

Reed Lou

"Home Of The Brave"

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Here's to Johnny with his Jo, and Mickey's got a wife
And here's to Jerry, he's got Joyce
And me I'm shaking in my boots tonight
For the daughters and the sons
Lost in the home of the brave
Here's to the home of the brave
Here's to the life that's not saved
Here's to the home of the brave
Here's to the home of the brave
Here's to Frank, hit in some bar
In picturesque Brooklyn Heights
And here' to a friend, who jumped in front of a train
At seven o'clock, on night
And another friend, who thinks he lacks worth
Has disappeared from sight
Somewhere in the home of the brave
Here's to the home of the brave
The stars are hiding in their clouds
The street lights are too bright
A man's kicking a woman, who's clutching his leg tight
And rush off to the home of the brave
Here's to the home of the brave
And everyday you have to die some, cry some, die
some
And everyday you have to die some, cry some, and die
In the home of the brave - home of the brave

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