

Four Thousand Miles

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "Now if I'm be - ing hon - est with you, of the war ov - er - seas ve - ry lit - tle I knew. Back here in the States our life was fine, of for - eign ag - gres - sion there was no sign. Then came Pearl Har - bour and the start of the draft, with mar - shal - ling on land, and at sea of our craft. We all knew that the time was nigh when the U S A stopped being a pas - ser by. Four thou - sand miles I've trav - elled to reach this for - eign shore, But min - utes af - ter lan - ding saw for me the end of war."

Now If I'm being honest with you, of the war overseas very little I knew.
 Back here in the States our life was fine, of foreign aggression there was no sign.
 Then came Pearl Harbour and the start of the draft, with marshalling on land, and at sea of our craft,
 We all knew that the time was nigh when the USA stopped being a passer-by.

*Ch: Four thousand miles I've travelled to reach this foreign shore,
 But minutes after landing saw for me the end of war.*

After spending weeks like on holiday, a fast ship took us to Liverpool Bay.
 We were shoved on a train and to Barnstable sent, some said it was Devon, but others said Kent.
 Then to demonstrate our fighting force, we practised storming an old golf course.
 At night in our tents we'd say a prayer, so thankful that war was such a tame affair.

We soon forgot our games inane, as we boarded our craft to cross the main.
We landed at dawn on Omaha Beach, our mission: the German lines to breach.
We inched our way across the sand, as shells and bullets around us did land.
There was no cover, nowhere to hide, and the living and the dead were side by side.

I was starting to think with luck I'd been blessed, when somebody's bullet hit me in the chest.
I buried my head in the cold, damp ground, my hands on my ears to drown out the sound.
I was finally dragged to high-water mark, and left on my own till it was quite dark,
Then put on a stretcher and carried aboard, with three months in hospital my reward.

I can tell my offspring I've been abroad, though of my action there's not much to record.
I landed on France's sandy shore, but I'm grateful I didn't see very much more.
Now back in the States, I am on the mend, with a message I wish to others send:
Whatever the cause and whatever the right, you might think twice before you join the fight.

