

# Dress Blues

Jason Isbell

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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>