

Don Mclean

"1967"

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In Nineteen Sixty Seven the draft caught up with me,
me and my pal Joe went off to war.
We might find hero's heaven, but we'd keep the
country free.
We would surely win just like before.
Roy Rogers he was on his horse, and Buck Jones drew
his gun.
We would surely win of course when the battle was all
done.

Nineteen Sixty Seven I came back alone,
they brought Joe back in plastic on the plane.
Nineteen Sixty Seven seems so long ago,
but I can't forget my friend or ease my pain.
His family may forget him, his children may regret him,
his wife may find another and go on.
His picture may grow faded and the world he knew
gone jaded
but as long as I shall live I surely know,
I never will forget my buddy Joe.

In Nineteen Sixty Seven, the war was raging on,
our country was divided and reborn.
Though I was back at home, I had never left Saigon,
'cause all I got was ridicule and scorn.
This was no place for hero's now, they all seemed to
resent me,
They said

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