

James Mcmurtry "Memorial Day"

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Mama keeps tryin' to get the game on the
radioDaddy's gotta know the score
There's a big yellow thing on a flat bed trailer
Wonder what that thing's forWe got towels rolled up
in the back seat window
Keeping us out of the sunJust a hundred more miles
and we'll be at grandma's
Sure is gonna be fun
Maybe she'll take us fishin'
Maybe she'll bake us a pieRemember like she did that
one time
Back before grandpa died

It's Memorial Day in America
Everybody's on the road
Let's remember our fallen heroes
Y'all be sure and drive slow

Ninety eight degrees in the shade of the tool shed
Can't go back in the house
They're all in the kitchen yellin' 'bout something
Don't know what it's about
Joey 'n Mary said not to worry
Said it's just the same old figh
tHappens whenever they all get together
Everything's really alright

It's Memorial Day in America
This is how it's supposed to be
Let's remember our fallen heroesIn the land of the
free

Daddy's in the big chair sippin' on a cold beer
Grandma's cuttin' a switch
She overheard Mary cussin' her brother
Called him a son of a bitch
She got a good green limb off a sweet gum sapling
Man that's bound to sting

But Mary don't cry just stands there and takes it
Doesn't seem to feel a thing
No Mary don't cry, you know she's a big girl

Wonder what made her so mad
She takes those licks looking in through the den door
Staring right straight at her dad

There's a big yellow thing on a flat bed trailer
Daddy nearly hit that bird
They're both in the front seat
Staring right straight ahead
Neither one saying a word
The sun's going down in the rear view mirror
Gonna be driving all night
Wonder if the neighbor's fed the canary
Wonder if the cat's alright

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