

A Soldier's Memoir

Mitch Rossell

Been home about six months now
But I still have my doubts
Well I'm not sure how I got here
Or how I'm gonna get outMy mama says I look the same
As I did before I left
But if she could see inside of me
It would scare her to deathI can still taste the powder
From the barrel of my gun
I can hear my sergeant screaming
"Run, soldier, run"
I can feel the backpack on my shoulders
God it weighed a ton
And I see death in every single thought
They taught me how to put that uniform on
I just can't get it off
Last Saturday they honored us
In a small parade downtown
And when they shot off those fireworks
I nearly hit the groundAnd while they smiled and cheered for us
All I could do was stare
Cause part of me is here at home
And part of me is back thereI can still taste the powder
From the barrel of my gun
I can hear my sergeant screaming
"Run, soldier, run"
I can feel the backpack on my shoulders
God it weighed a ton
And I see death in every single thought
They taught me how to put that uniform on
I just can't get it off
Yeah there's no end in sight
'Cause even though I'm home now
I'm still fighting for my lifeI can still taste the powder
From the barrel of my gun
I can hear my sergeant screaming
"Run, soldier, run"
I can feel the backpack on my shoulders
God it weighed a ton
And I see death in every single thought
They taught me how to put that uniform on
I just can't get it offWell the devil's won some battles
And he may win some more

But don't he know the American soldier
Will always win the war

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