And there
are a million boys campin' out
tonight not one of ~~us~~ knowin when
~~he may be~~ but what to-morrow
his turn may come. There's in
the number - on the ~~fi~~ ground
walkin' the picket line facin'
death now & all the time
It's a wonderful army Billy. ~~Th~~
~~wdy~~ Think of a million men
lookin' up at these stars tonight
like you & me be ~~& not one~~
not knowin' whether going to happen
to-morrow & not a man of 'em
turn in tail - And then to think
we haven't takin' care of 'em any
better. That's the hardest for me
Billy - that aint done any better
by him - Didn't & know ~~that~~ it
~~Just~~ as & had all along that