

There was this wise man I once knew  
Who lived down my street a block or 2  
In a back alley where the autumn leaves blew  
A simple man with a heart so true

John Doe was a quiet man, who kept to himself and lived off the  
land  
He panned his living with a rusty tin can  
Been living off the streets since Vietnam

When Johnny came marching home  
From the Vietnam war he was alone

Slapped with a label, he hid his face, the nightmare of war  
Was one he couldn't erase, when Johnny came marching home  
(He said) I can't let go, I can't forget

25 years later, that smell I still remember  
As I watched so many young men lose their lives, on that battle  
field  
To Vietnam they sent us barely, old enough they placed us  
On the front lines in a land we had no place...We had no place!  
!!

On the day I left that battlefield, I might as well have died  
Because nothing in my life this far, has ever felt quite right  
And each and everyday I try to pick the pieces up  
But the pieces never seem to fit, the pain becomes too much

It's hard to describe, so hard to relate, it's hard letting go  
When you can't escape  
To think that when we came home our country turned its back  
And labeled us all murderers, spit on us, spit on us and laughed

He spoke with such convicting words, I felt like I was there  
A simple frail and shattered soul, the soldier never dies he sang  
I thought about how it must feel to watch all your friends die  
So far away so far from home, fighting wars we had no place!