

What were you waiting for?  
The desert's not getting any smaller,  
We're not getting any younger,  
So hand me a gun,  
It's on,  
It's war.

I've let the last few years  
Slip through my fingertips like sand,  
But with Connecticut a million miles away  
You can't tell me you're the only one with empty hands.

I want to know what makes it OK  
For a kid to be so far away from home.  
Before you go, take a good look,  
You've got a friend in a battle zone.

I can't take the way things change worlds away,  
I think I'm starting to relate so count the days,  
My body's aching from the wait, the postcard read:  
"p.s. this war is going great."

What were you fighting for?  
I've had my eyes covered too long to not have peeked through  
And seen the right kids on the floor.

Another settled score on a foreign shore  
Is nothing worth dying for anymore.

Worn down, unsure, long days make it harder to endure.  
Can't stop, won't stop.