

Josh was an MIA

Daniel Antopolsky

Oh, Josh was an MIA, returned the other day
Suffered 20 long years in the jungles of Vietnam
Lost his memory, of friends and family
But when he fell in his sister's arms, he cried, "Hey kid!
Take me on a sentimental tour of long ago
Can't tell the pain of the last ten thousand days
Fire-up Grandpa's black cast-iron pan
And whoop-up a batch of Granny's cornbread as fast as you can

It went like this, sis, "rat-tat-tat-tat, oh"
M-M-M-Mercy and Love, Beauty and Innocence
They backed me in the corner and gave me all the opposite
One sweet dream of how it oughta be, beats a cold reality

All of my strenght came from another place
Was pushed and shoved and endlessly fenced in
Prisonwalls built mighty high
On one thin nickel clear up to the sky

Back in my hometown
Visit old playgrounds
Red Rover sent me over where I stumbled in the creek
Went down memory lane
Sorted the pleasure and the pain
Why, Momma baked buttermilk biscuits in that backyard

So much love has gone to another place
The kind of love that cannot be bought or sold
When we let go, it's starin' us in the face
To that happy world that only a child can know

Drivin' without brakes
A writin' pen that shakes
Oh, watchin' the years ramble on down the hill
Photos from the past, makes us cry and laugh
Oh, thank the Lord that our favorite folks have lived

Searchin' our dreams for that other place
That makes a place for the sweetest thoughts we feel
Words deny such a marvelous lullaby

But a baby's smile shows the big folks what is real

Carry me back to a family re-union one more time

Where a "welcome" brings a comfort to the soul

Tiny tears make a tumblin' waterfall

That flows into the heart that we call home, sweet home

Fire up Grandpa's black cast iron pan

And whoop-up a batch of Granny's cornbread as fast as you can"

Lyrics Submitted by Marie Harel

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