

Far Afghanistan

James Taylor

Back home Indiana, we just learn to get along
Civilized and socialized they teach you right from wrong
How to hold your liquor and how to hold your tongue
How to hold a woman or a baby or a gun But nothing will prepare you for the far Afghanistan
You can listen to their stories and pick up what you can
You listen to their stories maybe read a book or two
Until they send you out there, man you haven't got a clue Oh the Hindu Kush, the Band-e Amir, the Hazara They
tell you a tradition in the hills of Kandahar
They say young boys are taken to the wilderness out there
Taken to the mountain alone and in the night
If he makes it home alive they teach him how to fight They fought against the Russians, they fought against the
Brits
They fought old Alexander, talking 'bout him ever since
And after 9/11 here comes your Uncle Sam
Another painful lesson in the far Afghanistan I was ready to be terrified and ready to be mad
I was ready to be homesick, the worst I've ever had
I expected to be hated and insulted to my face
But nothing could prepare me for the beauty of the place No matter what they tell you all soldiers talk to God
It's a private conversation written in your blood
The enemy's no different, badass holy wind
That crazy bastard talks to God and his God talks back to him

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