

Droge Pete, Fourth Of July

Like you I've been hurt, seen my face in the dirt, but I never reacted like you
The last time we met, you seemed so upset, when you left town you did not say bye
Then I heard you'd been seen way down in Eugene, working as a factory slave
And though the life that you took came from no storybook, you spent it before it was saved.

On the fourth of July
Is a good day to die
They'll celebrate each year
Your independence from here.

If you only had just a glimmer of hope, then I know you'd have done some great things
But you tossed out your gift, and it's making me wish, I'd been there when you found yourself down

But you turned to no one but a bullet and a gun, and the bang blended in with the day
And I sit here and think, it still hurts me to think of the sad songs we used to play.

On the fourth of July
See the sparks in the sky
When you're sick of the trying
and you're tired of the crying
Then the fourth of July
Is a good day to die
They'll celebrate each year
Your independence from here...