

First Wave at Omaha Beach

Johnny P. Curry

I never knew my father
When I was born he wasn't there
He was too busy at the time
Over in England somewhere

Growing up my friends would ask me
Why don't I have a dad
And I would proudly tell them
About the dad I never had

He was in the first wave at Omaha beach
And he died for me and you
The first wave at Omaha beach
Fighting for the red white and blue

He wasn't the only one
That didn't make it off the beach that day
I went to Normandy
And I saw the rows of graves

And when I found my fathers name
I broke down and I cried
Then I wrote these words
For him and all the boys that died

Chorus

It was June the sixth nineteen forty four
He laid face down in the sand on that bloody shore