

# 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>