

D.R.I. "On My Way Home"

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I was getting out, without a doubt
This was my last patrol, wished I could shout
But then the reds were there
We were taking our share
Fifteen to thirty, but fair is fair
I was fighting wild, shooting blind
Nothing I could do, nowhere I could go
Someone yelled, "keep your head down low"
I heard men crying, knew they were dying
And for the first time, I realized
My sergeant lied!

On my way home in a body bag
A one-way ticket, but I couldn't brag
I was seeing green, seeing red
With an aching, throbbing, emptiness in my head
Trying to breathe, I fought for air
I was alive, but nobody cared
We left the planet
Then we had landed
Soon picked up by an army truck
Someone gave me a shovel and told me to dig
I said, "fuck off and die, capitalist pig!"

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