

Unknown Artist, A Hero Of The Wrong War

A Hero of the Wrong War

I recall the afternoon, I had just come home from school

When the FBI came knocking on our door

They were looking for my dad

They had to find him 'cause they had

A thing or two to ask him 'bout the war

I recall the anger and I can feel the fear

Though I was too young to really understand

Any wrong he could have done

Many years 'fore I was born

By fighting in some distant foreign land

CHORUS

My daddy was a war hero, but a hero of the wrong war

Though he never did complain of the blood he'd shed in vain

He was a hero of the wrong war, he was a hero of the wrong war

Sometimes at night he'd tell to me stories of the infantry

And the men he'd known and the sacrifices made

Of the battles fought and the things they did

From Barcelona to Madrid

With the men called the Lincoln Brigade

When other children's daddies got to march on Veteran's Day

When the drums all beat and the shiny brass bands blared

When the old men made their speeches

Of the heroes who'd come home

At our house my dad sat and drank and stared

(CHORUS)

Well many years have rolled along, and my old man for years's been gone

The times have changed, the bands don't play so loud

The heroes of the Asian fight

Don't brag about their deeds all night

Of what they've done they don't seem all that proud

Well some wars they make people slaves, some wars make people free

Some wars don't do anything, it seems

Though they tried to make him hang his head

My dad was proud of what he did

Defending human rights and human dreams

(CHORUS):

My daddy was a war hero, and he knew damn well what he was fighting for . . .

filename(WRONGWAR

MC

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