

Bill Anderson

"Where Have All Our Heroes Gone"

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(Bill Anderson - Bob Talbert)

Where have all our heroes gone
What's come over our great land
America is still my home sweet home
But where have all our heroes gone?
I saw a group of boys the other day
Standing in the corner of a playground
Looking and laughin' at a magazine
And I overheard one of the boys
Said man is he ever cool
And he pointed to the man
Who's picture was on the magazine cover
And everybody kinda said under their breath
Yeah, he's cool alright.
And I got sick to my stomach
Because I'd seen the cover
And the man that they were talking about
Had instigated a riot in one of our major cities last
summer
And the magazine was writing
About how the police were unkind to him
The judges were not fair with him
And how he talked back and slung
His long hair about and cussed
And did his things and they made him into a regular
hero.
And inside this magazine was the story of a baseball
player
Who got involved with the gamblers
Of the football player who said that football was not the
end
Just a means to an end. meanin' the girls and the good
times
And a story of a folk singer who proudly claims
To be both a member of a party ailen
To our government and a nontax payin' citizen.
These young boys read with open eyes and open
minds
And I thought to myself my God
Are these the people that these young boys look up to
Are these their idols, are these the heroes
Of the now generation?

(America is still my home sweet home)
(But where have all our heroes gone?)
I had heroes when I was a kid, we all did
And our heroes did their thing too
Like General Douglas McArthur
Who returned like he said he would
Like Gene Autry and Roy Rogers
Who chased the bad guys right off the screen
Like Lindberg who flew the ocean
And Jesse Owens who showed Hitler
And John Wayne and Gerry Cooper
After all didn't they really win the war
And General Ike bless your soul
'Cause he made us feel safe.
We've killed some of our recent heroes
The Kennedys and Kings
And even as great as their space feats are
How many of the astronauts can you name huh how
many
My heroes were people like Joe DiMaggio
Who proved that nice guys can finish first
And Stan Musian who never had an unkind word for
anybody
And Winston Churchill who's two fingers
Raised together meant victory.
Not just a let-your-enemy-have-it-all kind of artificial
peace
This country needs a lotta things today friends
But it doesn't need any one thing anymore
Than it needs some real heroes.
Men who know what it means
To be looked up to by a griny faced kid
Men who wanna sign autograph books
And not deal under the table
Men who are willing to play the game
With the people who made them heroes
Men who don't mind putting on a white hat
And saying thank you and please
I wish I knew more men that I'd be proud of
For my son to look up to and say
Daddy when I grow up I want to be just-like-him.
(Where have all our heroes gone?)...

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