

Modern Life Is War

"John And Jimmy"

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The neighbor boy is home from the war.
His father's pride...
It spills across the factory floor.
And Jimmy, in the paper, I saw you...
Holding that gun
And I read the interview about the 234
And the blood in the sand of an oil rich land.
While I was back home safe and clean.
John and Jimmy...
Say a prayer for us...
The passive sinners.
I bite my tongue.
I shake your hand.
Yeah, I'm still playing in that stupid band.
'Cause we all do what we gotta do, boys.

We're all doing whatever we can.

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