

# All Hands on Deck

[Rick Springfield](#)

Wake me up, red-white-blue reveille  
Raise me from this night  
Say five words that lift me from my knees  
Forward to the good fight  
Rise up, all you golden slumbering  
With the call to arms  
Will your children wake up wondering  
How we came to harm  
Will this big star spangled sky's past victories  
Shield us from the fight  
And the distant sounds of foreign enemies  
Marching in the moonlight  
From the mountains to the fertile plains  
With the pulse of lightning in our veins  
Hallelujah strike the band in hopes  
We will survive this shipwreck  
Call all hands on deck  
No one comes to steal our families  
Not here on our watch  
Knowing that the dawn of liberty  
Wasn't gates and locks  
But with shouts of freedom call the cavalry  
Ringing through the halls  
While the purple mountains in their majesty  
Steel us so we won't fall  
From the mountains to the fertile plains  
With the pulse of lightning in our veins  
Hallelujah strike the band in hopes  
We will survive this shipwreck  
Call all hands on deck  
I see my father's spirit in my eyes  
I pray I won't run from the battlecry  
Hail and thunder, danger comes with lies  
Torn asunder in the bursting skies  
Hallelujah strike the band with cries  
We will survive this shipwreck  
Sing all hands on deck

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