

Lyrics from the song "A Soldier's Memoir" by musician Mitch Rossell

Been home about six months now
But I still have my doubts
Well 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
And 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
And when they shot off those fireworks
I nearly hit the ground
And while they smiled and cheered for us
All I could do was stare
Cause part of me is here at home
And part of me is 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
And 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
Cause 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
And I see death in every single thought
They taught me how to put that uniform on
I just can't get it off
Well the devil's won some battles
And he may win some more
But don't he know the American soldier
Will always win the war