Words and Music: Bill Roper
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One Last Battle

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Am                          G                Am     G       Am
It's been two years since I saw you, since I stood upon the ground,
                   G                Am       G         Am
In the shadow of a shuttle that too soon for space was bound.
    C          G          C             G
And now I am a warrior, a pilot for the fleet,
            Am      G    Am     G               Am G      Am
And they've told me I cannot go home, till the enemy's defeat.


And now I'm on the front lines in this damned Patrol corvette.
Shot fifteen of the alien ships and they haven't got us yet.
And I curse the foe, and I curse this ship, and I curse each single fight,
For I'm haunted by the memory of you and a moonlit summer night.

I remember how we sat there, looking down upon the bay,
And you told me that you'd wait for me if it took a thousand days.
But I've been gone for a long time, and I've been so far away,
And each time I go into battle, dear, for both of us I pray.

The foe retreats before us now, his conquests he has lost.
We've beaten him back, we've smashed his ships, but lord, at what a cost!
Ten thousand men lie graveless in the emptiness of space,
And they died so far from heart and home and their woman's fond embrace.

The alien fleet's before us now, the final battle draws nigh.
And I cannot know before it's done if I'll live or I shall die.
But if this one last battle, I should manage to survive,
I'll come home to you, for the war'll be through, and I'll take you for my bride.
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