

Queensryche, Man Down!

Hey, I'm okay.
Another day, another nightmare begins.
And the sound that I hear
is the relentless firing in my head.
Shifting gear in the driver's seat as
the finger of g'd signals me
and this concrete bloodline carries me.
Never thought I'd bring the war back home.
I'm a number; I'm a casualty of war
for a cause I never had the chance,
didn't understand the score.
They told me that I'd be okay,
assume civilian life, live day to day.
But when I think about it my hands still shake,
and I know what I am...
Man Down!
I'm in overdrive, barely alive!
As long as I keep moving, I'm all right.
Was that a muzzle flash from my past
or just my mind misfiring?
With one eye in mirror I see
the 'Cavalry of g'd' coming up on me.
Bumper to bumper, traveling fast,
waving Satan over...
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for a cause I never had the chance,
never understood the score.
They told me that I'd be okay,
assume civilian life, live day to day.
But when I think about it my hands still shake,
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Man Down!