

JUST POINT MY FEET TOWARDS TEXAS  
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A young Marine lay wounded  
Near a hole called Umm Qasir  
The corpsman turned his face away  
To try and hide a tear  
The young Marine was in desperate shape  
His many wounds were deep  
They prayed that help would soon arrive,  
That the drugs would help him sleep:  
With the hint of a smile the young man said "Doc,  
"I don't envy you your task -  
But things will go much easier  
If you'll just do as I ask:

(Chorus)

"Just point my feet towards Texas  
And my soul will find its way  
To that little old Hill Country town  
When my loved ones wait and pray  
To that ranch down by the river  
I'll return and never roam  
If you point my feet towards Texas, Doc,  
I'll find my own way home..."

(2)

Now the corpsman was a Brooklyn boy  
From the city's toughest part  
And twenty years of Navy life  
Had not softened up his heart  
But he knew deep down as he listened  
To the wounded corporal's prayer  
He would do whatever he had to do  
To get him safe from there  
The young Marine was asleep at last  
But his dreams were far away  
Amidst the gunfire's angry bursts  
The corpsman heard him say:

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(3)

The enemy's guns fell silent  
As our troops made their advance  
The helo came for the casualties  
To seize the moment's chance  
The young Marine held the corpsman's hand  
Till they lifted him away  
- Did the brave young Texan live or die?  
The corpsman still can't say  
But from time to time he will ask himself  
If the young Marine pulled through  
Then he sadly recalls the boy's last words  
Almost as if he knew...

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