

John Vanderslice **"I Miss The War"**

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I wish the war was on,
I know this sounds strange to you.
I miss the war-time life,
anything could happen then:
around a corner, behind a door.

I miss the canon fire,
I miss the air strikes at night.
Down on the basement floor,
we held each other tight,
it rained plaster, it rained glass,
we held on for our life.

I wish the war was on,
I know this sounds strange to you.
My poor crippled con,
my sad one-legged Jew,

I see what it's done to you.

I wish the war was on,
we really worked together then.
Do you remember when
you held the horse, I slit his throat,
the blood ran, melting the snow?
When the meat was carved
the children screamed
and the women cheered.

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