

Richard Lloyd "Soldier Blue"

Visit "[Soldier Blue](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Lloyd)

He was only seventeen when the letter came in the mail
From the local draft board saying you've got a choice.
Join the army or you go to jail.

As he packed his bags, his mother wept saying:

"Daddy don't you think it's a shame?"

"No, I think it will make him a man."

Eleven weeks of boot camp got you doing situps in the
day and the night.

Then they ship you out on a boat and they say you are
ready to fight.

Soldier Blue

Soldier Blue

Soldier Blue

Soldier Blue

Have your breakfast in a Saigon street.

Where the heroin is so strong.

It makes the killing sweet.

Pretty soon you can do no wrong.

Soldier Blue

Soldier Blue

So they send you off on night patrol.

Put a carbine in your hand.

Tell you not to shoot yourself.

You're supposed to shoot the Vietnam.

Soldier Blue

Soldier Blue

Soldier Blue

Soldier Blue

Take a look at my friend Charlie.

He's got no hands, no legs, no feet.

Now they've got him selling pencils on the corner.

Boys, he begging in the street.

So I call up my Congressman.

Saying Mister I have a complaint.

Why are we losing all our boys in the war?

When are we going to learn some restraint?

Soldier Blue

Soldier Blue

Soldier Blue

Soldier Blue

Visit [Richard Lloyd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.