

William Clark Green

"Marie"

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Hey there Mr. Postman do you have something for me?
I've been waiting way too long on a letter from Marie
Her eyes are filled with passion, my heart's full of
desire
Just like the first time we made love beneath the stars in
the sky

I'm fighting for our freedom, for the promise land
If I get back from Vietnam I'll put a ring in her hand

I opened up the letter, I found a photograph
I pressed it to my lips hoping this won't be my last
Her words are so neatly strung out along the page
And then they start to smear as the tears roll down her
face

I wish I could explain but she just won't understand
If I get back from Vietnam I'll put a ring in her hand

Now the sky has turned to orange man their coming on
real fast
You better grab your gun, we got Charlie on our ass
I hear the depths of hell at the bows of the scene
Remember me Marie

If you're reading this letter, I'm sorry that I lied
You will always have my heart but you will never be my
bride
If it was the same I would do it all again
Because the day I said I loved you that's exactly what I
meant

Now you have a flag for which my life stands
I'm sorry that I never put a ring in your hand
I'm sorry that I never put a ring in your hand

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