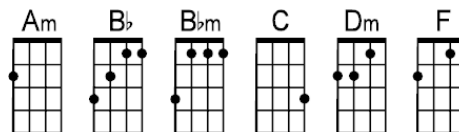


Dress Blues

Jason Isbell

3/4 Time



F F Dm Dm F F Dm Dm
What can you see from your window? I can't see anything from mine

F F Dm Dm Bb Bbm F C
Flags on the side of the highway, and scripture on grocery store signs

F F Dm Dm F F Dm Dm
Maybe eighteen was too early. Maybe thirty or forty is too
F F Dm Dm Bb Bbm F C
Did you get your chance to make peace with the man before He sent down his angels for you?

Dm Am F F Dm Am F C
Mamas and grand mamas love you 'cause that's all they know how to do
Dm Dm Am Am Bb Bbm F C
You never planned on the bombs in the sand, or sleepin' in your dress blues

F F Dm Dm F F Dm Dm
Your wife said this all would be funny when you got back home in a week
F F Dm Dm Bb Bbm F C
Turn twenty two and we'd celebrate you in a bar or a tent by the creek
F F Dm Dm F F Dm Dm
Your baby would just about be here and your very last tour would be up
F F Dm Dm Bb Bbm F C
But you won't be back, they're all dressin' in black drinkin' sweet tea in Styrofoam cups

Dm Am F F Dm Am F C
Mamas and grand mamas love you. American boys hate to lose
Dm Dm Am Am Bb Bbm F C
You never planned on the bombs in the sand, or sleepin' in your dress blues

F F Dm Dm F F Dm Dm
The high school gymnasium's ready full of flowers and old Legionnaires
F F Dm Dm Bb Bbm F C
Nobody showed up to protest just sniffle and stare
F F Dm Dm F F Dm Dm
There's red, white and blue in the rafters. There's silent old men from the Corps
F F Dm Dm Bb Bbm F C
What did they say when they shipped you away to fight somebody's Hollywood war?

Dm Am F F Dm Am F C
Nobody here could forget you. You showed us what we had to lose
Dm Dm Am Am Bb Bbm F C
You never planned on the bombs in the sand, or sleepin' in your dress blues