

I am a War Dog

Santina Lizzio



**High on a hill overlooking the sea,
Stands a statue to honour and glorify me.
Me and my mates that have all gone before,
To help and protect the men of the war.**

**I am a war dog, I receive no pay,
With my keen, sharp senses, I show the way.
Many of us come from far and around,
Some from death row, some from the pound.**

**I am a member of the canine pack,
Trained for combat and life on the track.
I serve overseas in those far off lands,
Me and my master working hand in hand.**

**I lift my head and look across the land,
Beside my master, I await his command.
Together we watch as we wait in the night,
If the enemy comes, we are ready to fight.**

**In the plantations of Nui Dat I do camp,
The smell print of the VC, to track, as I tramp.
"Seek 'em out boy!" my master does call,
Through the vines of the jungle, together we crawl.**

**I remember the day we were trapped underground,
With military wildfire exploding all around.
My master and I packin' death through the fight,
Comforting each other till the guns went quiet.**

**My master's tour of duty has come to an end,
Vietnam he will leave, I will lose a good friend.
No longer will we trudge through the jungles of war,
The canine, the digger, the memory will endure.**

**Now the years have passed and I patiently wait,
For God to receive me through His celestial gate.
Where I'll roam in comfort for evermore,
He'll keep me safe from the ravages of war.**

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