



It's been twenty years or so since I fought in Viet Nam.
It's been twenty years of memories since I've worked for Uncle Sam.
I think about it every day; I really don't know why.
When I saw the names upon the wall, I hung my head and cried.

They said, "Come now all you children, come fight in Viet Nam."
"We'll train you to be soldiers, to defend this great land."
I said to my recruiter, "I'd like to be a man."
"I'll join Airborne Ranger Infantry, just send me to the Nam"

It took basic training, AIT, NCO school too.
Then finally we jumped from the plane at least a time or two.
In Ranger School they worked us hard, they put us to the test.
Then on to Nam they sent me, to join up with the best.

Sgt. Cluford told us, "There is an outfit here.
They like to do some killing boys, they like to drink some beer.
They hunt to kill in six man teams, I heard the Sargent say.
"They're called Charlie Ranger Infantry, Airborne all the way.

I met some damn good men there; "Welcome to Hell," they said.
"You'll become a good fighter Sarg, or YOU will end up dead.
"We don't quite play the rules here, we do it our own way."
"And by the grace of God and Lady Luck, you'll see your DEROS Day."

I fit right in the Rangers, they called me "Sgt. Strack."
For military etiquette, I certainly did lack.
I watched and learned real quickly, it was just like a dream.
For there in Charlie Rangers, I soon had my own team.

We lost some damn good men there; I'd like to name a few.
There's Thorney, Murph, John Rucker, and Ranger Williams too.
Hilburn Burdett, Kiskaden, Hoa, Stein Foster also died.
They gave their lives to the U.S.A.; for your freedom fought with pride.

We all have fought a battle for some twenty years or so.
Some people said we don't belong; some couldn't wait to go.
I'd like to leave this message for those who give a damn.
God bless all those who served and died in a place called Viet Nam.

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It's been twenty years of memories since I worked for Uncle Sam.
I think about it every day, I really don't know why.
When you see the names upon the wall, you'll hang your head and cry.

PLEASE SAY A PRAYER FOR THE POW'S, MIA'S
IT'S BEEN TWENTY YEARS OR SO.

Dennis E. Strawn
C Co. Rangers 75th Inf. Airborne
September 1969-70

