

Hey Ma

James

Now, the towers have fallen
So much dust in the air
It affected your vision
Couldn't see yourself clear
From the fall came such choices
Even worse than the fall
There's this chain of consequences
Within, without
Action, cause and reaction
Never follows to plan
Black swans on your picnic table
Knocking over the jam
Please don't preach me forgiveness
You're hardwired for revenge
War is just about business
Within, without
Hey ma, the boys in body bags
Coming home in pieces
Hey ma, the boys in body bags
Coming home in pieces
Hey ma, the boys in body bags
Coming home in pieces
War, war, war, war
The dead live on within us
Keep your fingers crossed
We were choking on the smoke and the dust
And the lives that were lost
Scratch the surface of liberals
There's a beast underneath
Others hiding their Jekyll's
Within, without
Hey ma, the boys in body bags
Coming home in pieces
Hey ma, the boys in body bags
Coming home in pieces
War, war, war, war
I can feel the daylight
I can feel the day lightning on me, lightning on me
I can feel the daylight
I can feel the day lightning on me, falling on me

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