

Why Did They Die?

I woke up this morning,
It was sunny and bright.
But I wasn't really happy,
It didn't seem quite right.
That fifty-thousand others,
Will never wake again.

They'll never walk along the beach,
Or watch the setting sun.
They'll never kiss a girl's sweet lips,
For them, life is done.

Why?

Why can't they wake up,
And be happy and free?

Why can't they look around them and see —
The sun, the sky, the people, the trees.

Why did they all have to die far away?

Why aren't they here, alive today?

Why were they there in the jungles of Nam?

Why were they killing and dropping their bombs?

Why weren't they home, making love instead?

But most of all — Why are they dead?

John Mark McCarey