

Semper Fi

Peter, Paul and Mary

My father met Eleanor Roosevelt
In nineteen forty-five
The war was finally over then
And they were still alive

Her husband was the president
'Til he ran out of time
Her Franklin D. was history
And they put him on the dime

My father joined the leathernecks
To stay out of the mine
The new marine was just sixteen
In nineteen thirty-nine

There were medals and malaria
The South Pacific War
Through jungles that were paradise
And were paradise no more

Soldiers fight and soldiers die
Soldiers live to wonder why
Semper fi, fe-fo-fum
Look out peacetime, here we come

Some of the men who did survive
Were not the lucky ones
War is only good for those
Who make and sell the guns

My father lay recovering
The hurt was all inside
Sometimes the wounds that never heal
Are the easiest to hide

When Eleanor came bearing gifts
To San Francisco Bay
She gave my dad a blanket
In the hospital that day

That blanket meant a lot to him
My mother has it still
Some forget the kindnesses
That others never will

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