Weathered Statues

T.S.O.L.

Weathered statues
Tin soldiers that march in our parks
Wrapped in yellowed newsprint
On their benches in the darkTheir faces filled with sadness
Sorrow drawn from your nights
Survivin' on old glories
But now the, the glories have diedLonely men who are tortured
Once proud but not for long
Gnarled hands hold canes
Where the guns once were beforeTaunted by the children
Whose parent's lives he saved
Forgotten by a state
Whose leg in war he gaveSilver gleams upon his chest
Though sweat gleams on his brow
Darker days and sable nights
Who work upon his soulHis honor flew away from him
Like pigeons on the wind
Spendin' his last pennies
On cheap wine and sinsStill they make the soldiers
And soldiers still grow old
Hundred minds with dignity
They let the young men dieAnother day, another statue
Falls out in the dawn
Weathered statues
Still march on and on

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