

The Cranberries, War Child

Who will save the war child baby
Who controls the keys
The web we weave is thick and sordid
Fine by me

At times of war
We're all the losers
There's no victory
We'll shoot to kill, and kill your lover
Fine by me

War Child
Victim of political pride
Plant the seed, territorial greed
Mind, the war child.
We should mind, the war child

I spent last winter in New York
And came upon a man
He was sleeping on the streets and homeless
He said, "I fought in Vietnam";

Beneath his shirt he wore the mark
He bore the mark of pride
A two-inch deep incision carved
Into his side

War Child!
Victim of political pride
Plant the seed, territorial Greed
Mind, the war child
We should mind, the war child

Who's the loser now
Who's the loser now
We're all the losers now
We're all the losers now

War child, war child