

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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