When the War Is Over

Cold Chisel

Ain't nobody gonna steal this heart away Ain't nobody gonna steal this heart away When the war is over Got to get away Pack my bag to no place In no time no day You and I we used each other's shoulder Still so young but somehow so much older How can I go home and not get Blown away You and I had our sights set On something Hope this doesn't mean our days are numbered I got plans for more than a wanted man All around this chaos and madness Can't help feeling nothing more than sadness Only choice to face it the best I can When the war is over Got to start again Try to hold a trace of what it was Back then You and I we sent each other stories Just a page I'm lost in all its glory How can I go home and not get blown away Ain't nobody gonna steal this heart away

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