

The Hill of Angels...

Things didn't go quite as planned
When I left that place called Vietnam
I was just supposed to walk away
Forgetting the past and live day by day

It was easy at first, I did real well
I managed to quench the fires of hell
That was until the night I awoke in sweat
And remembered what I was supposed to forget

The pillow was soaked and I wrung it out
In a daze I wondered what it was all about
The faces came and the war came alive
There was no place that I could run and hide

I talked to others and as I tried to explain
They said it would all go away ignore the pain
So I lay my head down and tried to sleep
But the trenches of war had been dug to deep

I carry the memories with me to this day
My conscience wouldn't let me just walk away
After all these years I still carry 'em around
Ain't no way I'll ever let my Brothers down

The best plans, are made by both mice and men
The road map leads from Da Nang to Con Thien
I will walk the trails and take the pain in stride
Remembering it was for me my Brothers died

Rich 'Boon' Preston