

Juliana Hatfield

"The End Of The War"

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I'm on my way
When winter comes
I'll be okay again
So quiet here

And no more tears
Just bloody memories
I survived the famous fall
Our injuries explain it all

Empty shells on the beach like poems
Cowards lie down in the tall grass
Waiting for the battles to pass
They'll do anything to save themselves

You sent someone to fight for you
But no one fought for me
I advanced into the fray
To kill the sorrow and the pain

I was tired and so hungry
At the end of the story
Now I'm building strength
I paid such a price to be free

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