

# 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