

My youngest son came home today.
His friends marched with him all the way.
A fife and drum beat out the time.
While in his box of polished pine,
Like dead meat on a butcher s tray,
My youngest son came home today.

Dm **C** **Dm**
And this time he s home...to stay

Dm **C** **Dm**
And this time he s home...to stay

Dm **C** **Dm**
And this time he s home...to stay

Dm **C** **Dm**
And this time he s home...to stay