Glory

Craig's Brother

And I wonder how Franklin felt in '42
The war's still new but I'm tired of fighting
Bloody boys sobbing fears all somehow died brave men
Exalted then, so wrong yet somehow invitingLike a dream moving in slow motion
The smell of death spreads across the ocean
Despite the masses that hate the notion
Bending every purpose toward warAnd the bombs start falling
Tight fists of rage hurled
Searching for sanity
In such a crazy world
And it's crazyI guess I thought when we got in our boats and sailed away
We wouldn't be here today, we left behind all that fighting
In a place where they're still debating feudal rights
And boundary lines and ancient agreementsBut I know that I'm only dreaming
Any day I could wake up screaming
Taking orders in a far away land
Marching 'round with a gun in my handAnd the bombs start falling
As the trigger fingers pull
Searching for sanity
In such a crazy world
And it's crazy
It's such a crazy world
It's crazyLittle boys go marching on for peace
Little boys go marching on for peace
Little boys go marching on for peace
Little boys go marching on for peace
Little boys go marching on for peace(Little boys go)
The bombs start falling
(Marching on for peace)
As the trigger fingers pull
Searching for sanity
In such a crazy world
And it's crazy
It's such a crazy world
Such a crazy world

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