

Sons & Daughters "Flags"

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I know you are, another planet miles apart
Is it a question of things you really
Should have cared about?

You took a drive, countries called
More than your friends did, they watched you fall
And now you've pulled the wires right from the wall

Flags, don't ask me how I'm doing
I'm doing fine

Set it straight, so there is no road left, only water
Spent your time hopelessly alone
It's no real price to pay anyway

And your first letter came
Stressing lines against the whitening page
A trauma type, saturation stains

Flags, he went from riches to rags

Where are my friends? I'm a burden to their hallowed
sense
When I felt my head came to an end
I made promises, I made promises never kept

Your head at night
So many thoughts fought for the finish line
When there's no beginning before you're running out
on time

You're so hard to ignore
You're on my mind from beach to trestle door
I'm thinking of you, flat out cold, beneath the starboard
floor

Flags, don't ask me how he's doing
He's doing fine
Flags, he went from riches to rags

