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, aloneBut the Thanksgiving table
Is going to be pulled out bigger
If we talk at all
One of you will pull the triggerI 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 headThought it was my duty
To plead and to implore
But I caught too much crossfire
In your covert warTelevision talks fills the air
So you don't have to start
You claim your territories in the rooms upstairs
To keep yourselves apartHoly 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 insteadI used to stand between you
Trying to smooth over what got said
Trying to get a medal
Trying to get some shrapnel in my headThought it was my duty
To plead and to implore
But I caught too much crossfire
In your covert warOf 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 machineI 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 feelI 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 uproarI 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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