

War Machine

Bill Fay

All the leaves are falling
where the hedgehogs hiding
and a bee buzzes by
makes me feel like crying
hear the song of warning
from the blackbird calling
the hills are alight

Feels like the first day of your life. There's a hawk in the distance

He ain't praying for forgiveness
It's his nature to kill but mine isn't
But we all kill in ways that he doesn't
As we pay our taxes to the war machine

The War Machine.

Oh no. Won't always be the war machine.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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