

Craig Herbertson

"Communication Breakdown"

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We shot him in the morning
The youngest kid in the war
Propaganda said deserter
The soldier boys weren't sure
I had to phone somebody close to me
To talk these scenes from out of my head
When I got through to you
You had something to do
And you couldn't hear a word I said

In our communication breakdown
Somewhere on the line
Communication breakdown
I think I'm going out of my mind

War declared on America
They say our boys are fighting back
There's some talk around about a victory
But who gives a damn about that
We'll steal a couple of guns
And shoot our way through the crowd
Sink a drink and fall in bed
And make beautiful love
Until the lights go out
And the radio goes dead

In the tallest tall building
I'll meet you when they're gone
And we'll watch through broken windows
For the soldiers coming home
Don't tell them where you're going
The corpses on the street
They won't listen to your stories
But they'll see when I fall at your feet

In our communication breakdown
Somewhere on the line
Communication breakdown
Somewhere on the line
I think I'm going out of my mind
Because the soldiers ain't coming home
Because nobody's coming home

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