

War Dogs

Joe Purdy

Call the war dogs off.
Missing the point.
Nothing but pain outside.
Call all the war dogs off.
Lay in the back wont you,
Keep your head down.
Nothing but fire outside,
So keep your head down.
Build me a grave my boy
Your mother to lie.
Pick up your coat and run
Or we too will die.
A child is still growing strong
Changing your eyes, changing your soul,
Changing your name, changing your clothes,
Changing your dreams.
Papa where is the water?
Where is the food?
Where can we go from here?
What will we do?
We will drink from the puddles my boy,
And eat off the streets.
Hide till the war is won,
Or drown in the sea.

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