

JUST POINT MY FEET TOWARDS TEXAS
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A young Marine lay wounded
Near a hole called Umm Qasir
The corpsman turned his face away
To try and hide a tear
The young Marine was in desperate shape
His many wounds were deep
They prayed that help would soon arrive,
That the drugs would help him sleep:
With the hint of a smile the young man said "Doc,
"I don't envy you your task -
But things will go much easier
If you'll just do as I ask:

(Chorus)

"Just point my feet towards Texas
And my soul will find its way
To that little old Hill Country town
When my loved ones wait and pray
To that ranch down by the river
I'll return and never roam
If you point my feet towards Texas, Doc,
I'll find my own way home..."

(2)

Now the corpsman was a Brooklyn boy
From the city's toughest part
And twenty years of Navy life
Had not softened up his heart
But he knew deep down as he listened
To the wounded corporal's prayer
He would do whatever he had to do
To get him safe from there
The young Marine was asleep at last
But his dreams were far away
Amidst the gunfire's angry bursts
The corpsman heard him say:

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(3)

The enemy's guns fell silent
As our troops made their advance
The helo came for the casualties
To seize the moment's chance
The young Marine held the corpsman's hand
Till they lifted him away
- Did the brave young Texan live or die?
The corpsman still can't say
But from time to time he will ask himself
If the young Marine pulled through
Then he sadly recalls the boy's last words
Almost as if he knew...

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