

# War At Home

[Josh Groban](#)

Fallen brother, he's a, a fallen husband  
He's about to be woken in his hospital bed  
He doesn't wanna rest, he just wants to run  
And he's tired of being told he's the lucky one  
King crusader, she's a new born leader  
But you should see her when her daughter's on the phone  
And she wipes the tears away, and she laces up  
Because there's still hell to pay and it sure feels like hell today, today  
And she says, you see these hands  
They're bruised and brown, they're yours alone  
Hold on, now we're still going down  
Hold on, now we're still fighting at home, the war at home  
Innocence behind his broken expression  
He's a child of mercy, he's our unlearned lesson  
And he's trying to wake up from this wilderness his world is now become  
He's reaching out to those he's running from  
And he says, you see these hands  
They're bruised and brown, they're yours alone  
Hold on, now we're still going down  
Hold on, now we're still fighting at it's  
One step forward, two steps back  
This is all who're marching  
One step forward, two steps back  
This is young at heart  
One step forward, two steps back  
Through the void of the silence  
You are not alone  
You see these hands  
They're million strong, they are yours now  
Hold on, now we're all going down  
Hold on, now we're all fighting at home, the war at home

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