Ryan Harvey "This Ain't Hollywood"

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I've the fresh young faces
Of these soldiers that they've made
Behind those infamous uniforms
You wonder if they're afraid
Loading bags up on the handcart
Smoke a final cigarette
The flights takes off in a couple of minutes
They gotta break that nervous sweat

From roadside baggage to roadside bombs
You're life won't be the same
Taking that deep transition
Once you set foot on the plane
Who knows if you'll be back someday
To walk these halls again
You say goodbye to your loved ones
Your family and your friends

When you can't shake the pain of the memories You start living for the day You may laugh harder then you have ever But you crash in a similar way This ain't Hollywood

Your Private 1st Class So-and-So
Shaved and standing tall
An anonymous pair of hands
They'll use to meet the battle call
They give you a brand new identity
Before they send you off to war
When you get home you might have a future
But you won't have a past no more

And I've seen the heavy faces
So empty in stare
Pictures and voices and people's name
Reflecting everywhere
Trying to readjust
Back in your home town
But the memories of what you've seen and done
Are lurking all around

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