

They carried him home, a wreck of a man.
Broke overseas, in a far foreign land.
He'd given his all for the country he loved:
Fought for us all in the dust and the mud.
He was a soldier, the bravest of all, but now he walks alone.

He'd gone to help keep the free world free,
Doing his part to protect you and me.
We'd seen him off proud, in his deep blue beret,
Then left him alone, to find his own way.
He was a soldier, the bravest of all, but now he walks alone.

He thought we would help him find new ways to cope,
But we just ignored him. He slowly lost hope.
Mem'ries and voices were filling his head:
Friends and companions he knew to be dead.
He was a soldier, the bravest of all, but now he walks alone.

Its an unnoticed conflict, a fight we can't see,
But everyone fights it, who fought overseas.
They bring back their pain, their hurt, and their grief,
But here find no respite, no rest, no relief.
They are our soldiers, the bravest of all, but now they walk alone.

They asked us for nothing, yet served us with pride,
They gave us their all, to keep us alive.
But still they fight on, beyond sight or touch,
We cannot forget them, they gave us too much.
They are our soldiers, the bravest of all, and they must never walk alone.