

# 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