

Oh mother
I am so afraid
I only started walking
Just yesterday
But now I've joined the cavalry
And my head's been shaved
And I cry like your baby
But I'm trying not to break

In the art of war
Is there something more?
Am I alone?
I never know
What I'm looking for
Something more

Sometimes I wonder
If I were a bird
Would I be so serious
If my feet could leave the dirt?
'Cause down here I fear I've become
Far too concerned
With everything I'm given
Nothing that I've earned

In the art of war
Is there something more?
Am I alone?
I never know
What I'm looking for
Something more

Dear mother, I'm tired
I feel I'm over my head
I'm haunted, I'm wired
I only wanted yesterday
Next time I'm not trying
This time I feel no pain
I'm haunted, I'm wired
Dear mother, I'm tired