

The Colors

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Words and music by Jim Allyn and David Shugarts

It's no man's land out here
a maze of alleyways
the wreckage all ablaze
and the sky won't clear

As the smoke chokes out the sun
along the cratered road
another IED explodes
another day . . . has just begun

As the tracers find their mark
a rain of bullets hits
the radio is blown to bits
when did it get so dark?

From the roof top comes a flash
another RPG
but this one wasn't meant for me
another day . . . might be the last

And Mama, when you get the money
remember I'll be turning twenty
one of these days

And if I make it back alive
there may be things I keep inside
and never say . . . never say

At the checkpoint these cars appear
where anyone can be
a friend or enemy
don't let them get too near

If I shoot, will I be cleared?
or will some colonel say
he simply disobeyed
it's been a year—
another day and I'll be out of here

And Mama, when you get the colors,
remember me and all the others
coming home

And if you hear the doorbell ringing
you know the news that they'll be bringing
you're not alone . . . not alone

...

You're not alone . . .

It's no man's land out here . . .