

Lyrics and Chords to *Skein of Arms* (2012)

Spitting in the Devil's Eye	G	Heroes Go Away	D
Willie and Me	D	Freedom Bird	Eb
The IED Don't Give a Damn	Am	Experts	G

1. **Spitting in the Devil's Eye (Recruits)**

Did you read it in the morning paper	G C	capo 2
What them sumbitches trying to do?	G D	
Don't you see them thumb their noses	G C	
At the red white and blue?	G D G	

Ain't you had just about enough
Don't you want our honor bright
Sometimes you got to talk
Sometimes you got to fight

We got the guts and we got the guns	C G
God knows we got the pride	G D
We'll be down range by Sunday	G C
Spitting in the devil's eye	G D G

We ain't no fancy flyboys
No hotshit Green Berets
Just the grunts out at the front
Humping through the haze

Here we are in Somewhere-stan
With a job to do
Locked and loaded for Uncle Sam
Ready to see it through

Repeat chorus

Yes we're locked and loaded
We're all that we can be
Cause you know that sharks never sleep
And freedom's never free

And if we don't make it back
Tell 'em we did well
We took the flag of freedom
Up to the gates of hell

Repeat chorus

2. Willie and Me (Buddies)

My name is Joey Doyle from Oklahoma	D G
I was born with red dirt on my shoes	A D
My buddy's Willie Stone from New York City	D G
He flips a coin for luck and loves the blues	A D

We had each other's backs in Parris Island
We're down range now and that's still true
If I'm in a hole or on some suicide patrol
I'll look to Willie Stone to pull me through

Oh they tell us we are fighting for the country	G D
For honor and the flag and liberty	G D A
Well that might be so but all I really know	G D
Is I'm there for Willie Stone & he's there for me	A D

The old timers tell you the same story
Inchon, Okinawa, DMZ
When you're taking rounds and you look around
You know that left and right's your family

So go ahead and play that pretty music
March around for all the girls to see
But when I lose my hair and I'm rocking in that chair
I'll say I fought for Willie Stone and he fought for me

Repeat chorus

3. The IED Don't Give a Damn (Damage)

The IED don't give a damn	C (G root)
If you're a renegade or a righteous man	G
Or a woman with a child at home	F
Who sits and listens for the phone	C G

It don't care if you're straight or gay	
Or black or white or turning grey	
It don't care if you're short or tall	
The IED don't care at all	C G Am

Ask Sarina Butcher, just nineteen	F C G x3
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Picture of her daughter on the wall
Ask little Zoey in Checotah
Who wonders why her mama doesn't call

F G Am

It might look like a soda can
Or a broken down jingle van
Or a soccer ball without a game
In the end they all look the same

Where half of what you hear is lies
You learn to question friendly eyes
Cause it might come from anywhere
From folks you thought you knew

Ask Abdul Ahmat from Bamiyan
Came to Kabul cause he had three mouths to feed
Ask the Red Cross worker taking measurements
For the new legs that he's gonna need

Repeat verses 1 and 2

4. **Heroes Go Away (The Child)**

When I was very little my dad would play with me
I'd hide behind a chair & he'd pretend he couldn't see
He would ride me on his shoulder high so high
Saying "How's the weather up there, small fry?"

D G
D Em-A
D G
D Em-A D

A yellow car came to our house when I was eight years old
I was still in my pj's and the kitchen floor was cold
"See you mind your mama," he said, holding me so tight
I cried myself to sleep that night (and my mama said)

Just like rabbits got to run, eagles got to fly
Old folks got to pat your head and babies got to cry
Everything on God's green earth follows its own way
Your daddy is a hero and sometimes heroes go away

G D
G D Em A
G D G
D G Em-A D

A grey car came to our house one morning I was nine
Two men came to the door and made my mama cry
They said how brave my dad was, how proud we should be
I don't think that they ever looked at me

Oh I will never marry, I will never have a child
To lead into the world like a lamb into the wild

To hold a father's hand and then to hear me say
Your daddy was a hero and sometimes heroes go away

Repeat chorus

5. Freedom Bird (The Short Timer)

So long buddies, so long pals	D A (capo 1: Eb)
Adios dudes, hello gals	Bm G
There's a ride with my name on it coming in soon	D A D (A)

Done my duty, served my time
Short enough now to jump off a dime
Good luck to you, I'll think of you back in the world

So long to the blood and the sweat and the tears and the sand	Em D A
So long to y'all here doing the best you can	Em D A

Sweetest sight I hope to see today
Kandahar airfield far away
The door to that silver bird opening wide

Sweetest sound I ever hope to hear
747 in my ear
Voice saying, Soldier, won't you hop inside

So long cammies and RPGs
Adios Kevlar and MREs
Lacing up these boots just one more time

Gotta go now got a ticket to ride
Next stop any old place stateside
That's the sound of the freedom bird coming for to carry me home

6. Experts (The Veteran)

Now that the struggle is silent	G G
And our comrades have packed up their bags	G C
And come home, some to a brass band,	C G
Some to a three-cornered flag,	Am D

Some say we've wasted our treasure
Some say we've wasted our time

The villains have only changed horses
We lost it all for a lie

But I know the sands outside Kabul
And the mud of the Mekong plain
Hold the heart of girl from Kentucky
And the soul of a boy from Fort Wayne

They gave up their lives for something
And maybe its name isn't clear
Maybe just the fact they were willing
Is what has us all standing here

C G
C G
C G
Am D

I don't make the big time decisions
I just do the best that I can
I fought for God and for country
I held up my end like a man

So the experts can say what they want to
We fought for their right to be wrong
And I don't hear them sounding so cocky
In the halls where the ribbons are hung

I'd do it again in a heartbeat
I'd do it again and stand tall
Let the experts say what they want to
I thank God I answered the call

Repeat chorus