

Lines in the Sand
Tad Tuleja

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My father went to sea when he was barely 25	Am C G Am
To chase the wolves of darkness at 40 fathom five	C G F Am
He'd talk about the fury of a North Atlantic gale	C G F Am
Remembering the friends who didn't live to tell the tale	F Em F-Em Am
So here's to sailor Tommy Walsh who sleeps beneath the waves	C G F Am
And all the other youngsters with poppies on their graves	C G F Am
Let's light another candle and have another song	C G F Em
And raise a glass in sadness to our shipmates who are gone	F Em F-Em Am

Addie Mae from Chickasha, a mother at seventeen
Sent her boys off straight and proud dressed in Army green
She lost her oldest at Khe Sanh, last days of the war
Still hangs a battered stars and stripes outside the kitchen door
A gold star in her window and gravel in her eye
She's waiting on the preacher man who knows the reason why
In a rocking chair without an arm in a yard without a lawn
She lifts a glass in sadness to the children who are gone

Oh sing us a song of honor bright	C G
To the sound of a muffled drum	F Am
Tell us again of the wondrous light	C G
Where the flags and the widows come	F G Am
Say again what we stood to lose	C G
And what we had to gain	F Am Em
By those lines in the sand	F Em
In the rain	Am

From the bloody sand of Caesar's town to the picnics at Bull Run
The gentry cheer the spectacle when Johnny gets his gun
In alleys paved with promises and hearts made out of steel
Elders write the contracts as children close the deal
So here's to kids on crutches with their medals hanging down
And memories of fearsome nights in someone else's town
Let's burn the midnight candle and have another song
And raise a glass in sadness to our buddies who are gone

*Written just as America was beginning its feckless journey into the land of forever wars.
It began as a memory of my father's naval service in World War II but grew in the writing
to remember military sacrifices in general.*