

## **Airborne Toxic Event, The "The Winning Side"**

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Well I made some mistakes  
At least privately it takes  
And here's another one  
And I said "it would be okay"  
"But that's a lie, man"  
I mean..  
"Hey, we're all dying.. young!!"  
Now it's all reality.. but it's more like a terrifying dream  
And I'm serious!!  
It's either whiskey, or a bong, or a car crash, or a bomb  
I'm serious!!  
It's the only thing I think  
When I wake up in my bed  
With my stomach churns, as these pages turn  
Is the world burnin'  
Or is it only.. in my head??

On a screen on a tv  
On a scene in front of me  
With all the white woods n the static  
And the static n the screams  
This is war, this is death, this is really very bad  
On the winning side, the winning side,  
The winning side, the winning side

And I'm sick of the train  
Over Brooklyn in the rain  
All by myself  
When it finally occurs to me..  
That all these people wanna be  
Just some where.. else  
Like every day is just the last bit  
To argue with your boss over a coffee break  
Well it seems to me, I mean, want more dignity  
Or I'm going to.. break  
Because the only thing I think  
When he walks out on the street  
He says, the sky falls  
And you're duty calls man,  
It takes some balls to be  
So I'll see..

On a screen on a tv  
On a scene in front of me  
With all the white woods n the static  
And the static n the screams  
This is war, this in death. this is really very bad  
On the winning side, the winning side  
The winning side, the winning side  
The right side, the right side  
Oh the shit you watch  
When your parents cry  
And it all falls away so quietly  
When you wake up to reality..

A Reality??  
What's reality?? What's reality?? What's reality??  
YOU DON'T FUCKING BREAK!!

Well I got a brother in Iraq  
I got no way to get him back  
Like all those people in the sands,  
Buried in Afghanastan  
I got a child in a crib  
I got a father in a bed  
I got no pills  
I got no skittles  
I know I do what I did  
I just wonder every second  
As they wheel the bastards by  
Are we living??  
Are we dreaming??  
Are we winning??  
Were we dying..  
In a cloud of dust  
In a mushroom burst  
In a series of deaths  
As the agents burst??  
Or all alone in a hospital bed??  
Wondering what we might of done instead??

With a lifetime..  
A lifetime, a lifetime, a lifetime  
A lifetime, a lifetime, a lifetime  
A lifetime, a lifetime, a lifetime  
With a good attitude..  
Yeah, we did our job  
But can you tell me,  
Exactly what was our job??  
Well I'm still stuck  
With this body of mine  
Well were you inside,

when a militant died??  
I hope you choke..  
I.. Own.. Your Life!!

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