

Sense Field, War Of The Worlds

Tomorrow they ship me out
We know things were bloody over there
You spent those nights alone not knowing if I was dead
I knew we'd be together again,
this is not the end of the world

The war of the worlds, the war is over, call me crazy
We could love each other again
The war of the worlds, the war is over, maybe baby
We'll start to love each other again

So baby they're pulling us out
You know, I've seen some pretty ugly things
Then the fight stopped, the guns dropped at the last shot
Till we count down New Years in Times Square
New York Times read it's not the end of the world

The war of the worlds, the war is over, call me crazy
We could love each other again
The war of the worlds, the war is over, maybe baby
We'll start to love each other again

Tonight they're flying us in,
and it's a countdown to the year two thousand
Armageddon, hell or heaven,
more champagne then you can ever imagine, yeah

The war of the worlds, the war is over, call me crazy
We could love each other again
The war of the worlds, the war is over, maybe baby
We'll start to love each other again

Fight stopped, guns dropped, last shot