“The Letter”  
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Once my father took a train  
He went to who knows where  
He said he had business to do  
Called it an Uncle Sam affair  

Time went by like a growing tree  
Not a single letter sent  
Until two men with envelope in hand  
At the front door I had met  

As my mother came down the stairs  
And a look came to her eyes  
It finally occurred to me  
What I had feared and despised  

My father would be coming home  
Yet without joy nor embrace  
But lying in a casket  
With a flag over his face