

# 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