

Mark Schultz, Letters From War

She run to the mailbox
On that bright summer's day
Found a letter from her son
In a war far away

He spoke of the weather
And good friends that he'd made
Said I'd been thinking 'bout dad
And the life that he had
That's why I'm here today
Then at the end he said
You are what I'm fighting for
It was the first of his letters from war

She started writing
You're good and you're brave
What a father that you'll be someday
Make it home, make it safe
She wrote every night as she prayed

Late in December
A day she'll not forget
Oh, her tears stained the paper
With every word that she read

It said "I was up on a hill
I was out there alone
When the shots all rang out
And bombs were exploding
And that's when I saw him
He came back for me
Though he was captured
A man set me free
That man was your son

He asked me to write to you
I told him I would, oh, I swore"
It was the last of her letters from war

And she prayed he was living
Kept on believing and
Wrote every night just to say

You are good and you're brave
What a father that you'll be someday
Make it home, make it safe
Still she kept writing each day

Then two years later
Autumn leaves all around
A car pulled in the driveway
And she fell to the ground
And out stepped a captain
Where her boy used to stand

He said, "Mom I'm following orders
From all of your letters
And I've come home again"
He ran in to hold her
And dropped all his bags on the floor
Holding all of her letters from war

Bring it home
Bring it home

Bring it home