

Brand New "Untitled 3"

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So the air's getting colder, and the news keeps us
scared.
I still wrestle this summer, from the bones of our tired,
blistered hands.
Cause tonight we got drinks, just a couple of friends.
And the girl that my brother likes is finally talking to
him,
And his chest is all swelled like he's proud and happy.
He's got a great idea, like he's making a memory.

Wake up and come out to the car,
There's an east swell comin and its howling off shore.
And we'll be, lying like lions out in the sand,
But I'll be dead before you put a gun in my brothers
hand.

So we make jokes back home, and we lighten the
mood.
But growin up my parents saw, what sending a kid to
fight could really do.
Now with the war, I can tell they're a little shook up.
Just a few mother's sons, will never really be enough.
Not until half of our names are etched out in the wall,
And the other half ruined from the things we saw.

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