

Then back we came from the war zone,
To the trails of civilian life,
We were hailed as the nation's heroes,
Since victory was ours thro' strife.
But lo, we were doomed to our sorrow,
We, once the pride of the land,
Found we were restless and shattered,
Misfits in the eyes of man.

Once we were youths with a future,
Rugged and full of grit,
Now we belong to the legion
Of men who don't seem to fit.
Now were a nation's burden,
Burned weary and lame,
Old creaks to the young generation
But still, we would do it again.