

Here I've a story  
Of Men in cotton  
On hills in homeland  
Now forgotten

Listen quick,  
But listen good  
I'll not be long  
In this world of wood

There was a boy  
In Illinois  
He took the hits  
From father's fists

Boy knew the wires  
Of an iron cage  
Saw curtains close  
From backstage

Thus Boy made a Man  
From a pamphlet page  
Went to war  
'fore legal age

Blue so dark  
He made a mark  
Around a star of honor  
His golden armor

So Man raised a Colt  
From bended knee  
And took a stand  
For freedom's plea

And made a pet  
Of his bayonet  
Fed it well  
From a red, red well

When pillars of salt  
Bleached the earth  
And ashes fell  
On hollowed turf

And the upturned roots  
Of old oak trees  
Pled silence  
As they bled

Boy cried the name  
Of his nearest love  
And 'fore the end  
He saw a dove

A message of divinity  
Of promised grace,  
infinity

A ghost was made  
From a loving blade  
A cutting shade (pause)  
For the one who prayed

For loneliness  
And tenderness  
Is all there's left  
On the plains of Desserus

And doves flew white  
With flags of blue  
Each commissioned  
Bright and new  
But now they tattered  
With tired thread  
And tasted breath  
Of lasts and lead

The bugle cried  
For the baker's son  
And the drummers  
mourned  
With brass and gun

And as one who's been  
there  
One who's played  
The march at night  
With stillness laid

I'll tell you certain  
I'll tell you true  
I wished for fields  
With lilies new

For loneliness  
And tenderness  
Is all there's left  
On the plains of Desserus