

# These Days

Zac Brown Band

The buildings are burning  
In American homes.  
And people are running  
From clouds of stone.  
And houses are churnin'  
With people on the phone.  
Oh no!

These days to live.  
These days to love.  
Many, many people are going to learn  
That war is promising,  
But it leaves before we can learn  
There are no days to burn.

Oh oh snapper I got the gun clapper  
...  
Flyin' bombs. I pour my heart out to the people.  
What's one? But not one-one, nine-eleven.  
...  
This sh\*t gotta stop.  
And these times people dyin' in flocks.  
Oh my god! The life we live, broken-hearted and  
shattered in tears.

Children run from Gomorrah  
Or be turned to salt.  
Pictures of justice  
Hung in empty halls.  
And you know you got to go  
When duty calls.  
And our children will read their names  
In a cold marble wall.

War is poverty but then hate is more.  
They say these days bring pain but there's a art to  
war.  
Acts of hate left so many shattered dreams.  
9/11 shocked the world with a terrible scene.  
Breakin' News Channel 5 I can't believe my eyes.  
Disaster strikes and it came outta the skies.  
They say envy lead to terror, and terror went too far.  
And to the people who passed, we remember who you are.  
And these days ...

I've see fire, and I've seen rain.  
I've seen them sunny days I thought would never end.  
And I've seen whole a lot of things I could not  
comprehend,  
But I always thought I'd see you again!

I seen what I feel.  
I feel what is real.  
I believe in the Lord.  
As I reach for light,  
I howl in the moonlight  
Sometimes I feel like I am surrounded by bad men.

Better yet an al qaeda fighter, suicider, do-or-die-er.  
Open fire for the higher power in the hour of  
destruction.

...

In a 747 the story is told  
A father holds a daughter who will never be grown,  
never move on, say so long to the prom.  
A poor man sits with his wife in his arm  
Thinkin' if he had the chance, "I'd buy whatever she  
wants!"  
And a daughter looks at her father, "When are we goin'  
home?"  
Who knows where the mind goes when fuel is runnin' low?  
I suppose they look from the window and scream  
When they see the sunbeams gleam from the wings of a  
bad dream.

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