

# War at Home

Josh Groban

Fallen brother  
He's a fallen husband  
He's about to be woken in his hospital bed  
He doesn't want to rest  
He just wants to run  
And he's tired of being told that he's the lucky one

Caped crusader, she's a new born leader  
But you should see her when her daughter's on the phone  
And she wipes the tears away and she laces up because  
there's still Hell to pay  
And it sure feels like Hell today  
Today

And she says...  
You see these hands?  
They're bruised and brown  
They're yours alone  
Hold on love  
We're still going down  
Hold on love  
We're still fighting  
At home  
The war at home

Innocence behind his broken expression  
He's a child of mercy  
He's our unlearned lesson  
And he's trying to wake up from this wilderness his world has  
now become  
He's reaching out to those he's running from

And he says...  
You see these hands?  
They're bruised and brown  
They're yours alone  
Hold on now  
We're still going down  
Hold on now  
We're still fighting

And it's  
One step forward, two steps back  
This is all who are marching  
One step forward, two steps back  
This is young and old  
One step forward, two steps back  
Through the void of the silence  
You are not alone

You see these hands?  
They're a million strong  
They are yours now  
Hold on now  
We're all going down  
Hold on now  
We're all fighting at home

The war at home