

Victory in Nam...

Lasting Shame

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Vietnam.

We went to war without any plan.

Hi little people, I'm the man!

Could have won without lifting a hand.

Stomped 'round like we knew what we were doing,
cause we're here to help and gonna win!

When things went wrong, they rarely went right; and
when *they* did what they did, was a frightful sight.

Who thought it bad form when we burnt a village, to not
leave tattlers hanging around?

Play the game—*we're-your-friend*, plant flowers in their ashes—
beautification-annulation—cornerstone to winning hearts.

Politicians played generals;
generals played politics;
both saw light at every tunnel's end.

We cannot lose, their warrior's cry and mantra—
no plan, save one: Did they get the Message?
Bomb that village; don't torch it; run the people out of town;
Save them from themselves, give 'em burgers and fries, and
bags of new duds to dress like us.

After twenty years we won, and now were going home—
make it snappy if you will, their tanks are getting closer.
Save the leftovers, evac what you want, chopper out those
most loyal—see how they run after our planes.

Victory in Nam, as I knew it would be,
just look how they love us, waving frantic goodbyes—
Too bad, so sad, a lasting shame,
poor South Vietnam who would still be free,
if they did what we said.