Lately

Joya

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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