

Psychotic Waltz, I Remember

I remember a story of great battles won
and the tale of our heroes who died by the gun
while the rest looked and smiled at the freedom they've won
but the weight of the chain slows the run

I remember a song about flags standing high
as the red blazing rockets turned dark a blue sky
I remember the reason the weak shared good-byes if they could

I remember a sight at the dreams that we had
and the injustice they've suffered had driven them mad
I remember when we had the right to be sad all the time

I remember the war of the great days of old
and the battle hymns they sung while they died in the cold
I remember the good men they bought and they sold for a dime

let's take a look now what we've changed
after all we're still so much the same
after all this time
can't we make up our minds
must we all play the losing game

let's take a look now what we've changed
after all we're still so much the same
after all this time
can't we make up our minds
guess we'll all play the losing game