

Charlie Boy

The Lumineers

Charlie boy, don't go to war, first born in forty-four
Kennedy made him believe we could do much more

Ooooh-Oo-oooooh-Oo-oooooh-oo-ooooh

Lillian, don't hang your head, love should make you feel good

In uniform you raised a man, who vol-un-teered to stand

Ooooh-Oo-oooooh-Oo-oooooh-oo-ooooh

R: Play the bugle, play the taps and
Make your mothers proud
Raise your rifles to the sky boys
Fire that volley loud

News was bad on Upland Ave, my touch and mourn our loss
Sons rebelled, while fathers yelled,
and moth-ers clutched the cross

Ooooh-Oo-oooooh-Oo-oooooh-oo-ooooh

R: