Letters Home (Sci-Fi Scheme Edit)

Radical Face

So, I'm writing' you this letter between rests
'Cause yesterday a bullet found my chest
And I don't got the energy to dress myself
And I can't walk without helpAnd II can't remember why I joined this war
And I can't tell you what we're fighting' for
I guess I wasn't smart enough to see the game
And that no one's keeping' scoreAnd now, you would not believe the things I miss
It's all the little things that fill that list
Like playing' with the dogs
And helping' father chop the wood behind the fenceNow II'm not sure if I'll see another day
The doctor said it could go either way
But I just wanted you to know
No matter if I sink of fall or blink out in this hospitalThat I'm alright, yeah
I made peace with it all
Mistakes and all

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