

# The Shepherd

## A Tribute to Sgt. Justin J. Duffy

Written by Jamie Schilken of Mulberry Lane  
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He was born in Illinois, but raised in Nebraska  
Where his buddies called him “shepherd,” cause he took care of his friends.  
He’d take your keys if you shouldn’t drive  
And with calm words, put out a fight,  
He always had a story, he was the “go-to” man.

Chorus:

American kids salute and wave.  
Patriot Riders lead the parade.  
We play and play, “God Bless the USA.”  
The Shepherd, from the Heartland, returns today.

So he joined the army searching for a challenge.  
Became a paratrooper, deployed to Baghdad.  
Smoked Marlboro Reds all day and dreamed of Ireland far away.  
Gave up his day off for the team that day.

Chorus

Every Hero who falls matters to us all.

Chorus

He’s laid to rest in Illinois, but his home was in Nebraska  
Where his buddies called him “shepherd,” cause he took care of his friends.