

# Jackson Browne, Lives In The Balance

I've been waiting for something to happen  
For a week or a month or a year  
With the blood in the ink of the headlines  
And the sound of the crowd in my ear  
You might ask what it takes to remember  
When you know that you've seen it before  
Where a government lies to a people  
And a country is drifting to war

And there's a shadow on the faces  
Of the men who send the guns  
To the wars that are fought in places  
Where their business interest runs

On the radio talk shows and the T.V.  
You hear one thing again and again  
How the U.S.A. stands for freedom  
And we come to the aid of a friend  
But who are the ones that we call our friends--  
These governments killing their own?  
Or the people who finally can't take any more  
And they pick up a gun or a brick or a stone  
There are lives in the balance  
There are people under fire  
There are children at the cannons  
And there is blood on the wire

There's a shadow on the faces  
Of the men who fan the flames  
Of the wars that are fought in places  
Where we can't even say the names

They sell us the President the same way  
They sell us our clothes and our cars  
They sell us every thing from youth to religion  
The same time they sell us our wars  
I want to know who the men in the shadows are  
I want to hear somebody asking them why  
They can be counted on to tell us who our enemies are  
But they're never the ones to fight or to die  
And there are lives in the balance  
There are people under fire  
There are children at the cannons  
And there is blood on the wire