

**T. Rex****"Weathered Statues"**

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Weathered statues, tin soldiers that march in our parks  
Wrapped in yellowed newsprint, on their benches in the  
dark  
Faces fill with sadness, sorrow drawn from your nights  
Surviving on old glories but now the glory's have died  
Lonely men who are tortured, once proud but now  
forgotten  
Gnarled hands hold canes, where guns were once  
before  
Taunted by the children whose parent's lives he saved  
Forgotten by a state, whose leg in war he gave  
Silver gleams upon his chest, though sweat gleams on  
his brow  
Darker days and sable nights, who work upon his soul  
His honor flew away from him, like pigeons on the wind  
Spending his last pennies on cheap wine and sins  
But still they make the soldiers  
And soldiers still grow old  
Another day, another statue, falls out in the dawn  
Weathered Statues stil march on and on

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