



Ordinary People – A Tribute to America’s Armed Forces

by Fran Glica

**Ordinary people
Lay down their tools of trade.
All poured out of the melting pot
Of these are heroes made.**

**Some come from the backwoods
And never wore a shoe.
Some park their car in Harvard yard
Their blood of royal blue.**

**Stand they all together
In blazing boot camp sun
And face the dread drill sergeant’s wrath
A heartless son-of-a-gun.**

**Awkward hands grow skillful
Flabby frames grow tough
Reflexes, senses, sharp and keen
Tested soon enough.**

**These are our Armed Forces
How proudly do they stand
They keep Old Glory flying high
Above our wondrous land.**

**Extraordinary people
We honor them today
Their deeds must never be forgot.
All poured out of the melting pot
That is the U.S.A.**