Dress Blues

Jason Isbell

What can you see from your window?
I can't see anythin' from mine
Flags on the side of the highway
And scripture on grocery store signsMaybe eighteen was too early
Maybe thirty or forty is too
Did you get your chance to make peace with the man
Before He sent down his angels for you?Mamas and grand mamas love you
'Cause that's all they know how to do
You never planned on the bombs in the sand
Or sleepin' in your dress bluesYour wife said this all would be funny
When you got back home in a week
Turn twenty two and we'd celebrate you
In a bar or a tent by the creekYour baby would just about be here
And your very last tour would be up
But you won't be back, they're all dressin' in black
Drinkin' sweet tea in Styrofoam cupsMamas and grand mamas love you
American boys hate to lose
You never planned on the bombs in the sand
Or sleepin' in your dress bluesThe high school gymnasium's ready
Full of flowers and old Legionnaires
Nobody showed up to protest
Just sniffle and stareThere's red, white and blue in the rafters
And there's silent old men from the Corps
What did they say when they shipped you away
To fight somebody's Hollywood war?Nobody here could forget you
You showed us what we had to lose
You never planned on the bombs in the sand
Or sleepin' in your dress blues
You never planned on the bombs in the sand
Or sleepin' in your dress blues

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