

Second Coming, The War

I was enlisted at the age of twelve
Back then, it seemed
I was cheated
There was a thousand miles between us
And I can't see a damn thing

Takin' a ride
I'm off to the (war)
They all knew I wasn't
Coming home
My ticket's burned
I don't know why
Unlucky am I

The end was coming
My patience running out
There was no hope to speak of
Inside

I was down to pennies
If there was anyway
To sell my soul
I surely have tried

But now I'm back with
A fist full of words
Layin' down some blues
That you ain't never heard
Life is just groovy
And it tastes like it should
I got me a hawg
And a place in the woods
Lungs full of herb
And it's all good!

Takin' a ride
I'm back from the war
Think it's time they all
Knew I was home
My ticket's good
I'll tell you why
How lucky am I!

If home is where it's at
Do I get another chance?
This time around
I said if home is where it's at
Do I get another chance?

I'll bring you a
Taste of war
How lucky am I!
My ticket's good
I'll tell you why
How lucky am I?

Or so I pretend