

Orphans Home, 1971

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There was a home for orphans up the road
So we took supplies there by truck load.
There is a war so we take our gun.
But somehow we thought it could still be fun.
The ride was nice and the view was grand.
It was really great to get away from the sand.
So many children each one here alone.
So many children here who do not have a
home.

They loved to be held and flocked to you by
the bunch. So many crowded us we forgot
about lunch.
One large room had just infants so tiny and
small, They filled up the room and lined up
the hall.
After some chores it was back in the truck,
And home for dinner with just a little luck.
The VC hit that orphanage later that year.
I never found out what happened to all the
children dear.

(We were never told, and we never asked.)