

War at Home

Josh Groban

Fallen brother
He's a fallen husband
He's about to be woken in his hospital bed
He doesn't want to rest
He just wants to run
And he's tired of being told that he's the lucky one

Caped crusader, she's a new born leader
But you should see her when her daughter's on the phone
And she wipes the tears away and she laces up because
there's still Hell to pay
And it sure feels like Hell today
Today

And she says...
You see these hands?
They're bruised and brown
They're yours alone
Hold on love
We're still going down
Hold on love
We're still fighting
At home
The war at home

Innocence behind his broken expression
He's a child of mercy
He's our unlearned lesson
And he's trying to wake up from this wilderness his world has
now become
He's reaching out to those he's running from

And he says...
You see these hands?
They're bruised and brown
They're yours alone
Hold on now
We're still going down
Hold on now
We're still fighting

And it's
One step forward, two steps back
This is all who are marching
One step forward, two steps back
This is young and old
One step forward, two steps back
Through the void of the silence
You are not alone

You see these hands?
They're a million strong
They are yours now
Hold on now
We're all going down
Hold on now
We're all fighting at home

The war at home