

White Stars

He was my grandma's brother
And my great-grandma and grandpa's son
Uncle to my mother
When a Bell for Adano rung
When she took you to the train in your brand new uniform
A flood of tears your sister shed
Driving home her heart was torn

White stars have yellowed
On a field of indigo
Triangle on the bookshelf
Watches generations grow
White stars may have yellowed
But they're shining bright I know
They're shining in my children and
They're shining off the snow
They're shining in the sky
And they shine in the river flow
Those white stars are shining
On that field of indigo

Tough assignment, on the way to Rome
Liberate the boot from the fascists
Send the Germans running home
The fighting was fierce, at Cassino and Anzio
Telegram for every mother of a hero
And when the job was done
A grateful nation
Thanks you for your son

White stars have yellowed
On a field of indigo
Triangle on the bookshelf
Watches generations grow
White stars may have yellowed
But they're shining bright I know
They're shining in my children and
They're shining off the snow
They're shining in the sky
And they shine in the river flow
Those white stars are shining
On that field of indigo

Great grandpa chose a plot
On a hillside of pines
Overlooks the high school
Where a young soldier spent his time
Every May my mother goes there
Like her mother did before
Cleans the stone and plants flowers
And prays for no more war

Every May my mother goes there
Like her mother did before
Cleans the stone and plants flowers
And prays for no...more....war

White stars have yellowed
On a field of indigo
Triangle on the bookshelf
Watches generations grow
White stars may have yellowed
But they're shining bright I know
They're shining in my children and
They're shining off the snow
They're shining in the sky
And they shine in the river flow
Those white stars are shining
On that field of indigo