

# FOR SAM

- V. 1            Standing in a hallway in April seventy-three,  
                  Catching up on all the years and folks in Tennessee.  
                  I said when you get back, come by we'll have a beer,  
                  Shook his hand, we went on, and now he isn't here.
- V.2            A flyboy's life is hit'em hard, drop the stuff, and pray.  
                  Sometimes you run out of luck and never fly away.  
                  He had a mission, not a job, in his soldier's mind.  
                  He's joined his band of brothers who all got left behind.
- Chorus:        We searched the tags and body bags, and found no real remains.  
                  Nothing for the families to ease their constant pain.  
                  Some things are worse than dying in the middle of the fight.  
                  For those who get no closure in the darkness of the night.
- V.3            I found out ten years later he never made it home.  
                  A MIA they call him, just twenty-nine and gone.  
                  His loved ones all still cling to any thread they can.  
                  And hope they'll get to see him come back from Vietnam.
- V.4            The years they come and swiftly pass, no word do they receive.  
                  Like all of us deep in our hearts they still wait and grieve.  
                  He carries with him where he is a nation full of prayer.  
                  God only knows the real truth, what happened over there.
- Chorus:        We searched the tags and body bags, and found no real remains.  
                  Nothing for the families to ease their constant pain.  
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                  For those who get no closure in the darkness of the night.