

Dolores O'Riordan, 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.
Whose the loser now, eh?
Whose the loser now, eh?
We're all the losers now!
We're all the losers now!
War Child, War Child