

John & Jimmy

Modern Life Is War

The neighbor boy is home from the war.
His father's pride...
It spills across the factory floor.
And Jimmy, in the paper, I saw you...
Holding that gun
And I read the interview about the 234 and the blood in the sand
of an oil rich land.
While I was back home safe and clean.
John and Jimmy...
Say a prayer for us...
The passive sinners.
I bite my tongue.
I shake your hand.
Yeah, I'm still playing in that stupid band.
'Cause we all do what we gotta do, boys.

We're all doing whatever we can.