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