

It's not hard to reach back to the day  
Underneath an Iowa sun.  
Running to the tower of Waterloo, looking  
For the Sullivan train to come.  
His five boys would run to the top and  
Salute him as he went bye.  
First we'd wave hello.  
Then we'd wave goodbye.

It's not hard to reach back to the days  
After the attack on Pearl.  
Overnight my buddies turned into men, run-  
ning out of time for games and girls.  
The Sullivan boys were not overlooked  
Uncle Sam calling each by name.  
The very next day they left on a mystery  
Train.

Say goodbye, bye, bye, Mrs. Sullivan  
Don't you cry, cry, cry, cry, cry.  
"We regret to inform you  
The Navy has taken your sons away."  
So put your blue star in the window.

It's not hard to reach back to her smile,  
When she received the letter.  
The letters, they sounded generally the  
Same it said: "If they couldn't  
Be home, at least they were together on a  
Mighty fighting battleship,  
Somewhere in the South Pacific."  
The letters never got much more specific.

Say goodbye, bye, bye, Mrs. Sullivan  
Don't you cry, cry, cry, cry, cry.  
"We regret to inform you  
The Navy is keeping your sons away."  
All five, five, five, five.  
So keep your blue star in the window.

It's not hard to reach back to the day  
When the war finally came home.  
Uncle Sam will send you a telegram, so he  
Doesn't have to tell you over the phone.  
I heard she cracked up, when they found  
Out what the war had cost,  
And all five of her boys were lost.

Say goodbye Mrs. Sullivan  
Go ahead and cry.  
"We regret to inform you that all your sons  
Have passed away."  
All five!  
So change your blue star to gold.