

Thursday, War All The Time

Standing on the edge of the Palisades' Cliffs
In the shadow of the skyline very far away
Like a lightning rod that couldn't pull the storm from me
I was 5 years old, my best friend's older brother died
He fell from these cliffs
The river washed him away, the current pulled him downstream
And our lives float in the headlines, so we park these cars
Parents garage
Listen to the lullaby
Of carbon monoxide

War all of the time
In the shadow of the New York skyline
We grew up too fast, falling apart
Like the ashes of American flags
If the sun doesn't rise
We'll replace it with an H-bomb explosion
A painted jail cell of light in the sky
Like three-mile-island nightmares on TVs that sing us to sleep
They burn on and on like an oil field
Or a memory of what it felt like
To burn on and on and not just fade away
All those nights in the basement, the kids are still screaming
On and on and on and on

War all of the time
In the shadow of the New York skyline
We grew up too fast, falling apart
Like the ashes of American flags
And were blowing in the wind
We don't know where to land
So we kiss like little kids
We used to be very tall buildings
We've been falling for so long
Now your eyes are a sign on the edge of town
They offer a welcome when you are leaving

War all of the time
In the shadow of the New York skyline
We grew up too fast, falling apart
Like the ashes of American flags
The pieces fall its like a last day parade
And the fires in our streets start to rage,
So wave to those people who long to wave back
from the fabric of a flag that sang "love all of the time"

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