

Love Is A Never Ending War

David Allan Coe

Well I dozed off in the back of the bus
to the groan of the Greyhounds throttle
and I woke to crack of a paper sack
and a cork poppin' from a bottle
I tell you son the old man said
it was hell in world war two
as he rolled up his pant leg
I saw the wood that filled his shoe
the younger man who followed him in opened up his vest
showed the older soldier where he caught one in the chest
both of them had purple hearts for the hell that they've been t
hrough
well I don't have no purple heart mine's just black and blue

Oh love is a never ending war
march me into action
and we'll train for what's in store
you win some and you lose some
but I believe in what I'm fightin' for
oh love is a never ending war

They where half-way through that bottle
and they where gettin' high
I never fought in those two wars
but Lord my throat was dry
so I showed them scars and stitches
inflicted by Maria
but I didn't think that would give me a drink
so I blamed it on Korea
I parted my hair and I showed them where
I got shrapnel from a grenade
I just couldn't tell it was where Annabelle
put a glas of lemonade
how that I've been tortured by the blade of a bajonet
and I never forget that hot August night
and the fingernails of Jeanet

As I neared my destination I saw tears well in their eyes
partly from the drinkin' but mostly from my lies
and they stood up to salute me
as I stepped down from the bus
and out of the open window they yelled
give her hell for us