

Martina McBride, This Uncivil War

This Uncivil War

(Gretchen Peters)

There's a silence on the front lines
You can cut it with a knife
You can stay and take your changes
Or you can run to save your life
And one side is retreating
And the other's runnin scared
And the drums of war are beating
Even through its undeclared
And both sides say they're winning
And both sides know they're losing
And neither one knows what they're fighting for
And in the quiet little places
You can see the little faces
Huddled right outside the bedroom door
Praying for an end to this uncivil war
Papa needs a new job
So he's swallowing his pride
Oh, but it don't go down easy
And it eats him up inside
And mama, she don't notice
Little sister's ragged dress
Lately she don't notice
Much of anything
I guess
They're just fightin off the hunger
Tryin to keep from goin under
But the wolves just keep on
Gatherin' round the door
There's no place to run for cover
So they're turning on each other
Cause there really ain't no winners anymore
Just victims of this uncivil war
There's a silence on the front lines
You can cut it with a knife
You can stay and take your chances
Or you can run to save your life