

# Craig's Brother, Glory

And I wonder how Franklin felt in '42  
The war's still new, but I tired of fighting  
Bloody boys sobbing fears all somehow died brave men  
Exalted then, so wrong yet somehow inviting.  
Like a dream moving in slow motion  
The smell of death spreads across the ocean  
Despite the masses that hate the notion  
Bending every purpose toward war

And the bombs start falling,  
tight fists of rage hurled  
Searching for sanity in such a crazy world  
I guess I thought when we got in our boats and sailed away  
We wouldn't be here today;  
we left behind all that fighting  
In a place where they're still debating feudal rights  
And boundary lines, and ancient agreements  
But I know that I only dreaming  
Any day I could wake up screaming  
Taking orders in a far away land  
Marching round with a gun in my hand

And the bombs start falling,  
as the trigger fingers pull  
Searching for sanity in such a crazy world

Little boys go marching on for peace . . .