

When I came back from Saigon
Everyone turned their head
No one put their hand out
No one shared their bread
I lost my wife, I lost my job, I lost my brother too
Blue collar kids got nothing to do with it
Nightmares of jungles and M-16's
Hippies give me shit in my army greens
Now I'm running the streets of Birmingham
25 years since Vietnam
Some pull jobs some pull scams
But I'm just doing the best I can
Well it's very hard to realize that there's no love no more
The day I got on the plane was the day that I left the war
Arrived in Heathrow on a red eye flight
Down Kelleet road I scored for the night
I took the tube through London town
When I woke up I was on mid land ground
Running the streets of Birmingham
25 years since Vietnam
Some pull jobs and some pull scams
But I'm just doing the best I can.
Vietnam... Vietnam... Vietnam