

War Song Soldier

Gerry Cinnamon

I can start me a war
Be a war song soldier
I can stand on my head
I can walk on water
Haven't even begun
If you wanna talk evil
Now my mouth is a gun
Ima let my words rain down
Like flames on cardboard
Gangster fools who
Wave their tools in
Pictures on their wall

I could write a song and pretend it's worth my time
Shake guitars, through smoke-rings framed by candlelight
Memories so perfect liquid fills your eyes
Written down on paper and burned inside my mind

La-la-la-la-la-ha-hah
Oh-oh-oh-ohhh
La-la-la-la-la-ha-hah

Every night we hide
Between my dreams and rhymes
Risk it all to taste your fever one more time
Cut my heart and leave you enough to kill your pain
Proof enough that love must always be in vain

La-la-la-la-la-ha-hah
Oh-oh-oh-ohhh
La-la-la-la-la-ha-hah