

SOLDIERS

Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

Do I hear what I think I'm hear - ing? Do I see the signs I think I see?
What's that sound, what's that dread-ful rum - ble? Won't some-bo-dy tell me what I hear,

F#m C#m F#m C#m

or is this just a fan - ta - sy?
in the dis - tance but draw - ing near?

D F#m

Is it true that the beast is wak - ing, stir - ring in his rest - less sleep to - night,
Is it on - ly a storm ap - proach - ing, all that thun - der and the blind - ing light,

C#m F#m C#m

in the pale moon - light?
in the win - ter night? In the grip of this
In the grip of this

H Hm F#m

cold De - cem - ber you and I have rea - son to re - mem - ber.
cold De - cem - ber you and I have rea - son to re - mem - ber.

C#m F#m E

Sol-diers write the songs that sol-diers sing, the songs that you and I don't sing.

A F#m D Dm A

They blow their horns and march a-long. They drum their drums and look so strong.

D A F#m

You'd think that noth-ing in the world was wrong.

A D E

Sol-diers write the songs that sol-diers sing, the songs that you and I won't sing.

A F#m D Dm A

Let's not look the oth - er way, tak - ing a chance, 'cause

Hdim C#7 F#m

if the bug - ler starts to play we too must dance.

D E A

F#m C#m F#m C#m

2.

dance.

A D/A A F#m

D.S. al \oplus

A D/A E

D.S. al \oplus

Repeat and fade out

dance.

(guitar solo ad lib.)

A F#m D Dm A F#m D Dm