

Blondie, War Child (Extended Version)

I need city lights, defense, and weaponry.
No way of knowing my life expectancy.
I learn resistance like I learn to see.
A living witness.
A lonely refugee.
I'm a war child.
I'm a war baby, and that's the difference between you and me.
I'm a war child.
My occupation is being occupied.
I stop at the corner to be identified.
Across the border they pretend victory.
I'm playing in the rubble and dream of destiny.
You weren't discovered by Khmer Rouge.
We hear of "the troubles" on the nightly news.
PLO lovers courting after the curfew.
Your father and brother have the West Bank blues.