

Clap Hands Two Guns

The Menzingers

I counted the holes that tore through Bastogne that day
There were so many that we left them unbarried
A 20 mile advancement on an allied front
With every shot I take writes out The Fog Of War
And I can't wait to fall asleep
My mind is racing, count bloody sheep again
I've got the flashman in my sight
To take his life, or give him mine
It's hard to get below a surface conversation
I'm a killer but not for one nation
Young man's cause revealed as an old man's game
As the blood spills out on the pavement
The star of david get special arrangements
Young man's cause revealed as an old man's game