

# Red, White & Blue

Aaron Lewis

My grandmama worked on a factory floor,  
Sewing leather for minimum wage,  
While my granddaddy worked all the beer joints in town,  
Tryin' to forget the memories he made.  
Because when daddy was born in 1945,  
We'd been fighting for what we believed.  
Along with five other brothers, who stood by his side  
They were ready they were willing to bleed.

Red, white and blue  
Those colors mean something  
Those colors stay true.  
Like my family before me,  
I'll feel it too.  
The blood that's in my veins,  
Runs red, white and blue.

My daddy grew up, on the wrong side of poor  
Rubbin' nickels together for heat.  
Well, he and his sister had barely got by  
With the clothes and the shoes on their feet.  
So he joined the service when he was 18  
Like his daddy and his uncles before.  
He was ready to die for what he believed  
To fight for what's worth fightin' for

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Well me and my sisters got kids of our own  
And my brothers comin up on sixteen  
And my daddy taught us all how to live off the land  
And how to stand up for what we believe

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