

8TH AND I

IN THE CAPITOL OF OUR NATION,
AT THE CORNER OF 8TH AND I,
I HEARD THE HYMN OF ALL MARINES,
AND TEARS WELLED IN MY EYES.

THE CLICK OF RIFLES, THE GUNNY'S CALLS,
THE BUGLES LAST TATTOO.
GOOSEBUMPS ROSE ON BOTH MY ARMS
AS I REMEMBERED PELELIU.

MY THOUGHTS RETURNED TO GUADALCANAL
AND THE TOKYO EXPRESS.
THEN THERE WAS TARAWA
WHERE WE BEAT THEIR VERY BEST.

THERE WAS TINIAN AND THEN GUAM,
AND SAIPAN WAS NO SNAP,
THE C.O. CAUGHT A MORTAR BLAST,
AND DIED, GENTLY IN MY LAP.

THE BANZAI CHARGE, THE HAND-TO-HAND,
THE CRY OF, "I'VE BEEN HIT!"
"MOVE OUT! MOVE OUT! YOU HEARD THE CALL
TO MARINES WHO WOULDN'T QUIT.

THE SLOSHING THROUGH THE JUNGLE RAIN,
AND AT IWO, VOLCANIC ASH.
AT CHOSIN, IT WAS 10 BELOW,
AND THEY THOUGHT WE WOULDN'T LAST.

K-RATIONS, THEY WERE FROZEN,
BULLDOG PULLER, HE'D JUST LAUGH.
"NOW THAT THEY HAVE US ALL SURROUNDED,
LET'S GOT OUT AND WHIP THEIR ASS!"

WE STOPPED 'EM COLD AND ALL MARCHED OUT,
AND WITH THE BATTLE WON,
OLD CHESTY STOOD AND SMILED WITH PRIDE,
"WELL DONE, MARINES, WELL DONE."

SO THERE I STOOD, TRANSFIXED ON HIGH,
HAVING LIVED MY LIFE AS A LION,
SEMPER FI! I'M STILL A MARINE,
AT THE CORNER OF 8TH AND I.
