

## All The Wars

Aloha

You're alive thanks to a strange chain of events  
that started with the death of Elvis and yes,  
all the wars and their warriors wanted a piece  
of you in your living room.

I'm alive after a time of riots and rides  
that ended with the smack of gates into their clasps  
All the dates they throw at you we're somebody  
else's stab at you lineage

We're alive thanks to a light shone in the night  
that found an airship in its sights  
In the crossfire your grandfather cried to your mother  
All the bombs that avoided you had somebody else's name  
drawn on the chalkboard in haste  
It was a clerical mistake

When you first saw it you were in a stroller,  
flailing your arms at the dogs and the bees  
They could have bit you but you looked so happy  
They could have snapped but they showed you mercy  
And come to think of it, I never once heard "No."  
From the day you were called you've been walking through walls  
Shot through a canon, you've landed in a flowerbed  
Guarded by invisible friends  
Guarded and invisible