

# Radio War

## Our Endless Numbered Days

Did the wine make her dream  
Of the far distant spring  
Or a bed full of hens  
Or the ghost of a friend All the while that she wept  
She had a gun by her bed  
And a letter he wrote  
From a dry, foundered boat And the train track will take  
All the wounded ones home  
And I'll be alone  
Fare thee well Sara Jones Now we lie on the floor  
While the radio war  
Finds its way through the air  
Of the dead market square And the beast never seen  
Licks its red talons clean  
Sara curses the cold  
"No more snow, no more snow, no more snow"

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