

A Silent Army in the Trees

Matthew Good

What will you find, where will you be
When you gotta trade for company
Those plastic guns and infantry
For a silent army in the trees
Well this ain't the woods behind the house
There ain't nobody screaming out
For you to come inside and eat
You're just holding your friends and watching them bleed
Wore camouflage on Halloween
A plastic bag and M-16
Door to door and house to house
But ain't nobody handing it out
Ya nothing's ever what it seems
When you're kicking in teeth and wishing it dreams
Just plastic guns and infantry

Now baby don't you let me down
A world away and still somehow
Can't shake the feeling that you're out
With another man's arms wrapped tight around you
At night it's cold, we sit and freeze
Running 'red lights' in our Humvees
Never thought I live to see the day I'd be
Afraid of little kids playing in the streets
Well this ain't the woods behind the house
There ain't nobody screaming out
For you to come inside and eat
You're just holding your friends and watching them bleed

I'm on fire
But all ice on the outside
That old man in the sky
Well he's all ice on the outside

A muted whale out in the streets
You watch the stage but burn the seats
Two metal legs to get along
You ain't got much without one to stand on
Sometimes at night I hear it roll
A hundred cars long pulling out slow
Like the engineer's inside my head
Cold and dark like your side of the bed
Ya nothing's ever what it seems
And even if it is ends justify means
With plastic guns and infantry
For a silent army in the trees

I'm on fire
But all ice on the outside
That old man in the sky
Well he's all ice on the outside