

## Saigon Bride

Farewell my wistful Saigon bride  
I'm going out to stem the tide  
A tide that never saw the seas  
It flows through jungles, round the trees  
Some say it's yellow, some say red  
It will not matter when we're dead

How many dead men will it take  
To build a dike that will not break?  
How many children must we kill  
Before we make the waves stand still?

Though miracles come high today  
We have the wherewithal to pay  
It takes them off the streets you know  
To places they would never go alone  
It gives them useful trades  
The lucky boys are even paid

Men die to build their Pharoah's tombs  
And still and still the teeming wombs  
How many men to conquer Mars  
How many dead to reach the stars?

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