

Communication Breakdown

[Craig Herbertson](#)

We shot him in the morning
The youngest kid in the war
Propaganda said deserter
The soldier boys werent sure
I had to phone somebody close to me
To talk these scenes from out of my head
When I got through to you
You had something to do
And you couldnt hear a word I said
In our communication breakdown
Somewhere on the line
Communication breakdown
I think Im going out of my mind
War declared on America
They say our boys are fighting back
Theres some talk around about a victory
But who gives a damn about that
Well steal a couple of guns
And shoot our way through the crowd
Sink a drink and fall in bed
And make beautiful love
Until the lights go out
And the radio goes dead
In the tallest tall building
Ill meet you when theyre gone
And well watch through broken windows
For the soldiers coming home
Dont tell them where youre going
The corpses on the street
They wont listen to your stories
But theyll see when I fall at your feet

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