

# The War

Lucero

I got drafted at 19  
Me and a bunch of boys from home  
January '43, drove out to Pine Bluff and signed on  
Went to basic south of Birmingham  
Put me on west coast bound train  
Spent three days out in San Diego  
And they shipped me back east again  
Left a port out of New York  
Slept for months in British rain  
Tore it up down in London town  
And they shipped me back out again

The preacher said  
"Boys he who is killed tonight  
Will dine with the Lord in Paradise"  
One boy spoke up, said  
"preacher come on, eat your supper with us

Never talk about those first days  
Lots of friends left behind  
But I made it all the way across France  
And I fought at the Maginot line  
Road a tank into Belgium  
Like them better than the French  
Like my daddy, thirty years before  
I did my time in a trench  
Lots of days there's no water  
But the liquor kept me warm  
The cellars were stocked to the ceiling with booze  
So I carried a bottle with my gun

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Will dine with the Lord in Paradise"  
One boy spoke up, said  
"preacher come on, eat your supper with us"

Three times I made sergeant  
I'm not that kind of man  
And pretty much just as quick as I could  
I get busted back to private again  
Cause takin' orders never suited me  
Giving them out was much worse  
I could not stand to get my friends killed  
So I took care of myself first  
Now I know that don't sound right  
Don't think too bad of me  
Now it keeps me up nights  
What I could have done differently

The preacher said  
"Boys he who is killed tonight  
Will dine with the Lord in Paradise."  
One boy spoke up, said  
"preacher come on, eat your supper with us"

I'd be no guest at the table of the Lord

His food was not to be mine  
'Cause I cursed His name every chance that I could  
And I reckon that's why I'm still alive