

The Broncos' Song

Just a Walk in the Sun

Who is this little boy
Two years younger than I
Made a man in these times of
Fire and jungle and decay
Soaring through the bullet air
In the bellies of birds with beeny props
Afraid of being shot down or
Walking through the tall sharp grass
Not knowing what's in front, what's behind,
what's underneath
Who is this little boy
Who in the silent night
Cries himself to sleep remembering
Mama and a sweet maiden
Back in the world
Who is this little boy
Who kills women holding automatic rifles
Who kills babies holding hand grenades
Who is being totally misunderstood by
Other little boys and girls
Back in the world
Who is this little boy
Who watches his Brothers being destroyed
The Brothers who came for duty
And left, numbers wrapped in plastic
...what you can do for your country
How sweet those words
How false
Do for a country that sends little boys
To do the jobs of men
That sends little boys to exciting far-away places
And brings them back
without love without glory without innocence
without dignity
Little boys who in the end
Fought not for their country but
For their souls
Little boys who come back to curses and
Spit from sweet young things and peaceful dudes
Who don't know cause they've always been
Back in the world
Oh dear Daddy
How many times have you rested
Your greying head on your pillow at night
And heard, "VC #1!"
Oh dear Daddy
How many times in your sweet dreams
Have you heard the screams the pop the bang
How many times have you smelled
The glory of war
How many times in the light of the
Jelly hell fire
Have you seen yourself
Sitting beside you the only clean
Spots on you two jagging streaks
Running from your eyes to your chin
Oh dear Daddy
Made a man before your time
Before you thought of me
How much longer before you can finally
Take a walk in the sun

NSchaefer

AMERICA'S VIETNAM

By James W. Wangelin

Viet Nam to some was just the news at
night,
Never to know the terror of being in the
front.

Viet Nam to some is a war of the past,
Never to know how the feeling can last.

Viet Nam to some is just a place on the map,
Never to know the loss of the son you held
on your lap.

Viet Nam to some is a movie on TV,
Never to know its reality.

Viet Nam to some is another's life,
Never to know the fear of being a wife.

Viet Nam to some is an exciting story,
Never to know they were denied their
glory.

Viet Nam to us was a war we fought,
Never to be given a whole hell of a lot.

Viet Nam to us was what we had to live,
Never to realize how much we would be
asked to give.

Viet Nam to us was survival and prayer,
Never to know what day of the year.

Viet Nam to us was something we had to do,
Never to know the person that used to be
you.

Viet Nam to us is very close to the heart,
Never to know total peace from what we
took part.

Viet Nam to us will always be here,
Never to know a day free of the fear.

Viet Nam to us,
A silent pride from the gut...

Viet Nam.