Dress Blues Jason Isbell (intro) G Em/G G Em/G (verse) Em/G G What can you see from your window? G Em/G I can t see anything from mine. Em/G G Flags on the side of the highway C/G G D and scripture on grocery store signs. G Em/G Maybe eighteen was too early. G Em/G Maybe thirty or forty is too. G Em/G Did you get your chance to make peace with the man C/G G D before he sent down his angels for you? (chorus) Em/G F#/G G Mamas and grandmamas love you F#/G Em/G G F#/G cause that s all they know how to do. Em/G Bm You never planned on the bombs in the sand C/G D G or sleeping in your dress blues. (verse) Em/G G Your wife said this all would be funny G Em/G when you came back home in a week. Em/G G You d turn twenty-two and we d celebrate you C/G G D in a bar or a tent by the creek. Em/G G Your baby would just about be here. Em/G G Your very last tour would be up Em/G G but you won t be back. They re all dressing in black C/G G D drinking sweet tea in styrofoam cups.

(chorus) Em/G F#/G G Mamas and grandmamas love you G F#/G Em/G F#/G American boys hate to lose. Em/G Bm You never planned on the bombs in the sand C/G D G or sleeping in your dress blues. (bridge) (verse) Em/G G Now the high school gymnasium s ready, G Em/G full of flowers and old legionnaires. Em/G G Nobody showed up to protest, C/G G D just sniffle and stare. Em/G G But there s red, white, and blue in the rafters G Em/G and there s silent old men from the corps. G Em/G What did they say when they shipped you away C/G G D to fight somebody s Hollywood war? Em/G F#/G G Nobody here could forget you. G F#/G Em/G F#/G You showed us what we had to lose. Em/G Bm You never planned on the bombs in the sand C/G G D or sleeping in your dress blues. Em/G Bm You never planned on the bombs in the sand C/G D G

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