

Flag On The Wall

Chris Janson

Rolling through the coal country, East on 91
I'll make West Virginia, by the dawn of the morning sun
These people are my family, under the mattress is their bank
If you hear shooting in the backyard, brother we ain't firing blanks

Now people these days make fun of us, say we're causing all this mess
While they build more concrete jungles and the world is in distress
Well, your purple mountain majesty to you is just a dream
But round here it's back porch real as methamphetamine

Well, they say this land is your land, but ain't that a crock of shit
'Cause with the price of cigarettes going up, I'm gonna have to quit
We all blue and we all red, and we support the boys that fall
With a bible on the table and a flag on the wall

Out here in these hollers, they really hunt to eat
They sell the hides to keep the shoes on the baby's feet
And the wood that they're choppin', yeah, it provides the heat
And life ain't half as bad as it looks from an old C10 seat

Now a couple more long hard years, and this double wide'll be paid off
'Til then I'mma keep on running these jars and pray I don't get caught
I keep on praying to Jesus and keep my fingers crossed
With a bible on the table and a flag on the wall

Well, they say this land is your land, but ain't that a crock of shit
'Cause with the price of gasoline going up, I'm gonna have to sit
We all blue and we all red, and we support the boys that fall
With a bible on the table and a flag on the wall

God be with this country, God be with us all
Bless the bible on the table and the flag on the wall