

Bullet Holes in the Sky

Mary Gauthier

Was the eleventh hour of November
Down in Asheville Tennessee
Free breakfast at the Waffle House
If I show 'em my ID

A parade upon the riverfront
You can hear the trumpets play
Hands on hearts, the color guard
Kicks it all off on Veteran's Day

And they thank me for my service
And waive their little flags
They genuflect on Sundays
And yes, they'd send us back

But I believe in God and country
And in the angels upon high
And in heaven shining down on us
Through bullet holes in the sky

Mmm, mmm, mmm...

Waitress asked me how I'm doing
But I don't know what to say
I was thinking 'bout the battlefield
The night I learned to pray

Marchers make their way down main street
The crowd begins to cheer
I feel my chest explode
As my eyes fill up with tears

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And waive their little flags
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But I believe in God and country
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Through bullet holes in the sky

Mmm, mmm, mmm...

Oh, Jesus, said forgive them
They know not what they do
And he's here with me this morning
And his words still ring true

So I hang my head and pray for those
We lost and those who remain
As the clouds burst over Nashville
It begins to rain

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And waive their little flags
They genuflect on Sundays

And yes, they'd send us back

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And in heaven shining down on us
Through bullet holes in the sky
And in heaven shining down on us
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Oh, mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm...