

Bronze Nazareth

"Childhood War"

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[sample] That's a nice guy Now that's a beautiful doll,
look at that [Bronze Nazareth] Yo, back in '88, I was
nine or maybe eight Staring at a china plate, dad said I
bought it if it breaks Wait, we not a wanting grapes,
church drapes stare back at me In Gun Rule, more than
one tool in pop's cabinet He had a rifle, 357 and twenty
two Tender age of 'i don't know', he taught me how to
shoot Mosquito's bite, my trigger finger told me to
spark it I'm thinking all the time, how humans used to
be his target From hot jungle, a little different from my
forest So mind your business, all relatives can hit the
florist Now I love fatigues ever since I remember
Played war with fake guns, even in cold December Shot
time, borrow in the back of the house, he fell out
Dusted off this gun like I was cleaning the house Every
game we played I was the last one slayed I got in the
dirt with a clean shirt, tossing my grenades War was so
easy, gats easily be my best friend We had mad lives,
and never really would end Moms scared cuz I used to
come home with purple hearts Loved to break shit,
never used a board when throwing darts Booby trap
garage, so neighbors can step on glass My pops all got
the windows smiling like nerve gas I'm eleven years old
and my wargame is too smart Like I'mma hit the streets
with a passion that sparks Burnt the fort down with
cousins like Vietkong was in it Used to stare at dad's
picture with M-16 guns in it Wished it was me, with a
itchy trigger finger So ya'll better buy my album, or my
syndrome might still linger Cuz if I didn't have music,
I'd still these hammers Shove it in your gums, empty
clips like the cannisters A robbing armored truck, burnt
his clip, merge Cuz it's forty hours a week, bullshit is
for the birds

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