

JUST A COMMON SOLDIER (A Soldier Died Today)  
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Abraham Lincoln on the occasion of the 2nd inaugural address, March 4, 1865: *Let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who have borne the battle and to his widow and his orphan, this is our sacred obligation.*

He was gettin' old and paunchy and his hair was fallin' fast;  
As he sat around the Legion, tellin' stories of the past.  
Of a war that he once fought in and the deeds that he had done,  
Of his exploits with his buddies; they were heroes, every one.

And though sometimes to his neighbors his tales became a joke,  
But his buddies they really listened, 'cause they knew from whence he spoke.  
But we'll hear his tales no longer, for old Bob just passed away,  
Now the world's a little poorer 'CAUSE A SOLDIER DIED TODAY.

No, he won't be mourned by many, just his friends, his kids, his wife.  
'Cause he lived a very ordinary, sorta quiet kind of life.  
He held a little job, he raised his family, he just went quietly along his way,  
So the world won't note his passing, though A SOLDIER DIED TODAY.

When politicians leave this earth, and their bodies lie in state,  
Thousands note their passing, and proclaim that they were great.  
Yes, the news tells their life stories from the time that they were young,  
But the passing of a soldier it goes unnoticed and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution to the welfare of our land,  
Some clown who breaks his promises and cons his fellow man?  
Or the ordinary fellow who in times of war and strife,  
Feels the need to serve his country and he offers up his life?

The politician's stipend and the style in which he lives,  
They're so very disproportionate, to the service that he gives.  
While the ordinary soldier, who offers up his all,  
Is paid off with a medal and perhaps, a pension, small.

It's not the politicians with their promises and ploys,  
Who won this thing called freedom that our country now enjoys.  
And if you find yourself in danger with your enemies at hand,  
Would you really need a politician with his daily changing stands?

Or will you need a soldier who has sworn that he'll defend  
His home, his kin, his country and who will fight until the end?

Yes, he's just a common soldier, and his ranks they're growin' thin,  
But his presence should remind us we may need him once again.  
And this country with its conflicts, just what's the soldier's part?  
It's to clean up all the troubles that the politicians start.

If we fail to give him honor while he's here to hear the praise,  
Then at least let's pay him homage at the ending of his days.  
Just a simple headline in his hometown paper that'll say:  
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING, 'CAUSE A SOLDIER DIED TODAY."