

# 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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