

Vietnam

Lars Frederiksen and the Bastards

To say that I'm a man undone
Is understatement at its worst
I was completely incapacitated
By your southern charm
It hit me like an ancient gypsy curse
But this instrument you use with such precision
It's like a concrete wall, a thousand meters tall
And I've tried to climb its icy walls a million times
But I simply cannot find inside of me
The requisite resolve Your silence is a weapon
It's like a nuclear bomb
It's like the Agent Orange they used
To use in Vietnam
And it's accompanied by an apathy
That's deafening to the ears
You know it is complete and perfect
And you wield it without fear It isn't complicated; you just don't care
You attack me by not saying anything
You say that you don't bring your anger to me
But it poisons every fiber of your being
Now you started something that you cannot finish
And left me standing in the wreckage on my own
And the only thing that brings me any comfort
Is the knowledge that no matter who you're with
You'll always be alone [Repeat x2]
Your silence is a weapon
It's like a nuclear bomb
It's like the Agent Orange they used
To use in Vietnam
And it's accompanied by an apathy
That's deafening to the ears
You know it is complete and perfect
And you wield it without fear

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