

For Our Freedom

At the end of my day, just before bed
With events in my day still fresh in my head

I sometimes lament at my struggles in life
Often discussed with my friends and my wife

I complain of the price of gas for the day
Or cars on the freeway that get in my way

Of the hours I work, from morning 'till night
Or my electric bill that's gone out of sight

These all seem important in my normal day
Until I invoke the Lord as I pray

Then all of the trivial things I lament
Seem foolish to me, and again I repent

For God then reminds me just before bed
Bombs were exploded, more soldiers are dead

Young men and young women, under attack
Fighting a war in a place called Iraq

While Humvees explode over I.E.D.s
Where survivors are often left amputees

Can't we in our freedom bow down each night
And pray for our soldiers, engaged in the fight?

One hundred and forty-four that we know
Our son's and daughters, said, "Yes, I will go!"

Like Norman and Sherry, and Ashley and Shane
Please think of our soldiers, before you complain

And pray for their courage and safety each night
'Tis for our freedom they die in this fight