

War After The War

Street Dogs

What about the war after the war?
What about the war after the war?
I don't wanna sing about it anymore
But who cares for them all when they get home?
What about the war after the war?
What about the war after the war?
Does anybody even care anymore?
But who cares for them all when they get home?

Born in North Carolina, first born out of nine.
Played little league ball, boy scouts, loved rock and roll.
Played soldiers with the boys, spun bottles with the girls.
His world shook up on that September morn.

And what about the war after the war?
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Does anybody even care anymore?
But who cares for them all when they get home?

He joined as a soldier to go out and save the world.
Had roadside bombs blow right up in his face.
Seeing dead ones and remains .
Getting shot at once again, for an injured women or child he couldn't
help.
This is hell.
November 15th he gets home, feeling guilty desperate and alone.
His family they do not understand.
Angry drinking, sleeping on.
Wondering what the hell have we really won?
Why did i get to survive while others died?

So what about the war after the war?
What about the war after the war?
I don't wanna sing about it anymore
But who cares for them all when they get home?
What about the war after the war?
What about the war after the war?
Does anybody even care anymore?
But who cares for them all when they get home?

Coming home but it ain't home.
Coming home but it ain't home.
Coming home from the zone.
Coming home I feel alone.