

# Lately

Martin Fuss

In the fog lights  
There was tear gas floating through the twilight  
And he wondered what life would be like  
With a giant screen TV, a fridge full of beer  
And a conscience that's clean  
See lately  
She'd been thinking about her little tiny baby  
And the boy who had gone to defend me  
She's a good friend of mine  
But I can't take the place of her man anytime  
And it won't be long till he's coming home  
You gotta bring your soldier home  
When all those stones have all been thrown  
Gotta give, get a chance to get a look at his kid  
And hope he can live with whatever he did  
Now meanwhile  
He was reading magazines on the front line  
He was trying not to think about her life  
And what he might have done  
'Cause it seemed like neither one of them  
Were having any fun  
See lately  
She'd been acting kinda crazy lately

Oh man, I thought she was gonna hate me  
'Cause I couldn't watch her little one  
I had so much to do, I was so high strung  
And it won't be long till daddy's home  
You gotta bring your soldier home  
When all those stones have all been thrown  
You gotta give, get a chance to get a look at his kid  
And hope he can live with whatever he did  
And lately, all the hate escapes me  
And lately all the hate just escapes me lately  
So he phoned her  
He said, "Darling, I've been feeling so alone here  
Am I making myself perfectly clear  
And I'm on my way back just a couple more missions  
And I start getting packed"

You gotta bring your soldier home  
When all those stones have all been thrown  
Gotta give, get a chance to get a look at his kid  
And hope he can live with whatever he did  
Lately I was wondering if she heard from him lately  
Oh, lately I was wondering if she heard from him lately

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