

# Roy Orbison - There Won't Be Many Coming Home

Tom: C

<sup>C</sup> Listen all you <sup>F</sup> people, try and understand <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> You may be a soldier, <sup>F</sup> woman, <sup>G</sup> child or man

But there <sup>C</sup> won't be many coming <sup>F</sup> home  
<sup>C</sup> No, there won't be many coming <sup>F</sup> home  
<sup>C</sup> Oh, there won't be many, maybe <sup>C7</sup> ten out of twenty, <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> But there won't be many coming <sup>C</sup> home.

<sup>C</sup> Now the old folks will remember on that dark and <sup>F</sup> dismal day,

<sup>C</sup> How their hearts were choked with pride as their children <sup>G</sup>  
 marched away  
<sup>C</sup> Now the glory is all gone, <sup>F</sup> they are left <sup>G</sup> alone

Oh, there won't be many, maybe five out of twenty  
 But there won't be many coming home  
 Look real closely at the soldier coming at you through the  
 haze  
 He may be the younger brother who ran away  
 And before you kill another, listen to what I say

If they all came back but one he was still some mother's son, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> And there won't be many coming <sup>G</sup> home <sup>C</sup>

## Acordes

