

# Blondie, Warchild

I need city lights defense and weaponry  
No way of knowing my life expectancy  
I learn resistance like I learn to see  
A living witness  
A lonely refugee  
I'm a war child  
I'm a war baby and that's the difference between you and me  
I'm a war child  
My occupation is being occupied

I stop at the corner to be identified  
Across the border they pretend victory  
I'm playing in the rubble and dream of destiny  
You weren't discovered by Khmer Rouge  
We hear of "the troubles" on the nightly news  
PLO lovers courting after the curfew  
Your father and brother have the West Bank blues