

## **Cranberries, The "War Child"**

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Who has saved the war child baby?  
Who controls the key?  
The web we weave is thick and sorted  
Fine by me  
At times of war we're all the losers  
There's no victory  
We shoot to kill and kill your lover  
Fine by me  
War child, victim of political pride  
Plant the seed, territorial greed  
Mind the war child, we should mind the war child  
I spent last winter in New York and came upon a man  
He was sleeping on the streets and homeless  
He said "I fought in Vietnam"  
Beneath his shirt he wore the mark, he bore the mark  
of pride  
A two-inch-deep incision, carved into his side  
War child, victim of political pride  
Plant the seed, territorial greed  
Mind the war child, you should mind the war child  
Who's the loser now? Hey  
Who's the loser now?  
Where are the losers now?  
Where are the losers now?  
War child  
War child

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