

Fourth Of July

Pete Droge

Like you, I've been hurt
Seen my face in the dirt
But I never reacted like you
The last time we met, you seemed so upset
When you left town you did not say bye
Then I heard you'd been seen way down in Eugene
Working as a factory slave
And though the life that you took came from no storybook
You spent it before it was saved
On the Fourth of July
See the sparks in the sky
When you're sick of the trying
And you're tired of the crying
Then the Fourth of July
Is a good day to die
They'll celebrate each year
Your independence from here
If you only had just a glimmer of hope
Then I know you'd have done some great things
But you tossed out your gift
And it's making me wish
I'd been there when you found yourself down
But you turned to no one
But a bullet and a gun
And the bang blended in with the day
And I sit here, and I drink
It still hurts me to think
Of the sad songs that we used to play
On the Fourth of July
See the sparks in the sky
When you're sick of the trying
And you're tired of the crying
Then the Fourth of July
Is a good day to die
They'll celebrate each year
Your independence from here