

The Flagmaker, 1775

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With the guns flaring
And drums pounding
There's no hope of getting rest
With the lights glaring
And calls sounding
And the clenching in your chest
When the man's in battle
And the baby's rattle
Only makes you more depressed
The wise woman does what she knows
If it's fighting she fights
If it's sewing she sews
When the tension inside
Overflows and goes to far
One more star, one more stripe
To escape your lonely bed
One more star, one more stripe
Join the blue, the white and red
One more star, one more stripe
As you pray your child's not dead
With the roof leaking
And walls wetter
And the night as black as pitch
With the wind shrieking
And his last letter
Says his fighting in a ditch
Then the candle flickers
And the river bickers
What else can you do but stitch
One more star, one more stripe
Til you feel the rising sun
One more star, one more stripe
Til this foolishness is done
One more star, one more stripe
We'll be waiting when we've won
Grab a needle, grab a thimble
If it's all that keeps you sane
Think of freedom as a symbol
Think of justice as a game
Think of life with independence
Think of muskets and brigades
Think of taking the oppressors
Think of banners and parades
When the gate creaks
And the paint cracks
And the cat cries
And the night falls
Raise a flag
Raise a flag
Raise a flag til you're free
One more star, one more stripe
Til this bloodshed's finally through
One more star, one more stripe
Til they come back home to you
One more star, one more stripe
When there's nothing you can do
If they take all the things

That define what you were,
And are
One more star