Letters From Home

[unknown]

My dearest son, it's almost June
I hope this letter catches up to you, and finds you well
Its been dry, but theyre calling for rain
And every thing's the same old same in Johnson Ville
Your stubborn old daddy, aint said too much
But Im sure you know, he sends his love and she goes on
In a letter from homeI hold it up and show my buddies like
We aint scared and our boots aint muddy, and they all laugh
Like theres something funny about the way I talk
When I say, "Mama sends her best yall"
I fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me driving me on
Waiting on letters from homeMy dearest love, its almost dawn
Ive been lying here all night long, wondering where you might be
I saw your mama and I showed her the ring
Man on the television said something, so I couldnt sleep
But Ill be all right, Im just missing you
And this is me kissing you
Xs and Os in a letter from homeI hold it up and show my buddies
Like we aint scared and our boots aint muddy, and they all laugh
'Cause she calls me 'Honey', but they take it hard
'Cause I dont read the good parts
I fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me driving on
Waiting on letters from homeDear son, I know, I aint written
Sitting here tonight, alone in the kitchen it occurs to me
I might not have said, so Ill say it now
"Son, you make me proud"I hold it up and show my buddies
Like we aint scared and our boots aint muddy, but no one laughs
'Cause there aint nothing funny, when a soldier cries
And I just wipe me eyes
I fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me driving me on
Waiting on letters from home

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