

Men They Couldn't Hang "The Crest"

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I've nothing left to give you, but for one last thing I've saved
In the corner of the cellar look inside the iron chest
Bearing seven silver medals there lies wrapped a wooden crest
>From the father to the son
Like a bullet from a gun
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one
The name on the last medal is a man I never knew
Though I bore his name and nature and his conscience as I grew
When they shipped him back from Passchendaele it was raining in his head
Not caused by any bullet but by the faces of the dead
>From the father to the son
Like a bullet from a gun
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one
When the boys came home from Dunkirk Beach, the crest came down to me
And I served as stretcher bearer up the back of Italy
But I didn't slow a bullet or blow any flesh apart
My medal was a red cross that was strapped across my heart
>From the father to the son
Like a bullet from a gun
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one
Many decades later I have seen the bounty drop
We scattered those generations now we reap a ruined crop
The brains, the brawn, the beauty each in turn were sacrificed
And marked up with a plain cross like the suffering Jesus Christ
>From the father to the son
Like a bullet from a gun
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one
>From the father to the son
Like a bullet from a gun
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one
I wish that I could give you something fine and something proud
A history of struggle to emancipate the crowd

But all I give's a blessing take the shield down to the
sea
Sacrifice tradition and save your family
>From the father to the son
Like a bullet from a gun
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one
(repeat)

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