

# 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  
No surrender from the day we part  
I'll be damned if I can't finish what I start

(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...