

Arlo Guthrie, When a Soldier Makes It Home

Halfway around the world tonight
In a strange and foreign land
A soldier packs his memories
As he leaves Afghanistan
And back home, they don't know too much
There's just no way to tell
I guess you had to be there
For to know that war was hell
And there won't be any victory parades
For those that's coming back
They'll fly them in at midnight
And unload the body sacks
And the living will be walking down
A long and lonely road
Because nobody seems to care these days
When a soldier makes it home
They'll say it wasn't easy
Just another job, well done
As the government in Kabul falls
To the sounds of rebel guns
And the faces of the comrades
Being blown out of the sky
Leaves you bitter with the feeling
That they didn't have to die
And there won't be any victory parades
For those that's coming back
They'll fly them in at midnight
And unload the body sacks
And the living will be walking down
A long and lonely road
Because nobody seems to care these days
When a soldier makes it home
Halfway around the world tonight
In a strange and foreign land
A soldier unpacks memories
That he saved from Vietnam
Back home they didn't know too much
There was just no way to tell
I guess you had to be there
For to know that war was hell
And there wasn't any big parades
For those that made it back
They flew them in at midnight
And unloaded all the sacks
And the living were left walking down
A long and lonely road
Because nobody seemed to care back then
When a soldier made it home
The night is coming quickly
And the stars are on their way
As I stare into the evening
Looking for the words to say
That I saw the lonely soldier
Just a boy that's far from home
And I saw that I was just like him
While upon this earth I roam
And there may not be any big parades
If I ever make it back
As I come home under cover
Through a world that can't keep track
Of the heroes who have fallen
Let alone the ones who won't
Which is why nobody seems to care
When a soldier makes it home

