

# Letters From War

Mark Schultz

She walked to the mailbox  
On that bright summers day  
Found a letter from her son  
In a war, far away  
He spoke of the weather  
And good friends that he'd made  
Said, " I'd been thinking 'bout dad  
And the life that he had that's why, I'm here today"  
And then in the end he said, "You are what I'm fighting for"  
It was the first of his letters from war  
She started writing  
You're good and you're brave  
What a father that you'll be someday  
Make it home, make it safe  
She wrote every night as she prayed  
Late in December  
A day, she'll not forget  
Oh, her tears stained the paper  
With every word that she read  
It said, "I was up on a hill, I was out there alone  
When the shots all rang out and bombs were exploding  
That's when I saw him, he came back for me  
And though he was captured a man set me free  
  
And that man was your son, he asked me to write to you  
I told him, I would, Oh, I swore"  
It was the last of the letters from war  
And she prayed, he was living, kept on believing  
And wrote every night just to say  
You are good and you're brave  
What a father that you'll be someday  
Make it home, make it safe  
Still she kept writing each day  
Then two years later  
Autumn leaves, all around  
A car pulled in the driveway  
And she fell to the ground  
And out stepped a captain  
Where her boy used to stand

He said, "Mom, I'm followin' orders  
From all of your letters and I've come home again"  
He ran into hold her, dropped all his bags on the floor  
Holdin' all of her letters from war  
Bring him home  
Bring him home  
Bring him home

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