

All The Wars

Aloha

You're alive thanks to a strange chain of events
that started with the death of Elvis and yes,
all the wars and their warriors wanted a piece
of you in your living room.

I'm alive after a time of riots and rides
that ended with the smack of gates into their clasps
All the dates they throw at you we're somebody
else's stab at you lineage

We're alive thanks to a light shone in the night
that found an airship in its sights
In the crossfire your grandfather cried to your mother
All the bombs that avoided you had somebody else's name
drawn on the chalkboard in haste
It was a clerical mistake

When you first saw it you were in a stroller,
flailing your arms at the dogs and the bees
They could have bit you but you looked so happy
They could have snapped but they showed you mercy
And come to think of it, I never once heard "No."
From the day you were called you've been walking through walls
Shot through a canon, you've landed in a flowerbed
Guarded by invisible friends
Guarded and invisible