

# We Americans

The Avett Brothers

I grew up with reverence for the red white and blue  
Spoke of God and liberty, reciting the pledge of allegiance  
Learned love of country from my own family  
Some shivered and prayed approaching the beaches of normandy  
The flag waves high and that's how it should be  
So many lives given and taken in the name of freedom  
But the story's complicated and hard to read  
Pages of the book obscured or torn out completely

I am a son of Uncle Sam  
And I struggle to understand the good and evil  
But I'm doing the best I can  
In a place built on stolen land with stolen people

Blood in the soil with the cotton and tobacco  
Blood in the soil with the cotton and tobacco  
Blood in the soil with the cotton and tobacco

A misnamed people and a kidnapped race  
Laws may change but we can't erase the scars of a nation  
Of children devalued and disavowed  
Displaced by greed and the arrogance of manifest destiny  
Short-sighted to say it was a long time ago  
Not even two lifetimes have past since the days of Lincoln  
The sins of Andrew Jackson, the shame of Jim Crow  
And time moves slow when the tragedies are beyond description

I am a son of Uncle Sam  
And I struggle to understand the good and evil  
But I'm doing the best I can  
In a place built on stolen land with stolen people

We are more than the sum of our parts  
All these broken homes and broken hearts  
God will you keep us wherever we go  
Will you forgive us for where we've been  
We Americans

Blood on the table with the coffee and the sugar  
Blood on the table with the coffee and the sugar  
Blood on the table with the coffee and the sugar

I've been to every state, seen shore to shore  
The still open wounds of the civil war  
Watched blind hatred bounce back and forth  
Seen vile prejudice both in the south and the north  
And accountability is hard to impose  
On ghosts of ancestors haunting the halls of our conscience  
But the path of grace and goodwill is still here,  
For those of us who may be considered among the living

I am a son of God and man  
And I may never understand the good and evil  
But I dearly love this land  
Because of, and in spite of we the people

We are more than the sum of our parts

All these broken bones and broken hearts  
God will you keep us wherever we go  
Can you forgive us for where we've been  
We Americans  
We Americans

Love in our hearts with the pain and the memory  
Love in our hearts with the pain and the memory  
Love in our hearts with the pain and the memory