Traditions

The Hush Now

Years spent on
Droning hymns
At Sunday school
(Our Father, son and holy ghost)
Prostrate on
Orders culled
From ancient rule
(Dont tell them where old hands may go)Just sit down
And shut up and dont think
til we turn you on
Just sit down
And shut up and dont speak
Cause theres nothing wrongHonor codes
Carved in stone
With blood and bone
(Lost on their Fields of friendly strife)
Its not enough
To say you
Just dont know
(How dare you come through it alive)Now raise a
Picket fence
And settle down
(Its time you found yourself a life)
Youre much too
Old to sit and
Play the clown
(You have no right to feel alive)

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