

Jay Farrar

"Dent County"

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I'll think of you in Inchon,
I'll think of you in Bremerhaven.
I still hear strains of singing,
But I know you've made it home.
Back in Dent County.

You caught the ship sailing,
Always the world at your back.
Always kept a common thread,
To bind together when apart.
You're back in Dent County.

At peace with it all,
Grew strong in the depression.
What do we have to fear,
About the world around us now.
You're back in Dent County.

Beat bars and the maritime,
Post-war peace and paid your dues.
Now the burden is passed on.
Find a way out of these blues.
You're back in Dent County.

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