Dress Blues

Jason Isbell

What can you see from your window?
I can't see anythin' 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 grand mamas love you 'Cause that's all they know how to do You never planned on the bombs in the sand Or sleepin' in your dress blues

Your wife said this all would be funny When you got back home in a week Turn twenty two and we'd celebrate you In a bar or a tent by the creek

Your baby would just about be here
And your very last tour would be up
But you won't be back, they're all dressin' in black
Drinkin' sweet tea in Styrofoam cups

Mamas and grand mamas love you American boys hate to lose You never planned on the bombs in the sand Or sleepin' in your dress blues

The high school gymnasium's ready Full of flowers and old Legionnaires Nobody showed up to protest Just sniffle and stare

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 sleepin' in your dress blues
You never planned on the bombs in the sand
Or sleepin' in your dress blues