

Hey Ma

James

Now, the towers have fallen
So much dust in the air
It affected your vision
Couldn't see yourself clear

From the fall came such choices
Even worse than the fall
There's this chain of consequences
Within, without

Action, cause and reaction
Never follows to plan
Black swans on your picnic table
Knocking over the jam

Please don't preach me forgiveness
You're hardwired for revenge
War is just about business
Within, without

Hey ma, the boys in body bags
Coming home in pieces
Hey ma, the boys in body bags
Coming home in pieces

Hey ma, the boys in body bags
Coming home in pieces
Coming home in pieces

War, war, war, war

The dead live on within us
Keep your fingers crossed
We were choking on the smoke and the dust
And the lives that were lost

Scratch the surface of liberals
There's a beast underneath
Others hiding their Jekyll's
Within, without

Hey ma, the boys in body bags
Coming home in pieces
Hey ma, the boys in body bags
Coming home in pieces

War, war, war, war

I can feel the daylight
I can feel the day lightning on me, lightning on me
I can feel the daylight
I can feel the day lightning on me, falling on me