

# Tommy in the Long War

David Danelo | June 22, 2006

*(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)*

I landed in Iraq today, my third time in the fight,  
The pilot said, "be safe out there," but he'd be home tonight.  
The flight attendants smile and nod; a few have choked back tears,  
I strolled into the scorching sand, twice older than my years.  
O it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and "Tommy, thank you, son!"  
When talk comes of a troop increase, the politicians run,  
The politicians run, my boys, the politicians run,  
When four-stars say they need more men, the politicians run.

I came back home and glanced around – what had my fighting done?  
They say that we're a land at war, but all are having fun;  
Marines are bleeding daily while the beach bums get a tan,  
And gangsta hoods are heroes, not the soldiers in the 'Stan.  
For it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and "Tommy, here's your bags,"  
But all the people ever do is shop and fly their flags,  
Go shop and fly your flags, my boys, go shop and fly your flags,  
We'll beat fanatics trapped in caves by flying lots of flags.

Yes, patronizing warriors that will guard you while you sleep,  
Is easier to do when waging warfare on the cheap.  
Magnetic yellow ribbons on the back of SUVs,  
Will never bring a suicidal fascist to his knees.  
So it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and "Tommy, you're so swell."  
But everyone were heroes on the day the towers fell,  
The day the towers fell, my boys, the day the towers fell,  
The citizens were heroes on the day the towers fell.

We're not a bunch of heroes, nor are we a bunch of slobs,  
We call ourselves the warriors, and we're here to do our jobs;  
And if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,  
Why, killing Al Zarqawi isn't work for plaster saints;  
While it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and "Tommy, you're so brave!"  
But it's lectures from reporters when they talk Abu Ghraib,  
They talk Abu Ghraib, my boys, they talk Abu Ghraib,  
Can't they find some other stories besides old Abu Ghraib?

You talk of winning this Long War, and freedom and all that:  
But once we don't need oil, we'll be gone in seconds flat.  
The answer to Iraq is not an easy one to face,  
Is it ten years for honor, or a national disgrace?

For it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and "Shut him up, the dolt!"  
But something must be wrong when all the generals revolt;  
Well, it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and anything you please;  
But Tommy ain't nobody's fool – you can bet that Tommy sees!

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