

War Is Hell

Jim Ed Brown

Our baby surely got his mama's temper the morning silence breaks
he must be fed
He's happy now cause I don't hear one whipper as you slide back
beside me in our bed
My arms reach to cage your body tightly my lips survey you warm
and velvet skin
Ten thousand miles to you I retreat nightly while my mind's playing
tricks on me again
My mind's been caught day dreaming AWOL
The enemy is screaming another body fell war is hell
[ac.guitar]
I must remember I've been trained for killing and that's the only
way I can survive
If my luck holds out and my God is willing tomorrow morning I'll
still be alive
My mind's been caught day dreaming AWOL...
War is hell war is hell war is hell