

The Home Front

Drive-By Truckers

The hours creep across the face
As she paces across the floor
She can't even get to sleep since Tony went to war
She feels bitchslapped and abandoned
By a world she thought she knew
Cold beyond comprehension as their little girl turns two

Now they're saying on the flat screen
They ain't found a reason yet
We're all bogged down in a quagmire
And there ain't no end to it
No Nine Eleven or Uranium to pin the bullshit on
She's left standing on the home front
The two of them alone