

# TRAVELIN' SOLDIER

Words and Music by  
BRUCE ROBINSON

Moderately ♩ = 74

Verse:



1. Two days past eigh-teen, he was wait-ing for the bus in his ar - my greens, sat  
3.4. See additional lyrics



down in a booth in a ca - fé there, gave his or - der to a girl with a bow in her hair.

He's a lit - tle shy, so she gives him a smile, and he said would you mind sit - tin'  
2. See additional lyrics



down\_ for a while\_ and talk - in' to me, I'm feel - in' a lit - tie low.



She said I'm off in an ho - ur and I know where we can go.



2. So, they

2.3.4.



back here\_ to you?

Chorus:



I \_\_\_\_\_ cried, nev - er gon - na hold the hand \_\_\_\_\_ of an - oth - er guy.



Too young for him, they told \_\_\_\_\_ her, wait - in' for the love of a trav - el - ing sol - dier.



Our love will nev - er end, \_\_\_\_\_ wait - in' for the sol - dier to come back \_\_\_\_\_ a - gain.

[1.2.]



\_\_\_\_\_ Nev - er more to be \_\_\_\_\_ a - lone, when the let - ter said \_\_\_\_\_ a sol - dier's com - in' home.

D.C. || 3. || 4.

3. So the sol-dier's com-in', sol-dier's com-in'  
4. One

A A

home.

D A D

Repeat ad lib. and fade

*Verse 2:*  
So, they went down and they sat on the pier.  
He said, I bet you got a boyfriend, but I don't care.  
I got no one to send a letter to,  
Would you mind if I sent one back here to you?  
(To Chorus:)

*Verse 3:*  
So the letters came from an army camp,  
In California, then Vietnam.  
And he told her of his heart:  
It might be love and all the things he was scared of.  
He said when it's getting kinda rough over here,  
I think of that day, sittin' down at the pier.  
And I close my eyes and see your pretty smile.  
Don't worry, but I won't be able to write for a while.  
(To Chorus:)

*Verse 4:*  
One Friday night at a football game,  
The Lord's prayer said and the Anthem sang.  
A man said, folks would you bow your head  
For a list of the local Vietnam dead.  
Crying all alone underneath the stands  
Was a piccolo player in the marching band.  
And one name read and nobody cared  
But a pretty little girl with a bow in her hair.  
(To Chorus:)