

# Fields of the Brave

Styx

Sometimes I close my eyes  
And picture the plains  
I see Buffalo Bill and the Iroquois  
Riding again

Open skies, fertile ground  
This was heaven on earth  
That they found

We got what they gave  
By their God we were saved  
They were humble not depraved  
These streets we're afraid of  
Once were the fields of the brave  
The fields of the brave

Where a Chevrolet rusts  
By a closed shopping mall  
Can you see through the dust  
Where the brave ones stood tall

Buried deep where they fell  
They live on in the stories we tell

They got what they gave  
By their God they were saved  
And I say this as I pray  
I can't help but dream of  
The days these were fields of the brave  
The fields of the brave

After all this time  
And the struggles in between  
We stand next in line  
With the chance we can build on their dreams  
In the

Fields of the brave  
Fields of the brave  
We got what they gave

In the fields of the brave  
Let their spirits be saved  
And I pray this on their graves  
There'll be a return of  
The days these were fields of the brave  
The fields of the brave