

## Call To War

### The Lone Bellow

Tables prepared in streets of gold  
You've bared your tears from starry stone  
The stage is set so we can fly  
But suns will set and hearts are wild

'Til the southern wind puts me 6 feet down  
My feet won't rest 'til my love is found

Remember when the mountains fell  
Like pennies down a wishing well?  
Wish another day would come  
When I would watch 'em far from home

'Til the southern wind puts me 6 feet down  
My feet will march on holy ground

Our laborin' may end in pain  
While we walk the fields of the same  
When called to war from trumpets tall  
Love will see the army's fall  
When called to war from trumpets tall  
Love will see the army's fall