

Martina McBride

"The Uncivil War"

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There's a silence on the front lines
You can cut it with a knife
You can stay and take your chances
Or you can run to save your life
And one side is retreating
And the other's runnin' scared
And the drums of war are beating
Ever through it's undeclared

And both sides say they're winning
And both sides know they're losing
And neither one knows what they're fighting for
And in the quiet little places
You can see the little faces
Huddled right outside the bedroom door
Praying for an end to this uncivil war

Papa needs a new job
So he's swallowing his pride
Oh but it don't go down easy

And it eats him up inside
And mama, she don't notice
Little sister's ragged dress
Lately she don't notice
Much of anything I guess

They're just fightin' off the hunger
Tryin' to keep from goin' under
But the wolves just keep on gatherin' 'round the door
There's no place to run for cover
So they're turning on each other
'Cause there really ain't no winners anymore
Just victims in this uncivil war

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