

Soldier Blue

Richard Lloyd

(Lloyd)

He was only seventeen when the letter came in the mail
From the local draft board saying you've got a choice.
Join the army or you go to jail.

As he packed his bags, his mother wept saying:

"Daddy don't you think it's a shame?"

"No, I think it will make him a man."

Eleven weeks of boot camp got you doing situps in the day and the night.

Then they ship you out on a boat and they say you are ready to fight.

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Have your breakfast in a Saigon street.

Where the heroin is so strong.

It makes the killing sweet.

Pretty soon you can do no wrong.

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So they send you off on night patrol.

Put a carbine in your hand.

Tell you not to shoot yourself.

You're supposed to shoot the Vietnam.

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Take a look at my friend Charlie.

He's got no hands, no legs, no feet.

Now they've got him selling pencils on the corner.

Boys, he begging in the street.

So I call up my Congressman.

Saying Mister I have a complaint.

Why are we losing all our boys in the war?

When are we going to learn some restraint?

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