

Our Own War

Loudon Wainwright III

Hostilities ended, nobody cared
Anymore for the war, so a truce was declared.
So it ends in surrender, then there's peace at least;
Arms are withdrawn and fire is ceased.
To stay in a skirmish one needs appetite;
Two need desire to keep up a fight;
But when appetite's off and desire is gone,
Then the fire is held and arms are withdrawn.

R:
When losses and wounds are grievous and gory,
When the battle is pitched, in the field there is glory,
When hearts just aren't in it, retreat leads to rout
And arms are laid down and the fire goes out.

We remember the ones who run out of dumb luck;
Monuments are erected and statues are struck;
But we tend to forget if and when we forgive,
And the survivors survive but they never quite live.
As for our own war, yes, I recall it well,
Just what it was like our own personal hell.
I've forgotten the good times--heaven's so vague--
But I remember the battles. Oh, how they raged!

R: