

Die Tryin'

Chase Rice

I signed up 'cause daddy's work truck couldn't pay my way through school
Just to be like Pa to give my all for the red, white and blue
It was Fort Bragg for eight long weeks
Mud, and blood, and aching feet
Bonds with new brothers and shipped overseas

We get up each morning, knowing this could be the end
But we still put our boots on and do it all again
We all love living free and we'll keep ole Glory flying
Or die tryin'

Three tores in the sun and sand can steal a man's soul
Taking fight from faceless enemies is getting old
And you ain't seen a fight 'till you're fighting for your life
With your brothers side by side in current goal

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My little girl, my whole world, she's growing up in pictures
If anything knew me on a plane and be back home there with her

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