

Flags!

Lee Bains III & The Glory Fires

Down here, we still hoist that old flag, watch it twist and flap in the wind,
The way it did over the smacking lips and cracking whips of white men
selling black men.

Their sons carried it into battle, and died for it, from Gettysburg to Louisiana,
For the right to be buried in their own separate cemeteries underneath that
star-spangled banner. Senior year, you could go deaf from all the talk of terrorists and Muslim
fundamentalists.

And I thought it strange in a town where so-called believers blew up women's
clinics we had the gall to act so offended.

And when it would come time to say the Pledge in class, I would sit my ass
down at that desk.

And the only words of it I said were "under God." I figured we were beyond the
help of anybody else.

Flags!

Flags!

Flags! Granddaddy unfolds it like a flower after the Lord's Prayer, humble and quiet
and still,

While the dew still lies on the grass, while the sun hides beyond the old steel
mill.

And I place my hand over my little heart, and he holds the salute he held
overseas.

And, looking up into his shining eyes, I behold a glory that I cannot see.

Flags!

Like a drop...

Flags!

... in a bucket!

Flags!

Like dust...

Flags!

...on a scale!

Flags!

Insufficient!

Flags!

All of y'all's nations!

Flags!

All of y'all's flags!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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