

## Dress Blues

Jason Isbell

What can you see from your window?  
I can't see anythin' from mine  
Flags on the side of the highway  
And scripture on grocery store signs

Maybe eighteen was too early  
Maybe thirty or forty is too  
Did you get your chance to make peace with the man  
Before He sent down his angels for you?

Mamas and grand mamas love you  
'Cause that's all they know how to do  
You never planned on the bombs in the sand  
Or sleepin' in your dress blues

Your wife said this all would be funny  
When you got back home in a week  
Turn twenty two and we'd celebrate you  
In a bar or a tent by the creek

Your baby would just about be here  
And your very last tour would be up  
But you won't be back, they're all dressin' in black  
Drinkin' sweet tea in Styrofoam cups

Mamas and grand mamas love you  
American boys hate to lose  
You never planned on the bombs in the sand  
Or sleepin' in your dress blues

The high school gymnasium's ready  
Full of flowers and old Legionnaires  
Nobody showed up to protest  
Just sniffle and stare

There's red, white and blue in the rafters  
And there's silent old men from the Corps  
What did they say when they shipped you away  
To fight somebody's Hollywood war?

Nobody here could forget you  
You showed us what we had to lose  
You never planned on the bombs in the sand  
Or sleepin' in your dress blues  
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