

Germany in 43 by Scott Wilcox

Your Grandma wrote me in the winter of 43
She asked me if I knew who was winnin' the war
She said bobby and Sandy were growin' strong,
And she let me know the latest Packer Score
Then I bent down on my knee in Germany
In a foxhole with bombshells all around
I made a promise to my maker and me,
To make it back to my hometown.

Chorus

This is real. This is how it was for me
On a field in Germany in '43
This was real, when men fought and died
To defend American lives and my hometown

I got captured in the woods in Germany
They took my clothes and they even took my boots
We went for a long march a hundred miles and more
My buddies were dyin' there by the score
Then I bent down on my knee in Germany
With bullets and bombshells all around
I made a promise to my maker and me
To make it back to my hometown

Chorus

After many months in a German prison camp
Eating potato peeling soup in the cold and damp
I looked up into the cloudy German sky
And I felt that could cry when I folded my hands
Then I bent down on my knee in Germany
The shellin stopped and you couldn't hear a sound
I lifted up my 98 pound body
And there were Americans all around

This is real. This is how it was for me
On a field in Germany in '43
This was real, when I fought and then survived
To defend American lives and my hometown

I stepped off the plane and kissed my little girl
I'll never forget that smile upon her face

This is real. This is how it was for me
On a field in Germany in '43
This was real, when I fought and then survived
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