

Daniel

Joshua James

Come on down from that tree, little Daniel
Come on down, the winds are getting cold
They found your brother naked, alone crying out in the storm
Screaming God, God, my God, God, I'm coming home

Tell my mother I'm buried down in the sand
Tell my father I made it to the Promised Land
Tell my brother Danny to forgive me if he can
For claiming war, war, war, that war makes you a man

So you, so you say you never wanted war
So you, so you say that's what love is for
So you, so you say you never wanted war
What the, Lord what the hell is all our fighting for?
Fighting for, fighting for

Well, come on down from that tree, little Daniel
Just come on down, the winds are getting cold
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