

Ragged Old Flag

Johnny Cash

I walked through a county courthouse square
On a park bench an old man was sitting there
I said, "Your old courthouse is kinda run down" He said, "No, it'll do for our little town"
I said, "Your old flagpole has leaned a little bit
And that's a Ragged Old Flag you got hanging on it" He said, "Have a seat," and I sat down
"Is this the first time you've been to our little town?"
I said, "I think it is" He said, "I don't like to brag
But we're kinda proud of that Ragged Old Flag You see, we got a little hole in that flag there when
Washington took it across the Delaware
And it got powder-burned the night Francis Scott Key
Sat watching it, writing 'Say Can You See' And it got a bad rip in New Orleans
With Packingham and Jackson tuggin' at its seams
And it almost fell at the Alamo
Beside the Texas flag, but she waved on though She got cut with a sword at Chancellorsville
And she got cut again at Shiloh Hill
There was Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, and Bragg
And the south wind blew hard on that Ragged Old Flag On Flanders Field in World War I
She got a big hole from a Bertha gun
She turned blood red in World War II
She hung limp and low by the time it was through She was in Korea and Vietnam
She went where she was sent by her Uncle Sam
She waved from our ships upon the briny foam
And now they've about quit waving her back here at home In her own good land here she's been abused
She's been burned, dishonored, denied, and refused
And the government for which she stands
Is scandalized throughout the land And she's getting threadbare and she's wearing thin
But she's in good shape for the shape she's in
'Cause she's been through the fire before
And I believe she can take a whole lot more So we raise her up every morning, we take her down every night
We don't let her touch the ground and we fold her up right
On second thought, I do like to brag
'Cause I'm mighty proud of the Ragged Old Flag

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