

According To John "Blue Sedans"

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The people came -yeah they came in the blue sedans
to a graveyard in my town
The people came

With plastic roses faded grey from red
Seems that they come here every year
crying their hopeless tears

CHORUS:

We do not grieve as they who have no hope
we're not abandoned as orphans -alone
In Jesus we're not walkin' 'round
like this is all there is
we're in this world, but we're not of it
'cause we are His, We are His

A man sold guns away, on a corner of my town
And he was open only Sundays and he liked it that way

Sir, I've gotta ask you, what's that picture there
"That was my boy -my only boy- we lost him in the war"
Before my pain was carved in stone
I met a man - sold guns away

CHORUS

(interlude)

CHORUS

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