

Belmont And 6th

Radney Foster

At the corner at Belmont and 6th
There's a guy who's just trying to stay warm
Selling papers for a buck you won't miss
In an old camo uniform
I try and buy one when I can
Oh but nothing 'bout it ever feels right
So when the light turns green at Belmont and 6th, I cry

Oh I cry for the ones who are tired and lonely
Just tangled and torn 'cause they fought for our country
Came home but the pieces don't fit
Like the guy at Belmont and 6th

He volunteered to go through hell
Oh and a part of him's still back there
I know he's pretty high sometimes
He smiles but his eyes look so scared

It makes me cry for the ones who are tired and lonely
Tangled and torn 'cause they fought for our country

Came home but don't feel like they fit
Like the guy at Belmont and 6th

Monday he wasn't at his regular spot
My heart raced through a million emotions
Maybe he's sick or just found a job
And I thought about war
How some always come home some broken

So I cry for the ones who are tired and lonely
So tangled and torn 'cause they fought for our country
Came home but don't feel like they fit
Yeah I cried for the families and prayed for us all
For the brave and the proud who stumble and fall
And I cried for what we ought to fix
For that guy at Belmont and 6th
Yeah I cried for what we ought to fix
Like that guy at Belmont and 6th