

Heroes

Guy Clark

He brought the war home with him.
Still got sand in his boots.
He's wrestling with the demons and the cold hard truth.
And something ain't right about him.
He came back different.
Something in his eyes said he'd seen too much,
Something in his leg said he'd had enough.

Heroes, everybody needs heroes.
Even heroes need a little help.
Heroes can't always be heroes.
Who's gonna save the hero from himself?

He had a picture from Baghdad, with him and his buddies.
They're just horsin' around, gettin' ready.
One by one, he watched them die.
Just scared kids and he don't know why.
He's the only one to make it out alive.

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Ten thousand clicks away in his head
He could smell the smoke, he could smell the dead
A silver star and a pistol in a drawer
Morphine just ain't working no more.

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