

# Far From Finished, Twenty-One Guns

Jamie's going off to war tomorrow  
Trading in his shovel for a big old gun  
Time to stand up time to be a man  
Putting the trigger in his right hand  
But she needs you now she can't do it herself  
Forced to put her dreams and her future on the shelf  
Think of your wife your child on the way  
She don't wanna be a widow at his young age

We hear the sounds of bombs dropping  
It's ringing in our ears and we can feel it when you're falling down

Twenty-one guns fired in the middle of the night  
Twenty-one guns were blazing in the thick of the fight  
Twenty-one guns one shot for every year of his life  
Reaching for the courage to pull you through  
But your back's up against the sharp edge of the knife

We're hanging ribbons of gold on the trees in the yard  
And your thoughts are with us no matter how far you are  
We're always here with you  
And it kills us inside knowing there's nothing we can do  
Bad news strikes the girls left alone  
Left to raise her child and fend for her own  
Another family that's torn by war  
Another soldier's face down in the dirt