

We know that for many years there's been no country here
Nothing here but the war, and again and again we say
I'm not ready for this, I am not ready for this
Over and over and over, I'm really not ready at all

In a pub on a night off, a man is talking of cars
A girl is ill in a bar and again and again she says
I'm not ready for this, I am not ready for this
Over and over and over, I'm really not ready at all

Did you see me? Did you touch me?
I didn't even know you were here
this night must end, night will come again
How long will I lie here?
They'll wonder where I've gone
They'll wonder where I've gone
They'll wonder

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