

# Dress Blues

## Zac Brown Band

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 too 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? Mamas and grandmamas love you  
'cause that's all they know how to do.  
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 we'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 won't be back. They're all dressing in black  
drinking sweet tea in styrofoam cups. Mamas and grandmamas love you.  
American boys hate to lose.  
You never planned on the bombs in the sand  
or sleeping in your dress blues.  
Now the high school gymnasium's ready,  
full of flowers and old legionnaires.  
Nobody showed up to protest,  
just snuffle and stare.  
But there's red, white, and blue in the rafters  
and there's silent old men from the corps.  
What did they say when they shipped you away  
to fight somebody's Hollywood war? Nobody here could forget you.  
You showed us what we had to lose.  
You never planned on the bombs in the sand  
or sleeping in your dress blues. No, no 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>