

## Roger

### "Folded Flags"

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Rock a bye baby  
On the tree top  
When the wind blows  
The cradle will rock  
Oh babe, hate to see you fall that way  
Better speak to the powers that be today  
Hey Joe, where you goin'  
With that gun in your hand?  
You can take your revenge  
But you'll still feel bad  
There must be more to life than lucky strikes  
And some unlucky ones  
And folded flags and pipes  
And drums

I stood in the wings with you  
Our lives in the hands of a second-rate actor  
Holding the high ground  
Of some old stage  
Oh babe, how do these jaded stars get so far away  
Will they catch what the moral had to say

Hey Joe, where you goin'  
With that dogma in your head?  
You can prove your point  
But your kids will still be dead  
Bring down the curtain  
This soap opera must surely close  
Before the cold wind blows

Hey Joe, where you going  
With that gun in your hand  
You can take your revenge  
But you'll still feel bad  
Bring down the curtain  
This show must close  
Before the cold wind blows

So rock a bye baby  
On the tree top  
When the wind blows

The cradle will rock  
There must be more to life than lucky strikes  
And some unlucky ones  
And folded flags and pipes  
And drums

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