

Bruce Hornsby **"Defenders of The Flag"**

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B. R. Hornsby/John Hornsby

It's coming any day 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
While faded old glory is hanging like a rag
Defenders, defenders of the flag

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

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