

# A Soldier's Memoir

Mitch Rossell

Been home about six months now  
But I still have my doubts  
Well I'm not sure how I got here  
Or how I'm gonna get out My mama says I look the same  
As I did before I left  
But if she could see inside of me  
It would scare her to death I can still taste the powder  
From the barrel of my gun  
I can hear my sergeant screaming  
"Run, soldier, run"  
I can feel the backpack on my shoulders  
God it weighed a ton  
And I see death in every single thought  
They taught me how to put that uniform on  
I just can't get it off  
Last Saturday they honored us  
In a small parade downtown  
And when they shot off those fireworks  
I nearly hit the ground And while they smiled and cheered for us  
All I could do was stare  
Cause part of me is here at home  
And part of me is back there I can still taste the powder  
From the barrel of my gun  
I can hear my sergeant screaming  
"Run, soldier, run"  
I can feel the backpack on my shoulders  
God it weighed a ton  
And I see death in every single thought  
They taught me how to put that uniform on  
I just can't get it off  
Yeah there's no end in sight  
'Cause even though I'm home now  
I'm still fighting for my life I can still taste the powder  
From the barrel of my gun  
I can hear my sergeant screaming  
"Run, soldier, run"  
I can feel the backpack on my shoulders  
God it weighed a ton  
And I see death in every single thought  
They taught me how to put that uniform on  
I just can't get it off Well the devil's won some battles  
And he may win some more

But don't he know the American soldier  
Will always win the war

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>