

# Ringo Starr, Silent Homecoming

By Sorrells Pickard

PATIENTLY SHE STARES DOWN THE RUNWAY,  
TODAY'S THE DAY THAT HE IS COMING HOME.  
SEEMS LIKE HE'S BEEN GONE A LIFE TIME  
AND A LIFE TIME IS A LONG TIME TO BE GONE.  
BUT THERE ARE SONGS THAT NEED SINGING,  
AND THERE ARE THINGS THAT MUST BE DONE.  
THERE ARE THOUGHTS THAT STILL NEED THINKING,  
AND THERE ARE WARS THAT MUST BE WON.

HE WAS JUST A BOY WHEN THEY SENT FOR HIM  
AND OVERNIGHT TURNED HIM INTO A MAN.  
PROUDLY HE HAD SERVED HIS COUNTRY  
IN A WAR HE DIDN'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND.  
THE FLAG STILL WAVES, HIS WAR IS OVER,  
HE'LL NEVER HAVE TO KILL AGAIN.  
AND AS SHE WAITS, SHE THINKS IT OVER,  
IS WINNING WORTH THE PRIZE WE PAY TO WIN?

HER THOUGHTS KEEP WANDERING TO HIS CHILDHOOD,  
WHEN ALL HIS HAND GRENADES WERE MERELY TOYS.  
AND "WAR" WAS JUST A GAME THAT HE WAS PLAYING  
WITH PLASTIC GUNS LIKE OTHER LITTLE BOYS.  
AND EV'RY DAY WHEN PLAY WAS OVER,  
HE'D PUT HIS LITTLE TOYS AWAY.  
AND SHE'D BE STANDING, WAITING FOR HIM,  
THE WAY SHE'S WAITING HERE TODAY.

AS THE PLANE STOPS SHE STARTS THINKING,  
WILL HE STILL LOOK THE WAY HE DID BEFORE?  
OR WILL HIS EYES REFLECT THE PAIN OF KILLING,  
LIKE MOST YOUNG MEN WHEN THEY COME HOME FROM WAR?  
THESE LAST FEW MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS,  
SHE TRIES HER BEST NOT TO CRY.  
BUT THERE'S THAT HEARSE FILLED UP WITH FLOWERS,  
DID HE REALLY HAVE TO DIE?  
NO, NO, NO, NO,  
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO,  
NO, NO, NO,  
NO, NO,  
NO, NO,  
NO, NO, NO,  
NO,  
NO, NO, NO,  
NO,  
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO.