

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*I feel angry and guilty, withdrawn and depressed,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.*

*I'm 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.*

*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

