

1 - War

Come back, come back, wherever you are,
And sit by the fire as we talk of war,
As people are dying I hear that you say,
That you wish by morning it'll all go away;

But as dawn breaks over the land that you see,
Things still aren't the way that you wish them to be,
We drink from the bottle and like it or not,
Still people are dying in one melting pot.