

# 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

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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