

## Letters Home

Radical Face

So, I'm writing' you this letter between rests  
'cause yesterday a bullet found my chest  
And I don't got the energy to dress myself  
And I can't walk without help

And I...

I can't remember why I joined this war  
And I can't tell you what we're fighting' for  
I guess I wasn't smart enough to see the game  
And that no one's keeping' score

And now, you would not believe the things I miss  
It's all the little things that fill that list  
Like playing' with the dogs  
And helping' father chop the wood behind the fence

Now I...

I'm not sure if I'll see another day  
The doctor said it could go either way  
But I just wanted you to know  
No matter if I sink or fall or blink out in this hospital

That I'm alright, yeah  
I made peace with it all  
Mistakes and all