

Shawn Mullins, Baby Blue

I can see the pictures of me and ask
"do I look so different than anyone else?"
I can hear them marching near and feel
the steady pounding of a heart.
With every step this open door --
a mission for a love lost long ago.
I welcome its return.
Years gone by, no time to cry a prayer for me
as I watch my bridges burn.
I was like you, I never knew
how I could be a victim of our red, white, and blue.
I work the day, I earn my pay,
I want to find a way back to my baby blue.
I still can see pictures of me and ask
"do I look so different than anyone else?"