

# George Morgan, Enemy

The work day's done it's time to go home  
It's time to make decisions I must make alone  
For there's a battlefield between my home and me  
And I must pass directly by the enemy

There's flashing lights straight ahead  
The neon signs of the barrooms turn the sky blood red  
I search for strenght inside of me  
I'm passing through the homeland of the enemy

Like a dreaming man I'm in an open door  
Then all the faded faces remind me I'm at war  
I turn to leave and tremble when I see  
The waiting patient eyes of the enemy

Their eyes shine brike they strike me blind  
It's too late to run away surrenders on my mind  
There's tears at home by now she's missin' me  
She'll know I'm in the arms of the enemy