

## **Autry Inman**

# **"Ballad Of Two Brothers"**

Visit "[Ballad Of Two Brothers](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Somewhere in Vietnam, September first  
Dear, Mom and Dad  
We must've marched twenty miles today  
Through the rain and the mud

And believe it or not  
This is the first opportunity  
I've had to sit down and  
Write in two or three weeks

This'll have to be short  
But I just wanted to send my love  
And let you know that I'm doing fine

But you know, just being here  
And seeing how close these people  
Are to losing their freedom  
Makes me that much more determined  
To help win this war

'Cause if we don't, the next battlefield  
May be closer to home than Vietnam  
Must close for now, all my love  
Your son, Bud

P.S., how's Tommy doing  
At State University  
Tell him his big brother said hello

State University, September first  
Hi, Dad, we must have  
Marched twenty blocks today  
And, baby, I'm beat

I mean, like the sign  
I was carrying got real heavy  
But, Dad, everything was out of sight

There were recorders and  
Photographers and cameraman  
From every major news  
Service and network in the nation

So look for your baby boy's picture  
On the front page of today's paper

Of course, you might have a  
Little trouble recognizing me  
With my groovy beard  
But, Dad, I know we're right

How can you defend my brother  
Murdering all those people overseas  
So what if the Communists  
Do take over in South Vietnam

Why, just today  
Our economics professor assured us  
That people get along  
Just as well under communism  
As they do under  
Any other form of government

I'm sorry, Dad  
But this God and country bit  
Just isn't my bag  
Gotta go, dad, big rally tonight  
Your son, Tommy

P.S., Dad better send me an  
Extra fifty bucks this week, dig

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Smith  
I know you must be awfully  
Proud of your fine son  
I wish I could be there to  
See you receive Bud's medal of honor

It may comfort you to know  
That his last thoughts were of you  
And as his sergeant  
I can truthfully say  
He was one of the bravest men  
I have ever known

Dear Mom and Dad  
It's been some time  
Since I received word about Bud  
Somehow I just didn't have  
The nerve to come home

But I've done a lot of thinking since then  
About my turned on friends and  
About what they said about communism

We were all wrong

And you know, I always just worship Bud  
Now that I've thought it over, I know  
That he would never fight for something  
Unless he believed in it  
With all of his heart

And in spite of all my past mistakes  
I hope that somehow, someday  
I can become as big in your eyes  
As my brother will always be  
Your son, Private Tommy Smith

Visit [Autry Inman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.