

## Journey After (War Fatigues)

Flobots

These songs won't write them selves and its going no where..  
These words I seen them some where  
This path I walk by daylight  
This bending corner is upon us don't know what to say by  
May I may I take you forward?  
I'm who you've always wanted  
You don't know the order  
Numbers I can make them plummet  
I'm already at the summit  
I already speak your language  
You save yourself from anguish  
I make myself a sandwich  
I see the trickle of a brook over a fallen body  
He wears the thistle we mistook him assault and robbery  
So when they halt the bombing  
Come meet me at the clearing  
As results are coming we can see if practice matches theory  
And then assess our losses and then we learn our lessons  
Then we count the tragedies and triumphs and traumatic stressing

Get back - Get back - Back  
Get back - Get back - Back  
Get back - Get back - Back  
Get back - Get back - Back

Cause these songs won't write them selves' and its going no where  
When it's all worn off where do ya go  
These songs don't write them selves' and it's going no where  
When it's all worn off where do ya go  
When it's all worn off where do ya go (When its all worn)  
When it's all worn off where do ya go (worn off)  
(When its all worn off)  
When it's all worn off where do ya go  
When its all worn off when its all worn (off)  
When it's all worn off where do ya go  
Where do ya go where do ya go

In the shadowed expanse between the distance of our hopes  
I span from here to now with gossamer ropes  
A broken bridge the only edge shakes with every passing step  
We cannot repair all the things we have not kept  
I've not wept enough in recent years to keep my eyes from drying up  
I've slept enough in recent days to keep the flags of my dreams flying  
The echoes of my empty heart are the closest things I have to screams  
Fire at end and beginning so I fall to in-between  
I wrought a treatise on busted guitar strings  
Choked on cholesterol sentiments from aorta to arteries  
With better aim then Artemis, gave key stone to arch enemies  
Who swum in our midst like clown fish with sea anemones  
Among death knells and threnodies and sex sells extremities  
And health plans that promise better living through chemistry  
I lost my identity, tossed to anonymity it's my apocalypse now  
I'm saying now serenity

We didn't start the fire but provide the kindling  
(When it's all worn off where do ya go)  
We didn't start the fire but provided the kindling

(When it's all worn off where do ya go)

When it's all worn off where do ya go  
When it's all worn off where do ya go  
When it's all worn off where do ya go  
When it's all worn off where do ya go (where do you go-oo)  
When it's all worn off where do ya go(off)  
When it's all worn off where do ya go

Meet me at the clearing  
Meet me at the space  
Now that the ons and offs of the bombs have stopped  
Upon this common spot our common thoughts calm us  
Costs promises lost comments draw us closer  
Yes sir no sir pressures over  
Open mouths for closure  
Cry for how I lacked compassion  
Emotion  
How I cast the net  
The ocean  
How I grasped your neck  
The motion  
You grasped for breath  
I half confessed this

Friendship shell shocked  
Made at the guillotine  
My sis  
My oath  
Made at the crossroads  
My trick is forgiveness  
Yours isn't  
Impossible  
Fugue state I'm no philistine  
You yelled stop I didn't hear you  
Lovers leap from the mezzanine  
Through hell hot on the path of gasoline  
Know Christ know cross road block  
Slick ice cold stop slow cries crowed  
I denied you thrice I denied you that isn't right  
Tried to cheat the game but had to decide  
Played your turn ran out of your life  
Boss codes at the crossroads  
That isn't right  
I'm glad you're alive

Wounds so fresh  
After my tongue licked clean - and so clean  
Traded the pain with numbness - clean enough the pain is numb  
I won't defend what I've done just - could a been cleaner but I  
Pray there's some kind of benefit from it - prayed and wasn't mean enough  
I would never do what I did - my good meanings just  
I would never do what I did - made it worse what I did  
Coulda been a good little boy - I'm a coulda been cleaner left an  
Big bad wolf wanna comeback kid - abscess of indifference  
Rags, wounds, incisions - cold feet in a blizzard of indecision  
War fatigues - yes I wore fatigues  
Fields cleanse - made you hafta cleanse my bayonet  
Til healed when it's all worn (OFF!!!!) - perform the surgery(eeee-oooo)  
where do ya go

When it's all worn off where do ya go  
When it's all worn off where do ya go (off)

These songs won't write them selves and its going no where..