

COMING HOME

They left the jungles red with blood, the Daves, the Johns and Toms.

*Boarded the Freedom Bird, they were going home again.
Behind them were the horrors, the agony and the fears.
The memories they brought with them, to dim not ore the years.*

Anxious hearts were beating fast, as the Freedom Bird touched down.

*Home at last or so they thought, but shocked at what they found.
Some came off the plane walking, some on stretchers and wheelchairs.*

Nothing had prepared them for the jeers and hate filled stares.

What had they done they thought, as some bowed their head in shame?

They had fought for God and Country, so for what did come this blame.

Incoming spit and rotten eggs hurt worse than wounds their bodies bore.

And all thoughts of Freedom faded as they stepped back on US soil.

Families could not understand why they were not the same.

Some wouldn't even listen, when he would try to explain.

*No Welcome Home parades, for the town's people turned away.
For him there was not to be a real Homecoming Day.*

*They went in all directions, and coped the best they could.
Carrying more guilt and shame than any Veteran should.
They built walls and bunkers so they could be touched no more.
And each night they dreamed and cried and fought a raging war.*

*For thirty some odd years have passed and wonder where they are?
Some are walking the homeless streets, some in VA mental wards.
Many have died from illness contracted in the Nam.
Some just quit fighting, some pick up a gun.*

*But by the Grace of God, some found the courage to step out.
"I am a VIETNAM VETERAN, I got the right to be Proud"
Turn away if you must or listen if you will.
I've bore all you threw at me and I am standing still.*

*Although my steps are weary and my soul is oh so sore,
You can take your blame and guilt, I won't carry it no more.
I'll reach out to my brothers that are still standing all alone,
And by God you can't stop us. One by One We're Coming home.*

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