

Styx, Fields Of The Brave

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