

# Fourth Of July

Pete Droge

Like you, I've been hurt  
Seen my face in the dirt  
But I never reacted like you  
The last time we met, you seemed so upset  
When you left town you did not say bye  
Then I heard you'd been seen way down in Eugene  
Working as a factory slave  
And though the life that you took came from no storybook  
You spent it before it was saved  
On the Fourth of July  
See the sparks in the sky  
When you're sick of the trying  
And you're tired of the crying  
Then the Fourth of July  
Is a good day to die  
They'll celebrate each year  
Your independence from here  
If you only had just a glimmer of hope  
Then I know you'd have done some great things  
But you tossed out your gift  
And it's making me wish  
I'd been there when you found yourself down  
But you turned to no one  
But a bullet and a gun  
And the bang blended in with the day  
And I sit here, and I drink  
It still hurts me to think  
Of the sad songs that we used to play  
On the Fourth of July  
See the sparks in the sky  
When you're sick of the trying  
And you're tired of the crying  
Then the Fourth of July  
Is a good day to die  
They'll celebrate each year  
Your independence from here

Songwriters

DROGE, PETER KEITHPublished by

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