the way it is.

Am

Stop the shooting, don t you see I m dying,

Em

someone come and say a prayer.

G

A
I don t belong here, I don t wanna die here alone,

G

A
I don t belong here, don t let me die here alone.

Am

My eyes are closing, I see someone coming,

Em

he turns his back and runs away.

Am

They ve stopped shooting, it s started raining,

Em

this must be the way.

G

A
I don t belong here, I don t wanna die here alone,

G

A
I don t belong here, don t let me die here alone.

Am

I want to go back home where my friends are,

G

Em

I want to go on living there, said the dying soldier

Am

I want to go back home where my friends are,

G

Em

I want to go on living there, said the dying soldier.

Am

I want to go back home where my friends are,

G

Em

I want to go on living there, said the dying soldier....