

## The Code "John Doe"

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There was this wise man I once knew  
Who lived down my street a block or 2  
In a back alley where the autumn leaves blew  
A simple man with a heart so true

John Doe was a quiet man, who kept to himself and  
lived off the land  
He panned his living with a rusty tin can  
Been living off the streets since Vietnam

When Johnny came marching home  
From the Vietnam war he was alone

Slapped with a label, he hid his face, the nightmare of  
war  
Was one he couldn't erase, when Johnny  
came marching home  
(he said) I can't let go, I can't forget

25 years later, that smell I still remember  
As I watched so many young men lose their lives, on  
that battlefield  
To Vietnam they sent us barely, old enough they  
placed us  
On the front lines in a land we had no place  
had no place!!!  
On the day I left that battlefield, I might as well have  
died  
Because nothing in my life this far, has ever felt quite  
right  
And each and everyday I try to pick the pieces up  
But the pieces never seem to fit, the pain becomes too  
much

It's hard to describe, so hard to relate, it's hard letting  
go  
When you can't escape  
To think that when we came home our country turned  
its back  
And labeled us all murderers, spit on us, spit on us and  
laughed

He spoke with such convicting words, I felt like I was  
there  
A simple frail and shattered soul, the soldier never  
dies he sang  
I thought about how it must feel to watch all your  
friends die  
So far away so far from home, fighting wars we had no  
place!

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