Civilian Ways

Rancid

1,2,3,4
I hold the cold steel of my rifle as I dream of foreign lands,
and I promise myself I will cherish every moment I can,
but there's ghosts that follow me around everywhere I am.
When i say 'goodbye' I try to be strong.
now I'm going back to the U.S. where I belong.
I am never alone, the war seems to follow me home.
no longer an active soldier when i walk down the street.
now I'm shaking hands with everyone that I meet.
And I watch everyone and I'm wondering what they see.
Civilian ways are now what's foreign to me,
I came off a long time
I left this place in two oh oh three.

may we never forget the sacrifices my friends made for me.
I live in Marysville right on the county line,
and my brother and my mother both visit me all the time,
and visions of you are always running right through my mind.
We always talked about what we're gonna do when no war is won.
We're gonna fix up them old cars and ride them into the sun.
When i heard you was no longer with us, man, i was done.
Civilian ways are now what's foreign to me,
I came off a long time
I left this place in two oh oh three.
May we never forget the sacrifices my friends made for me.
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