

Cursive

"Flag And Family"

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Your daddy and my daddy had a drink at the bar
Talking about what was best for me
Without a name or a degree,
Stubbornly holding onto you
And you pulling away from me

The best that they could say,
For my restless teenage ways,
Was time in the service
Might serve me well,
Even if it's just service in
The latrines

Lucy my love,
Don't go sending me off to war
I put up with your family,
Full of bigots and fanatics,
Just to get a little closer to you,
Now you've turned on me too
You have turned on me too.

Go hide behind your flag and family
This town has nothing left for me
This town is nothing more
Than a fundamentalist penitentiary

When you're down on your knees
Are you praying for holy war?
When you're down on your knees
Are you praying for holy war?
Lucy my love,
Don't go sending me off to war

We must live,
We must true,
To our childhood dreams,
Or they're worthless
And our youth is insincere

So where do we find worth?

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