

## David Byrne

### "Life During Wartime"

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Heard of a van that is loaded with weapons  
Packed up and ready to go  
Heard of some grave sites out by the highway  
A place where nobody knows  
The sound of gunfire off in the distance  
I'm getting used to it now  
Lived in a brownstone, I lived in the ghetto  
I've lived all over this town

This ain't no party, this ain't no disco  
This ain't no fooling around  
No time for dancing, or lovey dovey  
I ain't got time for that now

Transmit the message to the receiver  
Hope for an answer some day  
I got three passports, couple of visas  
Don't even know my real name  
High on a hillside trucks are loading  
Everything's ready to roll  
I sleep in the daytime, I work in the nighttime  
I might not ever get home

This ain't no party, this ain't no disco  
This ain't no fooling around  
This ain't no mudd club, or C.B.G.B.  
I ain't got time for that now

This ain't no party, this ain't no disco  
This ain't no fooling around  
No time for dancing, or lovey dovey  
I ain't got time for that now

Heard about houston? heard about detroit?  
Heard about pittsburgh, PA?  
You oughta know not to stand by the window  
Somebody might see you up there  
I got some groceries, some peanut butter  
To last a couple of days  
But I ain't got no speakers, ain't got no headphones  
Ain't got no records to play

Why stay in college? why go to night school?  
Gonna be different this time?  
Can't write a letter, can't send a postcard  
I can't write nothing at all  
This ain't no party, this ain't no disco  
This ain't no fooling around  
I'd love you hold you, I'd like to kiss you  
I ain't got no time for that now

Trouble in transit, got through the roadblock  
We blended in with the crowd  
We got computers, we're tapping phone lines  
I know that ain't allowed  
We dress like students, we dress like housewives  
Or in a suit and a tie  
I changed my hairstyle so many times now  
Don't know what I look like  
You make me shiver, I feel so tender  
We make a pretty good team  
Don't get exhausted, I'll do some driving  
You ought to get you some sleep  
Burned all my notebooks, what good are notebooks?  
They won't help me survive  
My chest is aching, burns like a furnace  
The burning keeps me alive

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