

Land of My Formers

Future of the Left

Not much of an incident:
A couple of fists in the gut for my troubles.
Nothing to write home about:
A couple of drinks and a break for the border.

When in Rome, remember home is always here for you.

Not much of a tragedy:
They only get under your skin if you let them.
No need to say anything:
A couple of years in the dark and you'll thank her.

When in Rome, remember home is always here for you.

Step by step by mis-step,
Step by step by mis-step,
Land of my formers, land of my fellow combatants.
Land of my formers, land of my fellow combatants.