

# Commodore

## Armand Mirpour

Commodore, commodore, commodore  
Well, save yourself, the cellars cold but dry  
Commodore, commodore, commodore  
Well, grab your coat the wind'll blow out your eyes Well, this closet's not cold with the embers in my hair  
Even papa sleeps tonight  
Mama said the war will end just as soon as it began  
But then why do we sit and hide? Commodore, oh why? Commodore, commodore, hide those books  
Your candles will keep you warm tonight  
Commodore, commodore, commodore  
When they knock your place down the cellar light Well, this closet's not cold with the embers in my hair  
Even papa sleeps tonight  
Mama said the war will end just as soon as it began  
But then why do we sit and hide? Commodore, oh why? It's the blackest of the nights  
And the moon won't shine it's light  
And the streets stained red so bright Well, this closet's not cold with the embers in my hair  
Even papa sleeps tonight  
Mama said the war will end just as soon as it began  
But then why do we sit and hide? Mama said the war will the end just as soon as it began  
Even Papa slept tonight  
But no not me I sat and stared out the window to the streets  
And saw men and women die My God, my God, oh why?  
My God, oh why?  
My God, oh why?  
My God, oh why?

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