

# Taylor Big, Fallen Comrade Blues

Seems like thirty years ago,  
When we were young and strong,  
They sent us off to a foreign land,  
A place we called The Nam.  
Some died in the fighting,  
Some died running away,  
Most die more slowly,  
Wounded by memories every day.  
Could of been from the country,  
Or a city kid too.  
Most likely a poor boy,  
Just like me and you.  
Some died in the fighting,  
Some died running away,  
Most die more slowly,  
Wounded by memories every day.  
Hope you forgive us  
Anything we done,  
Remember in that evil war,  
We were so very young.  
It don't mean nothing,  
We understood,  
Dropped off and forgotten  
To survive the best we could.  
Some died in the fighting,  
Some died running away,  
Most die more slowly,  
Wounded by memories every day.  
Sometimes in the midnight,  
Ghosts call out to me:  
And things I wish I could forget,  
Just won't leave me be.  
Bullet wounds and shrapnel,  
The young men died;  
Older now its drinking,  
Overdose and suicide.  
Some died in the fighting,  
Some died running away,  
Most die more slowly,  
Wounded by memories every day.