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The War Correspondent

"Good evening, I'm Ross Symonds with the news from the ABC.
A record profit's been announced by the board of BHP
In the second cricket test in Perth the Australians face defeat
And the drought in Western New South Wales means dearer cuts of meat
And our special correspondent in Saigon
Says three Australian soldiers have been killed in Vietnam"

The special correspondent sat in a Saigon bar
With the help of Johny Walker, he's pushed away the war
And the questions without answers that had rattled round his head
Had lost their urgent clarity and had faded round the edge
Though tomorrow they'd again be sharp and clear
Tonight they had been lost amongst the bar girls and the beer

Ask a silly question, like why the hell you're here
Learning how to live with death, suffering and fear
War's a game for soldiers, not for men like you
Is there something that you have to find
Or something you must prove?
Or are you hooked upon the adrenalin
That living on the edge of dying brings?

But here you are in Vietnam, you're a long way from home
Doing what you're paid to do in the best way that you can
Objectively you watch the war, trying not to take sides
And what you feel, what you really feel
Is hidden deep inside
You're not being paid to moralise
And anyway, a man can lose his reason asking "Why?"

And if you ever get back home you'll never be the same
The man that was before Vietnam can never be again
And in ten years time when you look back to weigh and count the cost
Perhaps you'll find that Vietnam gave you back more than you lost
For from it, if you gain nothing else
Perhaps you may get to know yourself.

Coda:
Roll up, roll up, and see the show
TV soldiers in a row
Hear them laugh, hear them cry
Watch them run and see them die
It's not in colour but that's alright
War's better viewed in black and white
White for us and black for them
With no grey shadows in between