

# Cold Chisel, When The War Is Over

Ain't nobody gonna steal this heart away  
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When the war is over  
Got to get away  
Pack my bag to no place  
In no time no day  
You and I we used each other's shoulder  
Still so young but somehow so much older  
How can I go home and not get  
Blown away

You and I had our sights set  
On something  
Hope this doesn't mean our days are numbered  
I got plans for more than a wanted man  
All around this chaos and madness  
Can't help feeling nothing more than sadness  
Only choice to face it the best I can

When the war is over  
Got to start again  
Try to hold a trace of what it was  
Back then  
You and I we sent each other stories  
Just a page I'm lost in all its glory  
How can I go home and not get blown away

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