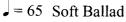
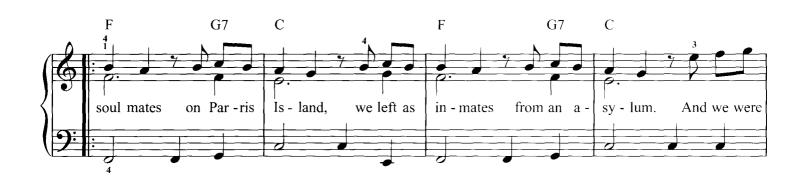
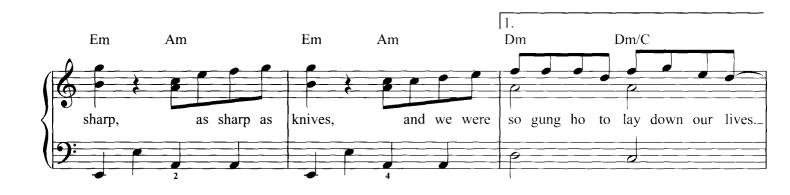
## **Goodnight Saigon**

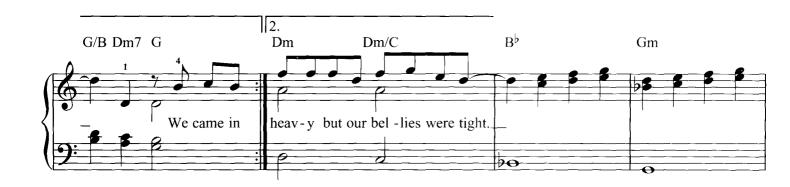
Words and Music by Billy Joel





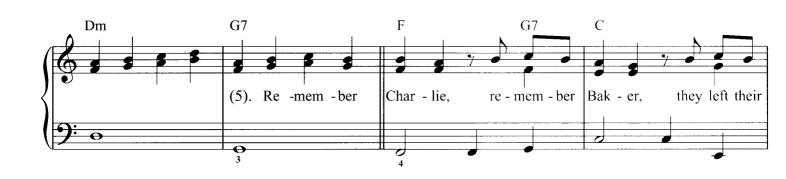


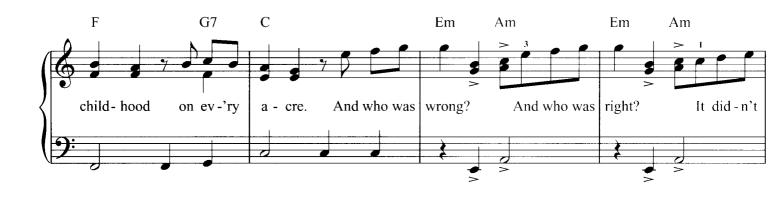


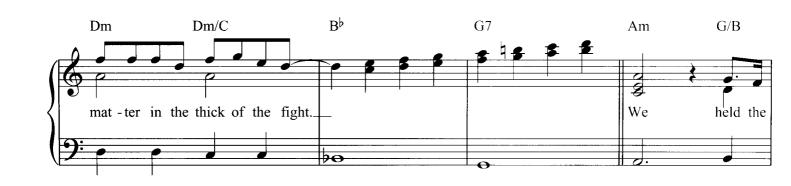




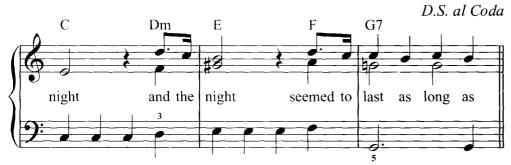


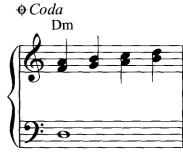














## (Verse 2) We came in spastic like tameless horses We left in plastic as numbered corpses And we learned fast to travel light Our arms were heavy but our bellies were tight.

## (Verse 4)

We had no cameras to shoot the landscape
We passed the hash pipe and played our Doors tapes
And it was dark, so dark at night
And we held on to each other
Like brother to brother
We promised our mothers we'd write.

And we would all go down...

(last as long as)
(Verse 6)
Six weeks On Parris Island
We held the coastline, they held the highlands
And they were sharp, as sharp as knives
They heard the hum of our motors
They counted the rotors
And waited for us to arrive.

And we would all go down...