

Os Paralamas Do Sucesso, Life During Wartime

Heard of a van that is loaded with weapons
Packed up and ready to go
Heard of some gravesites, out by the highway
A place where nobody knows
The sound of gunfire, off in the distance
I'm getting used to it now
Lived in Brownstone, lived in the Ghetto
I've lived all over this town

This ain't no party, this ain't no disco
This ain't no fooling around
No time for dancing, or lovey dovey
I ain't got time for that now

Transmit the message to the receiver
Hope for an answer someday
I got three passports, a couple of visas
You don't even know my real name
High on a hillside the trucks are loading
Everything's ready to roll
Sleep in the daytime, work in nighttime
I might not ever get home

This ain't no party, this ain't no dico, this ain't no fooling
around
This ain't the Mudd Club, or CBGB
I ain't got time for tha now

Heard about Houston?
Heard about Detroit?
Heard about Pittsburgh, P.A.?
You've got to learn not to stand by the window
Somebody see you up there
I've go some groveries
Some peanut butter
To last couple of days
But I ain't got no speakers
Ain't got no headphones
Ain't got no records to play

Why go to college, to highscool?

It will be different this time

Can't write a letter, can't send a postcard
I can write nothing at all
This ain't no party, this ain't no disco

This ain't no fooling around
I'd like to kiss you, I'd love to fuck you
I ain't got time for that now.