

# War At Home

Josh Groban

A fallen brother,  
He's a  
A fallen husband,  
He's about to be woken in his hospital bed  
Doesn't want to rest  
Just wants to run  
And he's tired of being told that he's the lucky one  
A caped crusader,  
She's a  
Newborn leader, but  
You should see her when her daughter's on the phone  
And she wipes the tears away  
And she laces up because there's still hell to pay  
And it sure feels like hell today  
Today  
And she says,  
You see these hands?  
They're bruised and brown  
They're yours alone  
Hold on love  
We're still going down  
Hold on love  
We're still fighting at home  
The war at home  
Innocence behind his broken expression  
He's a child of mercy  
He's an unlearned lesson  
And he's trying to wake up  
From this wilderness his world has now become  
He's reaching out to those he's running from  
And he says  
You see these hands?  
They're bruised and brown  
They're yours alone  
Hold on now  
We're still going down  
Hold on now  
We're still fighting  
And it's

One step forward, two steps back  
This is all who are marching  
One step forward, two steps back  
This is young at home  
One step forward, two steps back  
Through the void of the silence  
You are not alone  
You see these hands?  
They're millions strong  
They are yours now  
Hold on now  
We're all going down  
Hold on now  
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