

## Flags

### Sons and Daughters

I know you are  
Another planet miles apart  
Is it a question of things you really should have cared about?

You took a drive, countries called  
More than your friends did, they watched you fall  
And now you've pulled the wires right from the wall

Flags  
Don't ask me how I'm doing  
I'm doing fine

Set it straight  
So there is no road left, only water  
Spent your time hopelessly alone  
It's no real price to pay anyway

And your first letter came  
Stressing lines against the whitening page  
A trauma type, saturation stains

Flags  
He went from riches to rags

Where are my friends?  
I'm a burden to their hallowed sense  
When I felt my head came to an end  
I made promises, I made promises never kept

Your head at night  
So many thoughts fought for the finish line  
When there's no beginning before you're running out of time

You're so hard to ignore  
You're on my mind from beach to trestle door  
I'm thinking of you, flat out cold, beneath the starboard floor

Flags  
Don't ask me how he's doing  
He's doing fine  
Flags  
He went from riches to rags