

The Wall

Bruce Springsteen

Cigarettes and a bottle of beer
This poem I wrote for you
This black stone and these hard tears
Are all I've got left now of you
I remember you in your Marine uniform laughing
Laughing that you're shipping out probably
I read Robert McNamara says he's sorry You and your boots and black t-shirt
Ah Billy you looked so bad
Ya, you and your rock and roll band
Was the best thing this shit town ever had
Now the man who put you here
He feeds his family in rich dining halls
And apology and forgiveness have no place here at all
At the wall I'm sorry I missed you last year
I couldn't find no one to drive me
If your eyes could cut through that black stone
Tell me would they recognize me?
For the living, time must be served
Life goes on
Cigarettes and a bottle of beer
Skin on black stone High School pictures, paper flowers
Ribbon, red as the blood
Ya, as the blood you spilled
In the Central Highlands mud
Now the limousines rush down Pennsylvania Boulevard
As the rain falls
And apology and forgiveness have no place here at all

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