

DEAD SOLDIERS

There was a time that weary soldiers
Never questioned whence they came
They marched through long hot seasons
They marched through muck and rain.
And when the moment that battle broke
And captains called 'go forth and die'
They reached their heads above their comrades
And took a bullet in the eye

There was a time when grieving widows
Wished they'd missed the knock on the door.
When dreams remind them of the flesh
But daylight steals what they adore
Twenty-four hours of sorrow crawl
And tears and tears are all is seen
For weary soldiers far off buried
For the fathers they might have been

There is a time when hopeless children
Ask their Ma where Dad has gone
While chaplains praise what's right and brave
When all the empty feels is wrong
They'll never know what they're missing
They don't remember what they had
Just dead soldiers and lonesome widows
And tarnished children without a Dad.