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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