A Corpsman

I am a corpsman, true and true,
Fixing the wounded, is what I do.
I've got to do it, as fast as I can,
As for myself, I can't give a damn.

The men I've seen fallen, were the best
To fix'em and keep'em alive, would be the test.
I've gotta go now, can't take a break
I've gotta bring'em back, for God's sake.

The pain and suffering, that I let slide,
Now eats away, at my insides.
The blood, the guts, the pieces I find,
Are forever deeply, embedded in my mind.

The screaming and crying, for a mothers hand,
Are not heard, in a distant and far away land,
The voices at night, are so hauntingly real,
The begging to God, to make a deal.

I came with morals and ideals to save,
And the killing and brutality, to now I'm a slave.
To save and to heal, was the hand I would lend,
Thou shall not kill, was the rule I would bend.

I feel angry and guilty, withdrawn and depressed,
I'm terrified and doomed, and I pray for some rest.
With nightmares and flashbacks, it's impossible to sleep.
With alcohol and chemicals, I'm in way too damned deep.

All the agony and despair, make my life feel so dim,
And now I must live, with all these feelings with-in.
The war is over, and twenty years have past,
I want peace and tranquility, and the will to last.

To forget Vietnam, is how I'd like to be,
With goals and a future, and a mind that can be free,
To be happy and peaceful, and not to be alone,
To have a family, and a place to call home.

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Fixing the wounded, is what I do.
I've got to do it, as fast as I can.
As for myself, I can't give a damn.

I'm a corpsman, true and true,
Fixing me, is what I want to do.

— Floyd "Doc" Moore
"C" Co., 1st Recon Batt,
1st Marine Div. 1968, 69, 70