

## Call to arms

Either they are with or against you  
There's no other line  
You are drawn to

To the spoken word express anger  
Bounded by the rules  
Are you mourning too?

Have you been here before  
Can I show you around?  
No time to waist, so you can go and paint the town  
Stop calling to arms to fight  
Because it's best when those arms are laid down  
Please let me be  
The wooden box for now

with your next of kin into pieces  
Do you call it home?  
where do you go to?

You go out without a bang, go out swinging  
Knocking down the door  
Instaid of on it, don't you?

©These People