

Monty Are I, O Brother

O brother where are you? (Face forward and stop thinking.)

Do you admit regret in times of doubt? (We will think for you.)

A life of gun in hand, with a dedication to your land,
inside out you've shown it's not what life's all about.

No, we cannot believe in what you said,
when your whole life's been a sacrifice mislead.

But we still hold the pride.

When the gun smoke clears, we'll still salute you.

When you return by the tide, we'll be here to see your life through.

I'm confused and punctured. My conscience is my only means of direction.

Did I sign up for suicide, or a saddened bride?

Three more years, no white picket fencing, suffering a mental conviction.

Please, don't you think that now we will look down
on a man who's realized what's true to him now?

It's not giving up, it's seeing what else there's to see.

When you're soon set free, there is so much more than a camouflaged hell.

SO COCK THE GUN AND FIRE INTO THE EYES OF A GREAT DESIRE.

A fleeting destiny has turned into what's considered to be normal.

And I'm here for you.