

Harry Chapin "Pigeon Run"

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Frozen in each town and village,
In the central square,
Never in a dark museum,
But in the open air,
A monument to model glory,
Wars that we have won....Surely,
All of us had heard the stories,
How his deeds were done,

Awwwwwwwwww.....Pigeon Run

The day they unveiled his statue,
And the bands that played,
We all heard the widow weeping,
While the mayor pruned,
The words they chizzled in the marble,
Were shadows of the sun saying,
Fall out boys who went to battle
Is the bravest one,

Awwwwwwwwww.....Pigeon Run

And pigeons perch upon his shoulder,
They spread his head with fertilizer,
And an old man comes,
To scrub the stains,

But when his gone,
There back again!

The boy who never be forgotten,
The boy who knew no fear,
For charing when the bugles blew he,
Gets a reef each year,
And there, he stands through all the seasons,
Clutching at his gun,
Stone cold blind,

Awwwwwwwwww.....Pigeon Run

And pigeons perch upon his shoulder,
They spread his head with fertilizer,

But no hair grows,
Apon his head,
Nothing grows,
When you are dead!

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