

[Quiet Heros](#) song lyrics

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I grew up in a land of quiet heroes
Who wore their feelings inside-out.
Men who saw and did things
They could barely talk about.

Jerry was a mountain farmer
Living next to my Grand-Dad.
His voice was like an Angel
And always made me glad.

I never knew he was a soldier
who fought in the Meuse-Argonne.
Twenty-six thousand Americans died
As that battle raged on and on.

He managed to survive
But he never knew how or why
He got to live and raise a family
When so many others died.

Jerry had a son named Irving
Who was in the next world war.
He fought in France and Germany
And saw his share of blood and gore.

One day talk turned to huntin'
But he didn't do that anymore.
He'd seen too much killin'
As a tanker during that awful war.

He said it in a quiet way
To help us understand
It was he who did the killing
With a machine gun in his hands.

He fired till the barrel glowed,
Replaced it, and shot some more.
That's how he softly told us why
He didn't go huntin' any more.

He managed to survive
But he never knew how or why
He got to live and raise a family
When so many others died.

Mr. Green was in the same battle
Uncle Irving fought in.
An infantry replacement,
His training a little thin.

He took out German armor
Using thermite grenades.
When he made them fellers burn
He could stop their cannonade.

He fought in the bitter cold
For several desperate days,
Right up until his arm
Was mostly shot away.

He managed to survive
But he never knew how or why
He got to live and raise a family
When so many others died.

Bill was a good machinist
Who swore by his forty-five.
A shot to someone's moustache
Is one reason he survived.

Deep in an island jungle
On another risky mission,
Bill's Tommy gun, it jammed
With steel case ammunition.

It happened in close combat
Where just a hair's breadth
Stood there between Bill's life
And a very grisly death.

He managed to survive
But he never knew how or why
He got to live and raise a family
When so many others died.

Tom was in the air force,
Where death could be horrific.
He was a door gunner,
Fightin' in the South Pacific.

He was restin' on a log one day
Beside Joe, his best friend,
And when he turned to look,
He saw that Joe was very dead.

Tom never knew what happened
And he hadn't heard a sound.
Joe was dead there on the log,
But he hadn't fallen down.

Tom managed to survive
But he never knew how or why
He got to live and raise a family
When so many others died.

I thought Sam was mighty brave
To lead a Sunday class of kids,
Then I learned that was not
The bravest thing he ever did.

He was stationed at Pearl Harbor
On a fateful December day,
And manned a 30-cal machine gun
To help keep the Japanese at bay.

He then flew countless missions
On a maritime re-con grid.
A Guardian of the Upper Realm
Was what Sam McCurdy did.

He managed to survive
But he never knew how or why
He got to live and raise a family
When so many others died.

Phil was our country neighbor
And a happy go lucky guy.
He had a smile in hard times,
But I never did know why.

I didn't know he was a medic
In that God-awful Korean War.
I guess he was just so happy
He wasn't fightin' any more.

He managed to survive
But he never knew how or why
He got to live and raise a family
When so many others died.

Jim was standing on guard duty
When he was rushed by Vietcong.
He downed one with his shotgun
But the other kept coming on.

His shotgun, it jammed up
As the other guy charged close.
He got him with his forty-five
In the foot and in the throat.

He managed to survive
But he never knew how or why
He got to live and raise a family
When so many others died.

I grew up in a land of quiet heroes
Who wore their feelings inside-out.
Men who saw and did things
They could barely talk about.

Oh, they managed to survive
But they never knew how or why
They got to live and raise a family
When so many others died.