The Score

Chris Walla

You've got the pen
And we've done the typing
Why can't you get us all for good?
Let's put it in writingOn and on we argue so
Sirens blare and the whistles blow
'Til we cannot hear anymore
This is the score, oh, oh, oh, oh, ohWe've found the bear
Or are we both fighting?
Why do we prance our little flag around
As if he's not biting?On and on we bled so long
Now the bodies rise and our limbs are gone
And we cannot swim anymore
This is the score, oh, oh, oh, ohNow I'm a chase
My colors are falling
Two nations were removed
From where the resistance is callingOn and on we're fractured now
They're bound to ship those children out
And on and on, no end in sight, now enjoy them
Don't wait for any call for me to see
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
This is the score

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