

The War Song

Culture Club

War war is stupid
And people are stupid
And love means nothing
In some strange quarters

War war is stupid
And people are stupid
And I heard them banging
On hearts and fingers

People fill the world
With narrow confidence
Like a child at birth
A man with no defense
What's mine is my own
I won't give it to you
No matter what you say
No matter what you do

Now we're fighting
In our hearts
Fighting in the street
Won't somebody help me?

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Man is far behind
In the search for something new
Like a philistine
We're burning witches too
This world of fate
Must be designed for you
It matters what you say
It matters what you do

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In our hearts
Fighting in the street
Won't somebody help me?

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After the bird has flown
He walked ten thousand
Miles back home

You can't do that to me, no
You can't do that to me
You can't do that to me, no
You can't do that to me

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Fighting in the street
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