No Man Can Find The War

Tim Buckley

Photographs of guns and flame Scarlet skull and distant game Bayonet and jungle grin Nightmares dreamed by bleeding men

Lookouts tremble on the shore But no man can find the war Tape recorders echo scream Orders fly like bullet stream

Drums and cannons laugh aloud Whistles come from ashen shroud Leaders damn the world and roar But no man can find the war

Is the war across the sea?
Is the war behind the sky?
Have you each and all gone blind
Is the war inside your mind?

Humans weep at human death
All the talkers lose their breath
Movies paint a chaos tale
Singers see and poets wail
All the world knows the score
But no man can find the war