

## Combat Patrol

### William Thompson

Today of all the things that could've happened,  
from I.E.D.'s to more firefights, to mortars thunderclappin'.

As we roll on, stroll on, combat patrol on.

We roll into a village and the children run to see  
the presence of the U.S. Army.

The children don't ask for toys or for candy.

Instead they beg

"Mistah mai" asking for water.

These children I see, that remind me of my daughters.

And then on the roadside I see another little girl who could be no  
more than three.

She looks up and smiles and waves at me.

Blowing kisses while saying "I love you" in English repeatedly.

As we roll on, stroll on, combat patrol on.

Some of us,

Ghetto born and ghetto raised.

Living

Ghetto life and ghetto ways.

Going through

Ghetto nights and ghetto days

Seeing

Ghetto clear through ghetto haze.

Thinking

We've got to get away.

From the ghettos of the U.S.

To the real ghettos in Iraq.

NOW,

We're all just soldiers trying to fight our way back

As we roll on, stroll on, combat patrol on.

Seeing things no one person should have to see,

Not just in this life but throughout eternity.

Seeing my buddies then watching them die,

Wanting to know when is my time.

As we roll on, stroll on combat patrol on.