

BURY ME WITH SOLDIERS



I've played a lot of roles in life; I've met a lot of men,
I've done a lot of things I'd like to think I wouldn't do again.
And though I'm young, I'm old enough
To know someday I'll die.
And to think about what lies beyond,
Beside whom I would lie.
Perhaps it doesn't matter much;
Still if I had my choice, I'd want a grave 'mongst Soldiers when
At last death quells my voice.
I'm sick of the hypocrisy
Of lectures of the wise. I'll take the man,
With all the flaws, who goes, though scared, and dies.
The troops I knew were commonplace
They didn't want the war;
They fought because their fathers and
Their fathers had before.
They cursed and killed and wept... God knows
They're easy to deride...
But bury me with men like these;
They faced the guns and died.
It's funny when you think of it,
The way we got along. We'd come from different worlds
To live in one where no one belongs, I didn't even like them all;
I'm sure they'd all agree.
Yet I would give my life for them, I know some did for me.
So bury me with soldiers, please,
Though much maligned they be.
Yes, bury me with soldiers, for I miss their company.
We'll not soon see their likes again;
We've had our fill of war.
But bury me with men like them,
Till someone else does more.

