

Pocket Full Of Rocks

"Blue And Grey"

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There were flags flyin' high,
Bright polished brass that dazzled the eye
The hot crowded street is covered by feet
Kicking dust on the sky
She's standing there, the sun in her hair,
She's wavin' to me
We're heroes today, I heard someone say,
Tonight home's where we'd be

The word comes down, the column winds it's way from
town
Goodbye sweet Anna Lee my love

Baby, baby now something ain't right,
Clouds of thunder roll into sight
Overhead there's a mighty light, baby,
Baby now something ain't right

The smoke hangs heavy on the ground, hiding the sun
The burning sky is on the run

Baby, baby now something ain't right,
There's a pain burning deep inside
And my legs just can't hold their stride,
Baby, baby now something ain't right

There were flags flyin' high, bright polished brass that
Dazzled the eye
She's standin' there, the sun in her hair, she's wavin' to
me
Oh, she's wavin' to me, oh, she's wavin' to me

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