

The War

Lucero

I got drafted at 19
Me and a bunch of boys from home
January '43, drove out to Pine Bluff and signed on
Went to basic south of Birmingham
Put me on west coast bound train
Spent three days out in San Diego
And they shipped me back east again
Left a port out of New York
Slept for months in British rain
Tore it up down in London town
And they shipped me back out again
The preacher said "Boys he who is killed tonight will dine with the Lord in Paradise"
One boy spoke up, said "preacher come on, eat your supper with us
Never talk about those first days
Lots of friends left behind
But I made it all the way across France
And I fought at the Maginot line
Road a tank into Belgium
Like them better than the French
Like my daddy, thirty years before
I did my time in a trench
Lots of days there's no water
But the liquor kept me warm
The cellars were stocked to the ceiling with booze
So I carried a bottle with my gun
The preacher said "Boys he who is killed tonight will dine with the Lord in Paradise"
One boy spoke up, said "preacher come on, eat your supper with us"
Three times I made sergeant
I'm not that kind of man
And pretty much just as quick as I could
I get busted back to private again
Cause taken' orders never suited me
Giving them out was much worse
I could not stand to get my friends killed
So I took care of myself first
Now I know that don't sound right
Don't think too bad of me
Now it keeps me up nights
What I could have done differently

The preacher said "Boys he who is killed tonight will dine with the Lord in Paradise."

One boy spoke up, said "preacher come on, eat your supper with us"

I'd be no guest at the table of the Lord

His food was not to be mine

'Cause I cursed His name every chance that I could

And I recon that's why I'm still alive

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