



# Life During Wartime

Talking Heads

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---5h7-5-7---	---5---5---5h7---	---5h7-5-7---	-7-----		-2-----	---2-0-----	-----
---5h7---7---	-----5h7---	---5h7---7---	-7-----		-2---2-0---	-----3-0---	-0---
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<p>           Heard of a van that is loaded with weapons            Packed up and ready to go            Heard of some grave sites, out by the highway            A place where nobody knows              The sound of gunfire, off in the distance            I'm getting used to it now            Lived in a brownstone, lived in the ghetto            I've lived all over this town              This ain't no party, this ain't no disco            This ain't no fooling around            No time for dancing, or lovey dovey            I ain't got time for that now              Transmit the message to the receiver            Hope for an answer some day            I got three passports, a couple of visas            Don't even know my real name              High on a hillside, the trucks are loading            Everything's ready to roll            Sleep in the daytime, I work in the nighttime            I might not ever get home              This ain't no party, this ain't no disco            This ain't no fooling around            This ain't no Mudd Club, or C.B.G.B            I ain't got time for that now         </p>	<p>           Keys break              Chorus              Heard about Houston? Heard about Detroit?            Heard about Pittsburgh, P. A.?            You oughta know not to stand by the window            Somebody see you up there              I got some groceries, some peanut butter            To last a couple of days            But I ain't got no speakers, ain't got no            headphones, ain't got no records to play              Why stay in college? Why go to night school?            Gonna be different this time            Can't write a letter, can't send no postcard            I can't write nothing at all              This ain't no party, this ain't no disco            This ain't no fooling around            I'd like to hold you, I'd love to kiss you            I ain't got no time for that now              Trouble in transit, got through the roadblock            We blended with the crowd            We got computers, we're tapping phone lines            I know that that ain't allowed         </p>	<p>           We dress like students, we dress like housewives            Or in a suit and a tie            I changed my hairstyle, so many times now            Don't know what I look like!              You make me shiver, I feel so tender            We make a pretty good team            Don't get exhausted, I'll do some driving            You ought to get you some sleep              Burned all my notebooks, what good are            Notebooks? They won't help me survive            My chest is aching, burns like a furnace            The burning keeps me alive              Keys break         </p>
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