

War At Home

[Josh Groban](#)

Fallen brother, he's a, a fallen husband
He's about to be woken in his hospital bed
He doesn't wanna rest, he just wants to run
And he's tired of being told he's the lucky one
King crusader, she's a new born leader
But you should see her when her daughter's on the phone
And she wipes the tears away, and she laces up
Because there's still hell to pay and it sure feels like hell today, today
And she says, you see these hands
They're bruised and brown, they're yours alone
Hold on, now we're still going down
Hold on, now we're still fighting at home, the war at home
Innocence behind his broken expression
He's a child of mercy, he's our unlearned lesson
And he's trying to wake up from this wilderness his world is now become
He's reaching out to those he's running from
And he says, you see these hands
They're bruised and brown, they're yours alone
Hold on, now we're still going down
Hold on, now we're still fighting at it's
One step forward, two steps back
This is all who're marching
One step forward, two steps back
This is young at heart
One step forward, two steps back
Through the void of the silence
You are not alone
You see these hands
They're million strong, they are yours now
Hold on, now we're all going down
Hold on, now we're all fighting at home, the war at home

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