

Dress Blues

Zac Brown Band

What can you see from your window?
I can't see anything from mine
Flags on the side of the highway
And scripture on grocery store signs
Maybe 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 grandmamas love you
'Cause that's all they know how to do
You never planned on the bombs in the sand
Or sleeping in your dress blues Your wife said this all would be funny
When you came back home in a week
You'd turn twenty-two and we'd celebrate you
In a bar or a tent by the creek
Your baby would just about be here
Your very last tour would be up
But you won't be back. They're all dressing in black
Drinking sweet tea in styrofoam cups Mamas and grandmamas love you
American boys hate to lose
You never planned on the bombs in the sand
Or sleeping in your dress blues Now the high school gymnasium's ready
Full of flowers and old legionnaires
Nobody showed up to protest
They just sniffle and stare
But there'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 give all in some God awful war? Nobody here could forget you
You showed us what we had to lose
You never planned on the bombs in the sand
Or sleeping in your dress blues No, no you never planned on the bombs in the sand
Or sleeping in your dress blues
You never planned on the bombs in the sand
Or sleeping in your dress blues

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