

The Patriot's Dream-crd

(G) The songs of the wars are as (C) old as the hills
 They (G) cling like the rust on the (A) cold steel that (D) kills
 They (G) tell of the boys who went down to the (C) tracks
 In a (D) patriotic manner with the (C) cold steel on their (G) backs
 The patriot's dream is as old as the sky
 It lives in the lust of a cold callous lie
 Let's drink to the men who got caught by the chill
 Of the patriotic fever and the cold steel that kills

The train pulled away on that glorious night
 The drummer got drunk and the bugler got tight
 While the boys in the back sang a song of good cheer
 While riding off to glory in the spring of their years

The patriot's dream still lives on today
 It makes mothers weep and it makes lovers pray
 Let's drink to the men who got caught by the chill
 Of the patriotic fever and the cold steel that kills

(Em) Well there (G) was a (D) sad, sad (Em) lady
 (G) Weeping (D) all night (Em) long
 She re(G)ceived a (D) sad, sad (Em) message
 From a (G) voice on the (D) tele(Em)phone
 Her (G) children (D) were all (Em) sleeping
 As she (G) waited (D) out the (Em) dawn
 How (G) could she (D) tell those (Em) children
 That their (G) father (D) was shot (Em) down
 So she (G) took them (D) to her (Em) side that day
 And she (G) told them (D) one by (Em) one
 Your (G) father (D) was a (Em) good man ten thousand (D) miles from (G) home
 (B7)
 He (Am7) tried to do his (D) duty and it (G) took him straight to (Cmaj7)
 hell
 He (Am7) might be in some (D) prison, I (G) hope he's treated (Cmaj7) well
 (Am7)

Well there was a young girl watching in the early afternoon
 When she heard the name of someone who said he'd be home soon
 And she wondered how they got him, but the papers did not tell
 There would be no sweet reunion, there would be no wedding bells
 So she took herself into her room and she turned the bed sheets down
 And she cried into the silken folds of her new wedding gown
 He tried to do his duty and it took him straight to hell
 He might be in some prison, I hope he's treated well

Well there was an old man sitting in his mansion on the hill
 And he thought of his good fortune and the time he'd yet o kill
 Well he called to his wife one day, "Come sit with me awhile"
 Then turning toward the sunset, he smiled a wicked smile
 "Well I'd like to say I'm sorry for the sinful deeds I've done
 But let me first remind you, I'm a patriotic son"
 They tried to do their duty and it took 'em straight to hell
 They might be in some prison, I hope they're treated well

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