

Tiny Hospital Beds by J.E.Moores

Am
My father's Air Force records
F
Secret missions all blacked out
C
As if he never done nothing
E F
At least nothing he could speak about
Em F
"They ordered us to run our missions
Em
Shame kept us silent
F C E
Following orders – unspoken sins
F Em
When I stand before Heaven's Gate
Am Em
I'm not sure Saint Peter will let me in."
C G
I lay in bed and I can remember
C G
Watching the men buckle
F G F - C
The seat belt on each child with care and courtesy
Am G C
Orphans riding in gliders – pulled behind our planes
F Am F Am
Ordered to drop our cargo - chem trails fill the air
G Am
I watch their confused little faces turn to fear
Em Am
Into the fog and disappear
F C
Tiny hospital beds - tiny graves when they're dead
F E
For each life that they gave a million more are saved
F Em
I'll tell you what their lives were for
Am
They helped us to win the war
F
God bless America
C
From Sea to shining shore