

Civilian Ways

Rancid

I hold the cold steel of my rifle
as I dream of foreign lands
And I promise myself
I will cherish every moment I can
But there's ghosts that follow me around
Everywhere I am
When I say goodbye
I try to be strong
Now I'm going back to the U.S.
where I belong

I ain't never alone
The war seems to follow me home
No longer an active soldier
When I walk down the street
I'm shaking hands
with everyone that I meet
And I watch everyone
wondering what they see

Civilian ways are now
what's foreign to me
I came off a long tour
I left this place in two o three
May we never forget the sacrifices
My friends made for me

I live in Marysville
out on the county line
And my Brother and my Mother
both visit me all the time
And visions of you
are always running right through my mind
We always talk about
what we're gonna do
when the war is won
We're gonna fix up them old cars
and ride them into the sun
When I heard you're no longer with us
Man I was done

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My friends made for me
(3x)