

The Boys from Nam

It's been many long years and at last we can see
the pain and the suffering which should never have been
inflicted upon the sons of our land
in a bloody war they called Vietnam.

They fought in the war, then they fought for their rights
from a nation who left them to their own lonely fight;
They were only boys when we sent them to war,
the killing and maiming, what was it all for?

Where do they go those boys from the war,
do they even remember what the fighting was for?
How do they live between the war and the pain
of the backs turned against them, to our nation's great shame?
How many times have they lived the nightmare,
how bad are the memories, how deep the despair?

How are they different, these boys back from 'Nam'
from those that were hailed for protecting our land?
When 'Lest we forget' was the nation's great cry –
'We cannot forget those who have fought and have died!'

But forget we did and a nation stood by
and watched the boys we had raised go to battle and die.
And those that returned, battle scarred and maimed,
we berated these sons and scorned the campaign.
Yet there are still those among us who can't understand
why they are so different, these boys back from 'Nam.

For those that returned were never the same –
They lived lives that were marred and oft filled with pain
And the mothers and wives watched as their men turned to rage,
To blot out the memories which don't dim with age.

The battles they fought still alive in their minds –
The guilt of returning, their mates left behind.
They relive the memories they relive the pain,
they crave for some peace and fight to remain sane.

Many of their mates they remember so well,
as they fought alongside their brothers in that hell of all hells
How many friends did they lose in that time,
how much of their lives will they never find?

Where do they go those boys of the war,
can they ever be free from the sights that they saw?
Can they pardon a nation who was too blind to see,
can they find a way to set their nightmares free?
How many times have they lived the nightmare –
how bad are the memories, how deep the despair?