

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