

Billy Bob Thornton

"Hope For Glory"

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Maybe we're in a mess
Maybe it's cold out there
It seems like a cruel test
This weights too hard to bear

But maybe we'll find a way
To raise the flag again
It's gotten so hard to say
This land is our land

Somedays you can look around
And see hope in the eyes
Of those who are still bound
To a world of bloody skies

We're getting tired of holding on
To the righteous stories
And the fairy tales and songs
And the wind that's blowing old glory

They can take away our rights
But what makes 'em worry
They know it's in us to fight
And never trade hope for glory

Hope for glory

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