

One man sits with his head hung low
Nowhere to run, got no place to go
There was a time when his town held homes
Now it's trash and broken homes

Every day, haulin' off the dead
So many scenes flashin' through his head
A little kid had to ask me "why"
Should I laugh? Maybe I'll just cry

So many folks tune in the living hell
They wanna know where the bombs just fell
Your TV screens show them crashing down
Can you see the lights? Can you hear the sound?

Guess the times have got the best of me
What the hell is this supposed to prove
they don't want to feel this misery
Hear 'em screaming and they dare not move
Guess the times have got the best of me
Has there got to be a single bullet
Put it right up to my head
Half a chance you know that I would use it

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they don't want to feel this misery
Hear 'em screaming and they dare not move
Guess the times have got the best of me
Has there got to be a single bullet
They don't want to feel this misery

Remember yesterday, oh yesterday

One man sits with his cigarettes
Drinks his gin like his own regrets