

# I Miss The War

John Vanderslice

I wish the war was on,  
I know this sounds strange to you.  
I miss the war-time life,  
Anything could happen then:  
Around a corner, behind a door.

I miss the canon fire,  
I miss the air strikes at night.  
Down on the basement floor,  
We held each other tight,  
It rained plaster, it rained glass,  
We held on for our life.

I wish the war was on,  
I know this sounds strange to you.  
My poor crippled con,  
My sad one-legged Jew,  
I see what it's done to you.

I wish the war was on,  
We really worked together then.  
Do you remember when  
You held the horse, I slit his throat,  
The blood ran, melting the snow?  
When the meat was carved  
The children screamed  
And the women cheered.