

The Forgotten is Forgotten Once More

(G)

(G) I stopped by--a graveyard --this morning
An old (C) man--was filling in --a new (G) grave
When I (C) asked him—about--the (G) departed
I saw tears --in his (D) eyes--when he (G) said

One (C) more—we sent to fight--for (G) America
Then (C) forgot him--when he came—(G) back home
A few (C) flowers--and a volunteer (G) preacher
And the forgotten--is for (F) gotten—once (G) more
The forgotten--is for (D) gotten—once (G) more

(Quick turnaround—Last 2 line)

Wrapped up--in an old--piece of cardboard
To stave off--the bitter cold--of the night
On that cold--frosty morning—they found him
One more –American hero—has died

Yet another one--was found—just today
With the bottles--and the pills--on the floor
The escape—he leaned on—finally got him
Now he won't be—needing help—any more

(CHORUS) (Quick turnaround-Last 2 line)

On a dimly--lit street--stood an old house
All weathered--and covered--with vines
There in-the deep squalor--they found him
One more—forgotten hero—has died

A little girl--hurried home—one evening
With thoughts--of her daddy--all day
Stamped forever—on her heart—is the picture
Of the gun--and the blood--where he lay

(CHORUS)

RAY PAGE Jr.

