

War Star Days
Wooden Wand

Artist: Wooden Wand and the Omen Band
Album: Horus of the Horizon
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Standard Tuning

War Star Days

(G)When I finally leave you baby, (C)I ll lay backward when I (G) go
So I can see the fadin sky, (C)and not the traffic down (G)below
Your (D)prophecies and hunches I ll (C)follow to the (G)letter
I m (D)left to wonder how christ him(C)self could have loved you (G)better
(D)Oh them days, I barely remember them (C)war star (G)days

We failed to hijack the printing press, it wasn t for lack of nerves or skill
but we scrawled our manifesto on the back of our hotel bill
We beat the drums and rhythm and patronised the local pagans
and filled the fortune cookies with revolutionary slogans
oh them days, I barely remember them war star days

You were compelled to make arrangements with a Cyclops playin god
And you met beneath the evening, and spoke in only shrugs and nods
some compromising photo of the mighty shit disturber
The very face of privilege on a skeet shell with his father
oh them days, I barely remember them war star days

And if only one man blathers, and another man just kills
who then will remain behind, to purchase all of these automobiles
at the committee to disassemble, I sat in and I listened
and couldn t form an argument against any reason given
oh them days, I barely remember them war star days

When we left home for the wailing wall, we played along like diamond cards
at the school of holy lepers, we learned to tickle round the scars
we dug into our pockets and bandaged up the levee
and watch the sun for orders like a tribe of drunk Apaches
oh these days, I barely remember these war star days

We called on certain experts, to fish our flashlights from the well
When the weather station turned to ice, we figured it was just as well
oh but careful with your omens and don t raise a charm up neither
or like goddess snakes and mating balls we leave our love where ever
oh them days, I barely remember them war star days

So what of all the gluttonous mules, and the peacocks with the sin of pride
Do they get to tell their secrets, once barricaded safe inside

I was present when the judge condemned the paper mountain seven
and cried a nervous couplids they went bleeding off to heaven
oh them days, you ll barely remember them war star days

How many salesmen does it take, to condemn a moral soul to hell
one to make the pitch to you, and forty-five to ring the bells
we suck the dreamy feeling and count victories in kilos
and live among each other as we grow old with our heroes
oh them days, you ll barely remember these war star days

We sought to spread our various loves, on highways build of human bone
and wished away the hapless few, kept our seeds below their stones
we choose to keep our promise or choose to shake the doldrums
like a consecrated virgin with a collar in her bedroom
oh them days, i barely remember them war star days

There were bulls-eyes on our blankets, and a lions head for war
we were the lyn disbelievin , it was the eve of evermore
in lighter in for similes of light we pined for order
as goon-eyed ghouls and warlords paint the Babylon on water
oh them days, you ll barely remember them war star days