

# Sons And Daughters, Flags

I know  
You are  
Another planet miles apart  
Is it a question of things  
You really should have cared about?

You took a drive, Countries called  
More than your friends did, they watched you fall  
And now you've pulled the wires right from the wall

Flags  
Don't ask me how he's doing  
He's doing fine

Set it straight  
So there is no road left, only water  
Spent your time hopelessly alone  
It's no real price to pay anyway

Your first letter came, Stressing lines  
Against the whitening page  
Trauma type, Saturation stains

Flags  
He went from riches  
To rags

Oh where are my friends?  
I'm a burden to their hallowed sense  
When I felt my head came to an end  
I made promises, promises never kept

Your head at night  
So many thoughts fought for the finish line  
When there's no beginning  
Before you're running out of time

So hard, to ignore. on my mind from beach to trestle door  
I'm thinking of you, flat out cold beneath the starboard floor