

Flag and Family

Cursive

Your daddy and my daddy had a drink at the bar
Talking about what was best for me
Without an aim or a degree,
Stubbornly holding on to you
And you pulling away from me

The best that they could say
For my restless teenage ways
Was some time in the service might serve me well,
Even if it's just servicing the latrines

Lucy my love, don't go sending me off to war

I put up with your family,
Full of bigots and fanatics,
Just to get a little closer to you,
Now you've turned on me too
You have turned on me too.

Go hide behind your flag and family
This town has nothing left for me
This town is nothing more
Than a fundamentalist penitentiary

When you're down on your knees
Are you praying for holy war?
When you're down on your knees
Are you praying for oily war?
Lucy my love, don't go sending me off to war

We must live,
We must true to our childhood dreams,
Or they're worthless and our youth is insincere

So where do we find worth?

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