

Bury Me With Soldiers

author Unknown

I've played a lot of roles in life;
I've met a lot of men,
I've done a lot of things
I'd like to think I wouldn't do
again.
And though I'm young, I'm old
enough
To know someday I'll die.
And to think about what lies
beyond,
Beside whom I would lie.
Perhaps it doesn't matter much;
Still if I had my choice,
I'd want a grave 'amongst Soldiers
when At last death quells my
voice.
I'm sick of the hypocrisy
Of lectures of the wise.
I'll take the man, with all the flaws,
Who goes, though scared, and
dies.
The troops I knew were
commonplace
They didn't want the war;
They fought because their fathers
and Their fathers had before.
They cursed and killed and wept...

God knows They're easy to
deride...
But bury me with men like these;
They faced the guns and died.
It's funny when you think of it,
The way we got along.
We'd come from different worlds
To live in one where no one
belongs,
I didn't even like them all;
I'm sure they'd all agree.
Yet I would give my life for them,
I know some did for me.
So bury me with soldiers, please,
Though much maligned they be.
Yes, bury me with soldiers,
for I miss their company.
We'll not soon see their likes
again;
We've had our fill of war.
But bury me with men like them
Till someone else does more