

# Another Old Soldier

## Mark Collie

he was haggard and gray, and he walked with a limp  
he'd have him a smoke, and he'd take him a sip  
born in the summer of twenty-four, son of a veteran of the first world warhe entered the service in forty-one,  
and he didn't come home till the fighting was done  
wearing a silver star on his chest, damn proud to say he was one of the besttwenty-one guns, the stars, the stripes  
an eye full of tears, and a heart full of pride  
when you hear that distant bugle play  
another old soldier fades away  
another old soldier fades awayhe took a bullet in the hip, outside in Nam.  
he was back in the field by fifty-one  
said Douglass Macarthur, was a man among men  
and Harry s. Truman, was a horses endstill he never questioned, his uncle Sam  
when they sent him in, to Vietnam  
they brought him home in seventy-three  
on a hundred percent, disabilitytwenty-one guns, the stars, the stripes  
an eye full of tears, and a heart full of pride  
when you hear that distant bugle play  
another old soldier fades away  
another old soldier fades awayhe loved this country, with all of his might  
right up until the day he died  
in a crowded ward at the local V.A.  
another old soldier fades awaytwenty-one guns, the stars, the stripes  
an eye full of tears, and a heart full of pride  
when you hear that distant bugle play  
another old soldier fades away  
another old soldier fades away

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