

Weathered Statues

T.S.O.L.

Weathered statues, tin soldiers that march in our parks
Wrapped in yellowed newsprint, on their benches in the dark
Faces fill with sadness, sorrow drawn from your nights
Surviving on old glories but now the glory's have died
Lonely men who are tortured, once proud but now forgotten
Gnarled hands hold canes, where guns were once before
Taunted by the children whose parent's lives he saved
Forgotten by a state, whose leg in war he gave
Silver gleams upon his chest, though sweat gleams on his brow
Darker days and sable nights, who work upon his soul
His honor flew away from him, like pigeons on the wind
Spending his last pennies on cheap wine and sins
But still they make the soldiers
And soldiers still grow old
Another day, another statue, falls out in the dawn
Weathered Statues stil march on and on