

# On My Way Home

**D.R.I.**

I was getting out, without a doubt  
This was my last patrol, wished I could shout  
But then the reds were there  
We were taking our share  
Fifteen to thirty, but fair is fair  
I was fighting wild, shooting blind  
Nothing I could do, nowhere I could go  
Someone yelled, "keep your head down low"  
I heard men crying, knew they were dying  
And for the first time, I realized  
My sergeant lied!  
On my way home in a body bag  
A one-way ticket, but I couldn't brag  
I was seeing green, seeing red  
With an aching, throbbing, emptiness in my head  
Trying to breathe, I fought for air  
I was alive, but nobody cared  
We left the planet  
Then we had landed  
Soon picked up by an army truck  
Someone gave me a shovel and told me to dig  
I said, "fuck off and die, capitalist pig!"

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