

Every evening on the news i see, all the bad things that are wrong.

Nore Gossip on the President, and patriotism is all gone.

Our country is in disarray, and it seems there is no hope.

Everything is killing us, we can't even have a smoke.

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light?

What so proudly we hale, at the twilights last gleaming

But then the national anthum playied, oh God i love that sound.

I looked out across the field to see, The picher on the mound.

And up above an eagle sore, and he was coming down.

Who's brawed stripes and bright star's,

Were so galently streaming.

If I live to be a hundred, i doupt that i shal see.

Anything as wonderful,as i saw in front of me.

The picher standing straight and proud, then to the crowde's alarme.

For we saw that eagle swooping down, and landed on his arm.

And the rocket's red glare, the boms bursting in air.

If you saw the merical, i saw on that day.

Then you would surely know, our country is o k.

O say does that star spangle banner yet wave?

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.