

Prisoners of War

(words and music by Alexander Sands)

People talk a lot, about peace on the Earth
And why we go on killin', for the same old stretch of dirt
No man can claim, they haven't found a war
Throughout all of time, one thing's for sure-

We are all prisoners of war

Switch on the news, and pretend not to care
As long as it's happenin' in a place called "over there"
When the dust has finally settled, they give us the score
There amidst the rubble, and the bodies and the gore

We are all prisoners of war

At work people try, to bury the next guy
All doin' there thing to market up the sky
Billboards are filled, with what we need more
It's so familiar to us, like doing the chores

We are all prisoners of war

It's not safe to walk, these streets after dark
In the kennel down the kitchen, the Rottweiler barks
I need forty-seven different keys, to unlock my front door
And next to the Trojans there's a gun in the drawer

We are all prisoners of war

They laugh at the artists, but can manage to draw
The lines on the map, to further their next cause
While the poor peasant woman, on some distant shore
Makes these strange shoes she could never afford

We are all prisoners of war

Will there come a day, when war won't exist?
When the lovers and the dreamers, melt the iron fist
When prophets and zealots, fall to the floor
And people stand up, and say "I want more"

Than to be another prisoner of war