

Heroes

[Guy Clark](#)

He brought the war home with him
Still got sand in his boots
Hes wrestling with the demons in the cold, hard truth
As some may write about him, he came back different
Something in his eyes said hed seen to much
Something in his legs said hed had enough[CHORUS:]
Heroes, everybody needs heroes
Even heroes need a little help
Heroes cant always be heroes
Whos gonna save the hero from himself?
Got a picture from Bagdad of him and his buddies
And his horsing around, getting ready
One by one, he watched em die
Just scared kids, and he dont know why
Hes the only one to make it out alive[CHORUS]
Ten thousand clicks
away in his head
He can smell the smoke, he could smell the dead
Silver Star and a pistol in a drawer
Morphine just aint working no more[CHORUS]

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