

# Covert War

David Wilcox

Dear Mom and Dad  
Here's why I can't come home  
I can talk with either one of you just fine  
When it's either one, alone But the Thanksgiving table  
Is going to be pulled out bigger  
If we talk at all  
One of you will pull the trigger I used to run those battle lines  
Trying to smooth over what got said  
Trying to get a medal  
Trying to get some shrapnel in my head Thought it was my duty  
To plead and to implore  
But I caught too much crossfire  
In your covert war Television talks fills the air  
So you don't have to start  
You claim your territories in the rooms upstairs  
To keep yourselves apart Holy days, they bring us all together  
After so much left unsaid  
You taught us well not to kick under the table  
Kick under your breath instead I used to stand between you  
Trying to smooth over what got said  
Trying to get a medal  
Trying to get some shrapnel in my head Thought it was my duty  
To plead and to implore  
But I caught too much crossfire  
In your covert war Of course there was the anger where the love is strong  
Spilled like gasoline  
It's crude but it's a power we can draw upon  
If it fuels the right machine I love you and I'd never want to see you bleed  
When comments cut like steel  
So to hold your fire I'd block the shot and take the hit for you  
As if I could not feel I thought they'd passed right through me  
And I had no scars to hide  
Now I open up and try to love  
And I find they're still inside 'Cause I used to run those battle lines  
Trying to plead, to implore  
Please won't you hold the cease fire out a little longer  
Until the next uproar I took it all in childhood  
But I can't take it no more  
'Cause I caught too much crossfire

In your covert war

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