

1967

Don McLean

In Nineteen Sixty Seven the draft caught up with me
Me and my pal Joe went off to war
We might find hero's heaven, but we'd keep the country free
We would surely win just like before
Roy Rogers he was on his horse, and Buck Jones drew his gun
We would surely win of course when the battle was all done

Nineteen Sixty Seven I came back alone
They brought Joe back in plastic on the plane
Nineteen Sixty Seven seems so long ago
But I can't forget my friend or ease my pain
His family may forget him, his children may regret him
His wife may find another and go on
His picture may grow faded and the world he knew gone jaded
But as long as I shall live I surely know
I never will forget my buddy Joe

In Nineteen Sixty Seven, the war was raging on
Our country was divided and reborn
Though I was back at home, I had never left Saigon
'Cause all I got was ridicule and scorn
This was no place for hero's now, they all seemed to resent me
They said