

HURRAH! (Ode to Philip)

They say the war is over, they say the time is now.
They say we all can come back home, we say we don't know how.
We sat so long in darkness, afraid to see the sun.
So many times back in the past the promise came undone.

They say we all are heroes, the vets of Vietnam.
But I don't think they understand just what we have become.
So many lies and alibi's professed by those who stayed -
So long as they looked down their nose, that long we were betrayed.

And what about our comrades who didn't quite survive?
They couldn't take the guilt and shame; they couldn't stay alive.
Some are living yet in solitude, still troubled and alone.
They came back to the USA but never made it home.

Yeah, the war is finally over, and we can hold our heads up high.
America has forgiven us and it doesn't matter why.
The blessing is upon us, and the curse is gone at last.
We're celebrated heroes now, but the time for that has passed.

Just let us be remembered in the statues and the songs,
As those who followed down the road of many rights and wrongs.
Like soldiers in those other wars we fought the gallant fight,
But came back home to ridicule and had to stay the night.

John Fox