

I Miss The War

John Vanderslice

I wish the war was on,
I know this sounds strange to you.
I miss the war-time life,
Anything could happen then:
Around a corner, behind a door.

I miss the canon fire,
I miss the air strikes at night.
Down on the basement floor,
We held each other tight,
It rained plaster, it rained glass,
We held on for our life.

I wish the war was on,
I know this sounds strange to you.
My poor crippled con,
My sad one-legged Jew,
I see what it's done to you.

I wish the war was on,
We really worked together then.
Do you remember when
You held the horse, I slit his throat,
The blood ran, melting the snow?
When the meat was carved
The children screamed
And the women cheered.