

# The Road is Lost

The Whitlams

Can you picture a little boy, dragging wood down the  
lane?  
Grandma waiting for him brother, playing outside in the  
rain

Wishing it all to end  
enraged by the slaughtering  
thoughts explode like my heads a grenade and I drew  
the pin  
talking to men with one choice to run off or defend  
must punish the win, gotta let that gun off for ya kin  
the only laws is 'no laws at all' once it begins  
from the smell of blood violence is absorbed into their  
skin  
and the thoughts of kids caught up should torture  
people to death  
now freedoms with them see if them orphans see any  
sense

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Each day we hear the score, before not after shots of  
war  
And the road to him is love, but the love is never more

Not all true pictures of war are drawn in the news  
so we painted a little more like George Gittoes do  
jaded because we didn't hear them calls coming through  
how we'd savor our days if we had to walk in them shoes  
countries can't build without support for the youth  
they lost when their most important resources abused  
forming our views, and not picking up on the clues  
inner-city blues stop many from listening to the clues  
voices on mute, so we whisper this to you  
no time for school, many children be enlisted to be  
troops  
and we walk , thinking that the system got us screwed  
like we taught , just to keep a short distance from the  
truth  
when scores...are born only to be drifting to a noose  
where they gone well say , lord forgive we never knew  
gotta question why many, got there scriptures  
misconstrued  
and why spending on weapons and not assistance is the  
rule,

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We're caught up in the pictures that they have shown us

and not the millions of innocents that been blown up  
cold hearts disconnecting us from our own blood  
for their objectives its best that they blindfold us

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