

War!

Zach Callison

(That's alright, that's okay)

A wise man once said "time is money"
So how much money did I lose to you, honey?
I find it kinda funny, you wanna keep this feud running
But I'm glad I'm on your mind
So keep that cannon fire coming, woah

Ok, right, let's fight in the late night
For a while, go wild, this is juvenile as skate night
You don't know how to play nice
My little Chiquita, señorita, Juanita
Apple of my eye
In the eye of the storm
Guns and bombs to keep us torn
Least your napalm will keep me warm
To your new boy let he be warned
You're her new toy for blood and gore

(What, you didn't know?)

So this is war!
Isn't that what love is for?
Blood and gore
Is all I get for being yours
Two heathens ruled by demons
That sneak through the trenches in our hearts
Oh no, no, no, no
No surrender from the day we part
I'll be damned if I can't finish what I start

Oh, oh, oh, ow!

Oh, so you wanna go to war now
Gonna resume your tour now
Lusting for my heart and tear out some more now
Busting out the charts and oxen carts
The moment we start to fall apart to the core
Wow!
These guns are loud like thunderclouds
So I leave for underground to flee the sound
Of music, your music
Your music that you use as war music
Them idyllic days are over, I'm composing more music
Than you, you choose: use it or lose it
Expression as a weapon, I do choose to abuse it
Check the presses on my record, feel where my grooves is
Talk about depression and chemical abuses
And nooses, feeling useless
Hey take this, you could use it
But you'd probably break it, cry 'bout how you'll never make it
Goodness gracious, we've been waiting on your album for ages
No traces, and baby they already ran outta patience

What?

Juanita, we're still waiting...

But that's alright, that's okay
You barely wrote 'em anyway
Half your songs got thrown away
Like ballots on voting day
Oh, my ballads got more to say
Like a bullet to a motorcade

Sit down with me and sign this armistice
Get your big proboscis outta my shit, miss
The litmus of our difference is you going hitless
While my record's spinning like a discus
Throwing shitfits while I go the distance
Welcome to the new me
Paint your nails black and unscrew me
But that's okay Juanita
Know my business is booming
Live vicariously through me
Just as embarrassing as it was
When you knew me
Slander, propaganda?
Groovy!

Cause this is war
Isn't that what love is for
(You feel me?)
Blood and gore
Is all I get for being yours
Two heathens ruled by demons
That sneak through the trenches in our hearts
Oh no, no, no, no
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(That's alright, that's okay)
You barely wrote em anyway

Oh
C'mon now
You barely wrote 'em
Barely wrote 'em anyway
That's alright, that's okay baby
This is what you wanted, right?
Sing

You barely wrote 'em anyway
That's alright that's okay
C'mon
We're coming for you
Juanita, Juanita, Juanita, Juanita, Juanita, Juanita, ah...