

9/28

There's dozers in the jungle
 Elephants in the zoo
 Mothers back in Texas
 Mothers are turning blue
 More houses closed
 Where we used to stand in line
 Postman brings us mailers
~~at the edge of the door~~
 I'll be lonely and I'll be down
 Just like in Saigon's back
 where loneliness is fought
 I'll be lonely and I'll be scared
 If I thought there was hope
 for us somewhere

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Got friends in trouble
 Walk while watching within crowds
 Neighborhoods rebuilding but sometimes we
 try to make a move and you will find you
 are wave of sorrow like a soothing breeze
 Falls through our thinking
 out of stone of comfort waits so
 across hills alone waves of hearted