

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 what I'll be                |
| f I said that you could?                    | And when I come home                    |
| Just carry this gun, you'll even get paid." | They'll be (5) proud of me              |
| 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 hair but it (1) 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                    |
| 4 (2) of war                                | But she pressed start                   |
| Yeah, that's (3) I'll be                    | So I (6) my gun                         |
| And when I come home                        | And I fired away                        |
| They'll be damn proud of me                 | And the shells jumped through the smoke |
| 'Il 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 (7) with a flag in her hand         |
| And the (4) that I trust                    | A flag white of snow                    |
| kicked in the door                          | A hero of war                           |
| yelled my commands                          | Is that what they see                   |
| The children, they cried                    | Just (8) 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, (9) you seen the world?  |
| told them to stop                           | Well (10) would you say                 |
| But Then I joined in                        | If I said that you could?"              |
| We beat him with guns                       |   |



## 1. looked

- 2. hero
- 3. what
- 4. flag
- 5. damn
- 6. lifted
- 7. collapsed
- 8. medals
- 9. have
- 10. what

## Fill in the gaps