

A Soldier's Memoir (Ptd Song)

Joe Bachman

I've been home about six months now
And I still have my doubts
I'm not sure how I got here
Or how I'm gonna get out My Mama says I look the same
As I did before I left
But if she could see inside of me
It would scare her to death I can still taste the powder
From the barrel of my gun
I can hear my Sergeant screaming,
"Run, Soldier, run."
I can feel the backpack on my shoulders
God, it weighed a ton
I see death in every single thought
They taught me how to put that uniform on
I just can't get it off
Last Saturday they honored us
In a small parade downtown
When they shot off those fireworks
I nearly hit the ground While they smiled and cheered for us
All I could do was stare
Cuz part of me is here at home
And part of me's back there I can still taste the powder
From the barrel of my gun
I can hear my Sergeant screaming,
"Run, Soldier, run."
I can feel the backpack on my shoulders
God, it weighed a ton
I see death in every single thought
They taught me how to put that uniform on
I just can't get it off
Yeah there's no end in sight
Cuz even though I'm home now
I'm still fighting for my life I can still taste the powder
From the barrel of my gun
I can hear my Sergeant screaming,
"Run, Soldier, run."
I can feel the backpack on my shoulders
God, it weighed a ton
I see death in every single thought
They taught me how to put that uniform on
I just can't get it off

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