

## **Pete Droge**

# **"Fourth of July"**

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Like you I've been hurt, seen my face in the dirt  
But I never reacted like you  
The last time we met, you seemed so upset  
When you left town you did not say bye

Then I heard, you'd been seen way down in Eugene  
Working as a factory slave  
And though the life that you took came from no  
storybook  
You spent it before it was saved

On the Fourth of July  
Is a good day to die  
They'll celebrate each year  
Your independence from here

If you only had just a glimmer of hope  
Then I know you'd have done some great things  
But you tossed out your gift and it's making me wish  
I'd been there when you found yourself down

But you turned to no one but a bullet and a gun  
And the bang blended in with the day  
And I sit here and think  
It still hurts me to think of the sad songs we used to  
play

On the Fourth of July  
See the sparks in the sky  
When you're sick of the trying  
and you're tired of the crying

Then the Fourth of July  
Is a good day to die  
They'll celebrate each year  
Your independence from here

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