

# This Uncivil War

Martina McBride

There's a silence on the front lines  
You can cut it with a knife  
You can stay and take your changes  
Or you can run to save your life  
And one side is retreating  
And the other's runnin scared  
And the drums of war are beating  
Ever through its undeclared

And both sides say they're winning  
And both sides know they're losing  
And neither one knows that they're fighting for  
And in the quiet little places  
You can see the little faced  
Huddled right outside the bedroom door  
Praying for an end to this uncivil war

Papa needs a new job  
So he's swallowing his pride  
Oh, but it don't go down easy  
And it eats him up inside  
And mama, she don't notice  
Little sister's ragged dress  
Lately she don't notice  
Much of anything  
I guess

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They're just fightin off the hunger  
Tryin to keep from goin under  
But the wolves just keep on  
Gatherin' round the door  
There's no place to run for cover  
So they're turning on each other  
Cause there really ain't no winners anymore  
Just victims of this uncivil war

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