

On the Way to Baghdad

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Raging across the hot desert sand
blood near boiling, weapon in hand.
Dust and grit, eyes aflame,
sleeplessness they're all to blame.

Camouflage helmet, fatigues, and tank.
In charge, a First Lieutenant is his rank.
Onward soldiers! He did command,
Onward across the hot desert sand.

Shells exploding all around, bullets galore
hunting human targets, that's for sure.

Constant sound of a humming engine and clanking
tracks and silent prayers that we'll all come back.

Soakin' wet, sweat on top of sweat!
War is hell, on that you can bet.

Baghdad straight ahead!
No time for sleep, no bed
to lay our weary heads.

Sand in our MRE's, sand in our eyes.
Sand in our weapons, sand in our hair,
sand, sand everywhere!

Soldiers straight ahead!
And with that said;
Across the Iraqi desert
we quickly sped!

Dedicated to all the American and coalition soldiers.