Blinding Flashes

The Rumjacks

The lifeless body of hero lay in silence
Face down in the dirt of the land that his fathers sewed
So unceremonious and callous
In a ditch of a shed on a dusty desert road

Ira spoke the proud tongue of the Pima
Yet he stood to fight when the bombs fell on his shores
Cut his teeth on the isle of Iwo Jima
And the fame that he gained only filled him with remorse

He'd say the lights and flashes all are just a show
He'd say the real ones don't live to see another
And when the day is done you'll see an afterglow
Until it dulls and fades away

Survivor's guilt in the spotlight of the nation
Would quickly drive the most pious men to drink
And when the papers cite your every altercation
You're an outcast on raft that's built to sink

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And when the day is done you'll see an afterglow
Until it dulls

And he was outcast, he was defamed
He was hated, he was loved, he was a symbol
He was a hero to his kind, he was a leader to the blind
And he was praised
He was Ira Hayes

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