

Modern Life Is War, John And Jimmy

The neighbor's boy is home from the war
His father's pride, it spills
Across the factory floor

And Jimmy, in the paper, I saw you
Holding that gun
And I read the interview
About the two thirty-four
And the blood in the sand, of an oil rich land.
While I was back home safe and clean

John and Jimmy
Say a prayer for us
The passive sinners
I bite my tongue
I shake your hand
Yeah, I'm still playing in that stupid band
'Cause we all do what we gotta do, boys

We're all doing whatever we can!