

Agent Orange

Depeche Mode

This is how you hold your American flag.

This is how you hold your American flag.

So this is how you hold your patri-fucking-otic flag.

We're all a bunch of fucking disgraces! There sits an old man he's writing and typing and paying his tax to the law.

I see him through the window sill.

There you are laughing and joking and waiting and praying for life to be free.

And I know that you mean him well.

Stands up angry and walks to the doorway where he can yell clearly at me.

And I'm not sure I know what he means. Losing track of days.

Staring to sky.

As the old man yells. So this is how you hold your American fucking, fucking flag!

So this is how you hold your funny little flag? Losing track of days.

Staring to the sky.

As the old man dies.

As the old man dies. [x2]

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