

Johnny Sea

"Day For Decision"

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Day for Decision
Johnny Sea [Warner Bros. 5820]
(Allen N. Peltier) [Moss Rose Pub. BMI]

Narrative:

The other day I heard someone say, "You know,
America is in real trouble."
It's true. Old Glory has never fallen so close to the earth
. Our
embassies are being stoned. Our diplomats are often
in fear for their
lives. And we're involved in a half-dozen nameless,
winless conflicts
spilling American blood on foreign soil. Our young men
are dying for
ideals that don't seem to mean too much to Americans
anymore.

The truth is America's real trouble doesn't lie in the rice
paddies of
Vietnam, in the masses of Red China, or in the
diabolical intrigues to the
south of us. The real trouble lies in the playgrounds of
St. Louis, the
hillside mansions of San Francisco, and in the slums of
Chicago. A disease
which is slowly eating away at the heart of America
lives in the small
southern towns, the fishing villages of New England,
and in the hot dusty
streets of the midwest.

This is the age of the American cynic. The year of the
unbeliever. The day
of doubt. We've killed all the sacred cows and
destroyed all the images.
And there's nothing left to respect. Old fashioned love
of God, country,
and family is passe. We stare at our shoelaces when
they play the national
anthem. We wouldn't want to be seen at a political rally

or a town hall
meeting. And we don't want to be caught with our eyes
closed during public
prayers. We've decided the only way to get into public
office is to buy
it. Our heroes are the fast guys who get away with
things. Patriotism, the
old hand-over-the-heart, flag-waving singing
patriotism has been
condemned. Think about this. Patriotism. When you
tear away the fancy
phrases and crepe paper, it's plain and simple pride.
It's a new
car-prettier girl-bigger house sort of pride in country.
Somewhere along
the way we've lost it. Our form of government is the
same. We still say
America stands for the same things. But next time
you're at a party, ask
someone to sing "American the Beautiful", and see
what happens.

The basic ideals and structure of America haven't
changed. We have. You
and me. Our enemies know it. They've seen the
newsreels of the
discontented marching around the capitol. They've
distorted and blown up
our mistakes. They've been putting steel wedges in the
cracks in our wall
of solidarity. The new idea is: Don't attack America;
wear it down
gradually; it'll eventually fall under the weight of its
own corruption.
And did you know, it's working?

This sneering complacency, once stamped out by the
bloody feet of a
tattered Continental Army in 1776, once drowned
beneath the keel of the
U.S.S. Arizona in Pearl Harbor Bay, has risen again. This
deadly "Let
George do it" attitude lights the way for the Viet Cong
in the swampy
jungles of Vietnam. This "Better red than dead" cancer
is more feared by
the American soldier than all the communist mortar
shells. It kills the
vitality and spirit of America. Democracy is a frail and
fragile
instrument. Made of hope, prayer, and Yankee

ingenuity. It is held
together by a fourth-of-July flag-waving patriotism. And
we've almost
exhausted our supply of it. Try this test. Lift your eyes
to a flag, then
sing out as loud as you can that old out-worn
antiquated freedom hymn you
learned so many years ago:

For purple mountain majesties (for purple mountain
majesties)
Above the fruited plain (above the fruited plain)
America (America)
America (America)
God shed His grace on thee (God shed His grace on
thee)

Now if you feel a little pride welling up inside of you, if
you feel a
little mist in your eye, then, thank God for you, mister,
you're still an
American!

(America, America,
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea)

Transcribed by Little John.
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recording referenced
above, and are for personal use and research interest
only.

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