

Letters From War

Mark Schultz

She walked to the mailbox
On that bright summer's day
Found a letter from her son
In a war far awayHe spoke of the weather
And good friends that he'd made
Said I've been thinkin' bout dad
And the life that he had
That's why I'm here todayAnd the at the end he said
You are what I'm fighting for
It was the first of his
Letters from warShe started writing you're good
And you're brave
What a father that
You'll be someday
Make it home
Make it safeShe wrote every night as she prayedLate in December
A day she'll not forget
Oh her tears stained the paper
With every word that she readIt said,I was up on a hill
I was out there alone
When the shots all rang out
And bombs were exploding
And that's when I saw him
He came back for me
And though he was captured
A man set me freeAnd that man was your son
He asked me to write to you
I told him I would
Oh I swore
It was the last of the letters from warAnd she prayed he was living
She kept on believing
And wrote every night just so sayYou are good
And you're brave
What a father that you'll be someday
Make it home
Make it safeStill she kept writing each dayAnd then two years later
Autumn leaves all around
A car pulled in the driveway
And she fell to the groundAnd out stepped a Captain

Where her boy used to stand
He said mom I'm following orders
From all of your letters
And I've come home againHe ran into hold her
He dropped all his bags
On the floor
Holding all of her letters from warBring him home
Bring him home
Bring him homeHolding all of her letters from war

Songwriters

MORGAN, CINDY LAVONNE/SCHULTZ, MARK MITCHELLPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>