Patiently she stares down the runway Today's the day that he is coming home Seems like he's been gone a lifetime And a lifetime is a long time to be gone

But there are songs that need singing And there are things that must be done There are thoughts that still need thinking And there are wars that must be won

He was just a boy when they sent for him And overnight turned him into a man Proudly he had served his country In a war he didn't seem to understand

The flag still waves, his war is over He'll never have to kill again And as she waits, she thinks it over Is winning worth the price we pay to win?

Her thoughts keep wandering to his childhood When all his hand grenades were merely toys And 'War' was just a game that he was playing With plastic guns like other little boys

And everyday when play was over He'd put his little toys away And she'd be standing, waiting for him The way she's waiting here today

As the plane stops, she starts thinking Will he still look the way he did before? Or will his eyes reflect the pain of killing Like most young men, when they come home from war?

These last few minutes seems like hours She tries her best not to cry But there's that hearse, filled up with flowers Did he really have to die?

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