

## Raise Your Bottle

Aaron Watson

There's a memory that rings clear as a bell,  
I was bouncin like a bull rider on his knee,  
I sure miss those old stories that he'd tell,  
From a hobo on a freight train,  
To a sailor out at sea,  
My granny says that I've got his smile,  
He's the reason I take pride in my last name,  
No he never made the headlines,  
Nobody sings his song,  
So for every unsung hero I'm singin this today,

So raise your bottle to the boys and let's remember,  
All the fallen and the price they had to pay,  
Hold 'em up high and salute all the ones that made it back,  
And for the ones away from home, don't forget to pray,

Grandpa would sing you every hank williams song,  
But it's amazing grace that brought him back around,  
He'd shead a tear talkin about the day,  
That german gunner shot his best friend down,

My daddy fought a war some say in vain,  
He came home in a wheel chair, he walks with a kane,  
Seems like every generation has to pay the cost,  
I think about my family and the good friends that we've lost,

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Hold 'em up high and salute all the ones that made it back,  
And for the ones away from home, don't forget to pray,

From Normandy to Korea, to Kason Vietnam,  
Heartaches stretch from coast to coast,  
From Bunker Hill to Filucia, Gettysburg to Japan,  
Everyone who's ever served or lost someone let's make a toast,

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