Chris Walla, The Score

You've got the pen And we've done the typing Why can't you get us all for good? Let's put it in writing On and on we argue so Sirens blare and the whistles blow 'Til we cannot hear anymore This is the score, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh We've found the bear Or are we both fighting? Why do we prance our little flag around As if he's not biting? On and on we bled so long Now the bodies rise and our limbs are gone And we cannot swim anymore This is the score, oh, oh, oh, oh Now I'm a chase My colors are falling Two nations were removed From where the resistance is calling On and on we're fractured now They're bound to ship those children out And on and on, no end in sight, now enjoy them Don't wait for any call for me to see Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh This is the score