

In the fog lights
There was tear gas floating through the twilight
And he wondered what life would be like
With a giant screen TV
A fridge full of a beer and a conscience that's clean

You see, lately
She'd been thinking 'bout her little tiny baby
And the boy who had gone to defend me
She's a good friend of mine
But I can't take the place of her man anytime

And it won't be long
'Til he's coming home

You gotta bring your soldier home
All those stones have all been thrown
You gotta give a kid a chance to get a look at his kid
And hope he can live with whatever he did

Now, meanwhile
He was reading magazines on the front line
He was trying not to think about her life
And what he might have done
'Cause it seemed like none of them were having any fun

You see lately
She'd been acting kinda crazy
Lately
Oh man, I thought she was gonna hate me
'Cause I couldn't watch the little one
I had so much to do
I was so high-strung

And it won't be long
'Til Daddy's home

You gotta bring your soldier home
All those stones have all been thrown
You gotta give a kid a chance to get a look at his kid
And hope he can live with whatever he did

Lately
All the hate escapes me
Lately
All the hate just escapes me
Lately

So he phoned her
He said "Darling I'm feeling so alone here
Am I making myself perfectly clear?
That I'm on my way back
Just a couple more missions and I'll start getting packed"

You gotta bring your soldier home
All those stones have all been thrown
You gotta give a kid a chance to get a look at his kid

And hope he can live with whatever he did

Lately

I was wondering if she'd heard from him lately

Lately

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