

Xmas in February

Lou Reed

Sam was lyin' in the jungle
agent orange spread against the sky like marmalade
Hendrix played on some foreign jukebox
they were praying to be saved
Those gooks were fierce and fearless
that's the price you pay when you invade
Xmas in February

Sam lost his arm in some border town
His fingers are mixed with someone's crop
If he didn't have that opium to smoke
The pain would never ever stop
Half his friends are stuffed into black body bags
With their names printed at the top
Xmas in February

Sammy was a short order cook
In a short order black and blue collar town
Everybody worked the steel mill
But the steel mill got closed down
He thought if he joined the Army
He'd have a future that was sound
Like no Xmas in February

Sam's staring at the Vietnam Wall
It's been a while now that he's home
His wife and kid have left, he's unemployed
He's a reminder of the war that wasn't won
He's that guy on the street with the sign that reads
"Please help send this Vet home"
But he is home, and there's no Xmas in February
No matter how much he saves