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## The War Correspondent

"Good evening, I'm Ross Symonds with the news from the ABC.  
A record profit's been announced by the board of BHP  
In the second cricket test in Perth the Australians face defeat  
And the drought in Western New South Wales means dearer cuts of meat  
And our special correspondent in Saigon  
Says three Australian soldiers have been killed in Vietnam"

The special correspondent sat in a Saigon bar  
With the help of Johny Walker, he's pushed away the war  
And the questions without answers that had rattled round his head  
Had lost their urgent clarity and had faded round the edge  
Though tomorrow they'd again be sharp and clear  
Tonight they had been lost amongst the bar girls and the beer

Ask a silly question, like why the hell you're here  
Learning how to live with death, suffering and fear  
War's a game for soldiers, not for men like you  
Is there something that you have to find  
Or something you must prove?  
Or are you hooked upon the adrenalin  
That living on the edge of dying brings?

But here you are in Vietnam, you're a long way from home  
Doing what you're paid to do in the best way that you can  
Objectively you watch the war, trying not to take sides  
And what you feel, what you really feel  
Is hidden deep inside  
You're not being paid to moralise  
And anyway, a man can lose his reason asking "Why?"

And if you ever get back home you'll never be the same  
The man that was before Vietnam can never be again  
And in ten years time when you look back to weigh and count the cost  
Perhaps you'll find that Vietnam gave you back more than you lost  
For from it, if you gain nothing else  
Perhaps you may get to know yourself.

Coda:

Roll up, roll up, and see the show  
TV soldiers in a row  
Hear them laugh, hear them cry  
Watch them run and see them die  
It's not in colour but that's alright  
War's better viewed in black and white  
White for us and black for them  
With no grey shadows in between