



Welcome Home

I talked to some Vietnam Vets today,
The subject wasn't about fun and play.
It was about the heartache of coming home,
To a group of people who threw a stone.
And spit was loosed from their hateful mouth,
They tried to make us feel like a louse.
But we held our head high those days,
Just glad to be able to see sun rays.
Many of us shown broken bodies and wounds,
And in our heads we could still hear the booms.
But the worst was leaving friends behind,
Some to never return because they lost their mind.
And to this day we still remember the hate,
That was blasted at us in every state.
Baby killers, war criminal, innocent lives,
Was all the haters could say with their lies!
But for the red, white, and blue we did our best,
We still stand strong, even with our mental test.
But many are homeless and struggle day to day,
A terrible price for their effort they have to pay.
Drugs and alcohol they use to deaden the pain,
To wash away the feeling of the country's distain.
Next time you see a veteran displaying Vietnam,
Please say Welcome Home and extend your hand.
It may just heal a wound that still festers within,
But most times they'll nod and give you a grin!
God bless them all!!! Amen

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