

# 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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