

# Ben Green, Names On A Wall

Oh, it's a cold, cold stone wall, one hand  
One face against the wall  
I watch the people and they're  
Each weighing their private losses  
And the cold sweet morning air  
Surrounds a crop of blank white crosses  
I'm reading, I'm not believing  
They're all just names on a wall  
They were once living hey were  
Once breathing now  
They're all just names  
Names on a wall  
Oh, I press my ear against the wall  
I hear a helicopter, a bomb explode  
I hear the echoes of a thousand souls  
And then one young face  
He says to me, please remember me  
I want to set him free but all I see are  
Blank white crosses stretched out to infinity  
Hey Johnny  
Can you hear your momma call?  
Hey Johnny  
She leaves the light on in the hall  
Hey Johnny  
Can you hear your momma call?  
Hey Johnny  
She leaves the light on in the hall