

Casualties

The Casualties

Rat-a-tat-tat on the window
Of a casualty dawn
The wind's tapping out a message for us
A message I already know
The wind's picking up as our words become
The litter of the night before
Words that seem so empty now
Blowing round the room, getting twisted and torn
Everybody's in their own world
Everybody's staring at the floor
No one wanna see the sign in the sky
Says people don't talk anymore
I don't wanna stay here
But I don't think I can go
I don't wanna stay here
But I really don't think I can go
It must have been some evil one
It must have been a twisted joke
Whoever it was round here
Turned on that radio
My God, it's a sick world
Out there on the radio
Any way you look at it, man
We're on our way out at the end of it all
I gotta say, it's a sick world
In here it's a human disgrace
Are you saying if we can get some
We're gonna make it to the moon?
But I don't wanna go there
But I don't wanna stay
No, I don't wanna stay here
But I really don't think I can go
No, I really think I can go
No, I really think I can go
Oh no, oh no, nowhere to go, oh no
'Cause we're all going down together, together
Yeah, we're all going down together, forever
Yeah, we're all going down forever, forever
Yeah, we're all going down forever, together
Forever, together, together, forever
Going down, down, down
Going down

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