

Tim Barry **"South Hill"**

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When my girl got pregnant well I dropped right out of school
But there's no work in South Hill so what else could I do?
The recruiter's came-a-knocking when this whole damn thing began
They promised me a college education food and medicine
They said I wouldn't spend a dime if I got deployed overseas
Plus Baghdad is safer now than old Washington, DC
So I signed that dotted line right quick and in a blink of an eye
I found myself at Fort Benning where I practiced forming lines
Well Fallujah became my home, my comfort and my dread
The marines that came through first man they tore this place to shreds
With the sound of crushing Amtracs and the whine of their Humvee's

Calling in them A-10 air strikes man I wish I could have seen it
But when we got to town I realized we were only legs
We do dismounted patrols we do searches and do raids
We hear the crack of small arms fire and the blast from IED's
We hurry up and wait, suck in dust and stay low key

And I cannot stop this pounding in my head
I thought we were doing right but that's not what folks back home have said
Sometimes I can't tell which way is up or which is down
But I'm oddly at ease with this chaos all around

Then one day out on patrol doing time out in the heat
We were ordered to a neighborhood to talk to folks out on the street
To gather information on where some weapons may be stored

Or to see if the Mujahideen had hauled them off out of
Fallujah and to the north
Well my platoon got lost and made more then one
wrong turn
We should have called in our position fast but we
blamed each other first
Then we started taking sniper fire - god damn them all
We couldn't find the shooter no where he had us
pinned down one and all
Well friendies they caught up and we took back that
god damned street
But something wasn't right and I was feeling really
weak
My adrenaline was high and I was scared and I could
hardly breathe
I heard doc argue with the Sarg that morphine might
kill me
That's the last thing I remember that and heat and
clear blue sky
And thinking about my girl back home and my
daughters little eyes
I took that bullet in Fallujah and I'm laid up in Germany
And I'm headed back stateside to the care of Walter
Reed

And I cannot feel a thing below my waist
Doc tried to help me man but it was too late
Now I don't know who is right or who is wrong
But I'm fucked up and I want to go back home
And I cannot stop this pounding in my head
I thought we were doing right but that's not what folks
back home have said
Now I don't know which way is up or which is down
But one day I'll stand firmly on the ground
Yes one day I'll stand firmly on the ground

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