

# 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?  
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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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