Cursive, Flag And Family

Your daddy and my daddy had a drink at the bar Talking about what was best for me Without a name or a degree, Stubbornly holding onto you And you pulling away from me

The best that they could say, For my restless teenage ways, Was time in the service Might serve me well, Even if its just service in The latrines

Lucy my love,
Dont go sending me off to war
I put up with your family,
Full of bigots and fanatics,
Just to get a little closer to you,
Now youve turned on me too
You have turned on me too.

Go hide behind your flag and family This town has nothing left for me This town is nothing more Than a fundamentalist penitentiary

When youre down on your knees Are you praying for holy war? When youre down on your knees Are you praying for holy war? Lucy my love, Dont go sending me off to war

We must live, We must true, To our childhood dreams, Or theyre worthless And our youth is insincere

So where do we find worth?

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