

## Lefty Frizzell

### "Song For A Soldier"

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Black dog howls on the edge of the night, howls the  
call of doom  
The soldier wipes his sweaty brow from the safety of  
his room  
Not long to go till the battle screams of death into the  
night  
And the soldier boy will lose his life in this endless  
bloody plight

Two thousand dead, so what, it's fame, a medal or two  
for me  
As long as my body never bleeds my glory's always  
free  
The mornings here in sunlight rays, that burns the  
morning dew  
The barbed wire shivers in steely awe, the living are not  
true

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call of doom  
The soldier wipes his sweaty brow from the safety of  
his room  
Not long to go till the battle screams of death into the  
night  
And the soldier boy will lose his life in this endless  
bloody plight

And when the battle is over, what about the pain  
Of knowing that I'll never see my little boy again  
His duty has been done at last, despite my growing  
fears  
That knowing as a parent, I've wasted all these years  
How could they do this?  
How could they kill my son?

I tried to create an honest man, a man of right and  
good  
Whose head was quickly shattered, nothing left but  
blood  
They wrote at least a letter, explaining of their thanks  
But little boys have little hope against Russian tanks

How could they do this?  
How could they kill my son?

His soul was just a number, hanging on the cross  
Just another casualty, another pointless loss  
But me I was his father, so how do I feel now?  
My life long goal is over, but still I wonder how  
How could they do this?  
How could they kill my son?

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