

My Tour, and Maybe Yours

By Charlie Saulenas (9th Infantry Div. Republic of Vietnam)

Some of us were sitting off a California beach waiting for a wave
Someone else was working on the family farm bailing hay
A kid from Ohio worked at the corner Texaco pumping gas
My friend from Maine had a small business cutting grass
We went to war because America needed young men
We did not know that they would ask again and again
Families with money sent their kids to college that made them draft exempt
They could have volunteered but they knew what that meant
Twenty thousand had been killed by 1968
That's when the wise men told Johnson get out before it's too late
My best friend in Vietnam was my M16
It never let me down because I always kept it clean
Never put more than 18 bullets into a 20 round magazine
We had to drink warm water from our plastic canteen
Tracers and flares lit up the night
It was such a relief when came the daylight
We took lives and saved lives without hesitation
After a few months there we knew there were no regulations
Our leaders had planned not to win the war
We began to wonder what the hell were we there for
In all the previous wars those who served were heroes and that's a fact
When we made it home we found out the country did not want us back
With broken hearts we went on with our lives
Never understanding why we couldn't get close to our kids and our wives
Through the years we always wondered why
So many were lost and we didn't die
All through trauma the alcohol the drugs and the rage
We sit here together today defying old age
Yes we've won