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The Good Old Days  
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We went to war  
John Wayne as a role model in a snazzy beret.

We were Young and Fearless,  
When first in-country,  
and life was an adventure before us

But no one needed rescued and everyone had a hand out

Do you remember  
No fear  
No fat  
No dying allowed  
John Wayne in black & white,  
Zulu in technicolor, and  
Godzilla invited Japanese for dinner.

Elvis was drafted and so was Cassius Clay who refused to serve, embraced the Nation of Islam, said he was Muhammad Ali, and betrayed America.

Our war was CinemaScope with killer 3D and  
Mortars and Rockets aplenty  
so common  
We no longer ran from the tube...  
Just another day.

And then it wasn't.

The first nightmare,  
Endless FIGMO countdown,  
Stateside BS that always fell  
away for lack of interest,  
Friends DEROSed in a box  
Jane Fonda on Radio Hanoi  
Stars & Strips printing between the lines.

Freedom Bird aloft.

The welcome home  
That didn't come  
The healing yet to be

Politicians betrayed us pointing fingers and never to  
Blame,  
They hated the war  
They hated us  
They hated not getting re-elected.

Johnson bugged out  
Nixon's Plan wasn't  
Washington failed America  
And walked away...sending  
58,000 to early graves.  
Kissenger's [In]Decent Intravel bought Jimmy Carter time to silly-putty the nation's wounds with 17% inflation and  
Welcomed Home the Draft Dodger Cowards who died a thousand deaths before deserting their country and  
slithering to Canada.  
Everyone loathed the military so the VA remained on the back burner...  
G.I.s were betrayed, per government custom, like war-dogs and horses...abandoned to twist ever so slowly in the  
wind.

And we,  
Old before our time,  
Our youth but a lost memory  
Never more to be the good old days before  
Vietnam.

Thank you,

Don Poss  
Sent from my iPhone=