

Memorial Day

[James McMurtry](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Mama keeps tryin to get the game on the radio
Daddys gotta know the score
Theres a big yellow thing on a flat bed trailer
Wonder what that things for
We got towels rolled up in the back seat window
Keeping us out of the sun
Just a hundred more miles and well be at grandmas
Sure is gonna be fun
Maybe shell take us fishin
Maybe shell bake us a pie
Remember like she did that one time
Back before grandpa died
Its Memorial Day in America
Everybodys on the road
Lets remember our fallen heroes
Yall be sure and drive slow
Ninety eight degrees in the shade of the tool shed
Cant go back in the house
Theyre all in the kitchen yellin bout something
Dont know what its about
Joey n Mary said not to worry
Said its just the same old figh
tHappens whenever they all get together
Everythings really alright
Its Memorial Day in America
This is how its supposed to be
Lets remember our fallen heroes
In the land of the free
Daddys in the big chair sippin on a cold beer
Grandmas cuttin a switch
She overheard Mary cussin her brother
Called him a son of a bitch
She got a good green limb off a sweet gum sapling
Man thats bound to sting
But Mary dont cry just stands there and takes it
Doesnt seem to feel a thing
No Mary dont cry, you know shes a big girl
Wonder what made her so mad
She takes those licks looking in through the den door
Staring right straight at her dad
Theres a big yellow thing on a flat bed trailer
Daddy nearly hit that bird
Theyre both in the front seat

Starin right straight ahead
Neither one saying a word
The suns going down in the rear view mirror
Gonna be driving all night
Wonder if the neighbors fed the canary
Wonder if the cats alright

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