

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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