

Lucero, The Blue And The Gray

the family's been here for
the last hundred years
and it's all that he's ever known
life in the cotton fields
swamps and the rolling hills
always called Arkansas home
but when the war came
like his father before
he joined the army
and went to the war
leaving the rolling hills
swamps and the cotton fields
bound for a Normandy shore
the patch that he wore on
his uniform
was both blue and grey
the colors of men who died
fighting another fight
and more would die today
at Omaha beach against Germany
a young country boy
struggled out of the sea
up on the sand where
many a man
would never know victory
fought the entire time
up on the front line
it was lonely, bloody and cold
the only relief he'd find
might be some old French wine
the water was all dirty and froze
but he was luckier than some
a better soldier than most
he came back from Europe
but never got home
now he's back on the farm
but not out of harm
he drank so the pain wouldn't show
well he left behind
my brothers and I
we never really knew him at all
I barely remember him
smoking with a grin
but looking mean; standing tall
well I can only hope
that he wouldn't be ashamed
of the man I become
and the life that I made
and he did the hardest part
and lived life with all his heart
and I hope I don't let him down