

The Walking Dead

Trauma

She was a beauty queen
Now her face looks like a skull
Been used for everything
Now her eyes are blank and dull
She has a broken heart she's wearing on

He fought your oil wars
Bled the American way
Sent him home in "shock and awe"
How could you ship his job away?
He was a broken heart
he's wearing on his tattered sleeve

They are the Walking Dead
More coming every day
They are the Walking Dead

Crack house and sleeping on the street
Living in the bottle and the bag
There but for the Grace of God go I
Tossed aside like some old deity rag
he has a broken heart
she's wearing on her tattered sleeve

They are the Walking Dead
More coming every day
They are the Walking Dead
And they won't go away

Solo

They are the Walking Dead
More coming every day
They are the Walking Dead
And they won't go away
They are the Walking Dead
More coming every day
They are the Walking Dead
And they won't go away