

I've just come back from the war.
I'm angry and tired and bored.
Scarred by the things that I saw --
Still don't feel like I'm home.
Don't want to go back, don't want to stay.
I'm still waiting for the big parade.
Just before dawn --
doesn't feel like last fall...
feels like a friend I've lost touch with
who I'd hoped wouldn't call --
blankets and clothes and pictures of wives,
the glow of the burning
they saw from the sky...
When I woke up, all swaddled in white
I wanted my Mother
wanted her to tell me why I was alive
I'd write every night just before bed.
For a while there I stopped.
Did you think I was dead?
The truth of it is, I was just scared.
Scared to come back, I wanted to stay.
I'm still waiting for the big parade.