

And batons not just once

Fill in the gaps

| He said, "Son | But again and again |
|--|---|
| Have you seen the world? | A hero of war |
| Oh, what would you say | Yeah that's (6) I'll be |
| If I said that you could? | And (7) I come home |
| Just carry (1) gun, you'll even get paid." | They'll be damn proud of me |
| I said, "That sounds pretty good." | I'll carry this flag |
| Black leather boots | To the grave if I must |
| Spit-shined so bright | 'Cause it's the flag that I love |
| They cut off my (2) but it looked alright | And a flag that I trust |
| We marched and we sang | She walked through bullets and haze |
| We all became friends | I asked her to stop |
| As we learned how to fight | I begged her to stay |
| A hero of war | But she pressed start |
| Yeah, that's (3) I'll be | So I lifted my gun |
| And when I come home | And I (8) away |
| They'll be damn proud of me | And the (9) jumped through the smoke |
| I'll carry this flag | And into the sand |
| To the grave if I must | That the blood now had soaked |
| 'Cause it's the flag that I love | She collapsed with a flag in her hand |
| And the flag that I trust | A flag white of snow |
| I kicked in the door | A hero of war |
| I yelled my commands | Is that what they see |
| The children, they cried | Just medals and scars |
| But I got my man | So damn proud of me |
| We took him away | And I brought home that flag |
| A bag over his face | Now it gathers dust |
| From his family and his friends | But it's the flag that I love |
| They took off his clothes | It's the only flag I trust |
| They pissed in his hands | He said, "Son, have you seen the world? |
| I (4) them to stop | Well (10) would you say |
| But Then I (5) in | If I said that you could?" |
| We beat him with guns | |



1. this

- 2. hair
- 3. what
- 4. told
- 5. joined
- 6. what
- 7. when
- 8. fired
- 9. shells
- 10. what

Fill in the gaps