

## G.a.s. Drummers

### "July Graves"

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Someone is telling out what I just want to know  
It's in the field of crime where the bad seeds grow  
Dig in the land, pick up the bones  
Of the ones murdered in blue collar uniform.

Bring out your flowers

Let your grand sons blow the dust  
And recover your names,  
Anonymous heroes in the July graves  
Drop your dignity over us.

If we write your names in monuments of bronze,  
Could we ever touch what you died for?  
Mothers, fathers, daughters and sons,  
It's in the fields of crime where the bad seeds grow

Bring out your flowers

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