

## Craig Finn

### "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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