

Bruce Hornsby & The Range

"Defenders Of The Flag"

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"It's coming any day now", said the captain
"It's coming any day now", cried the priest
The people in high places may defend you
But son, you better hope they keep the peace

Can't you hear them calling, can't you see them shine?
The city halls are falling, the defenders drink their wine
And when the party's over, their stomachs start to sag
Defenders, defenders of the flag

The congregation's waiting at the altar
They can't find the preacher anywhere
They found him with the new girl from the choir
Where they store the boxes of the book of prayer

If these guys are the good ones, I don't want to know
the bad
You wonder how it happened, they just picked it up
from dad
And faded old glory hanging like a rag
Defenders, defenders of the flag, oh

Oh, the flag is flying high over the courthouse
The wheels of justice never stood a chance
The judge is down at Charlie's on his lunch hour
Checking out the picture show from France

Carrying a fifth of whiskey in a dirty paper bag
Threw the ball to home but they always missed the tag
Faded old glory hanging like a rag
Defenders, defenders of the flag, yeah
Yeah, oh

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