War Child

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Words & Music: Dolores O'Riordan (The Cranberries)

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Who will save the war child, baby? Who controls the key? Ε Α D The web we weave is thick and sordid. Fine by me. At times of war, we're all the losers. There's no victory. We shoot to kill and kill your lover. Fine by me. CHORUS: Α D D Α War child----, victim of-- political pride, Α D Plant the seed---, territorial greed. Ε D Α D F Α Mind the war child; we should mind the war child. I spent last winter in New York and came upon a man. He was sleeping on the streets and homeless. He said, "I fought in Vietnam." Beneath his shirt, he wore the mark. He bore the mark with pride. A two-inch deep incision carved into his side. CHORUS: Α D Α D Who's the loser, now? Who's the loser, now? D Α D Α We're all the losers, now. We're all the losers, now. F F Α D Α War child---. War child.