

# War Of Man

Ann Wilson

The little creatures  
Run in from the cold  
Back to the nest  
Just like the days of old  
There in the safety  
Of a mother's arms  
The warmth of ages,  
Far away from harm again.

Ears ringin'  
From the battle fire  
The tired warrior  
Aims a little higher  
The black falcon  
Or the little sparrow  
The healing light  
Or the flash of the barrel.

No one wins  
It's a war of man,  
No one wins  
It's a war of man.

Silver mane flyin' in the wind  
Down through the planets  
On the run again  
No one knows where  
They're runnin' to  
But every kind is comin'  
Two by two.

Out on the delta  
Where the hoofbeats pound  
The daddy's runnin'  
On the frozen ground  
Can't smell the poison  
As it follows him  
Can't see the gas and machines,  
It's a war of man.

No one wins  
It's a war of man,  
No one wins  
It's a war of man.

The windows open  
And the little girl dreams  
The sky's her playground  
As she mounts her steed  
Across the heavens  
To the other side  
On wings of magic  
Does the little girl ride.

The baby creatures  
Run in from the cold  
Back to the nest

Just like the days of old  
There in the safety  
Of a mother's arms  
The warmth of ages,  
Far away from harm again.

No one wins  
It's a war of man,  
No one wins  
It's a war of man,  
No one wins.