

Dress Blues

Jason Isbell & The 400 Unit

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 to 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[Chorus 1]
Mama's and grand mama's love you
Cause that's all they know how to do
But 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 they'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 ain't comin' back
They're all dressing in black
drinking sweet tea in styrofoam cups[Chorus 2]
Mama's and grand mama's love you
American boys hate to lose
But you never planned on the bombs in the sand
or sleeping in your dress blues
The high school gymnasium's ready
full of flowers and old legionnaires
nobody showed up to protest
just to sniffle and stare
Red white and blue in the rafters
The silent old men from the corps*
what did they say when they shipped you away
To fight somebody's Hollywood war.[Chorus 1]
And nobody here could forget you
you showed us what we had to lose
and you never planned on the bombs in the sand
or sleeping in your dress blues.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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