

## War Of Words "Not Today"

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And as I walk about this cold desolate waste  
I just pray for my return to open arms and to a friendly  
place  
But this is not the time and I can't see her pretty face  
Cos I signed that dotted line and threw it all away

And as I run afraid there's nothing I can do  
I just pray for my return as she prays on someone new  
As I lie alone forgotten faceless nothing more to prove  
There's another lined up in my place the next one to be  
used

I made it home and didn't find that friendly place  
This blood that's on my hands I can't wash it away

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