

*Seen*

*I didn't start out to write an anti war song. It just happened. Killing other humans was always a ridiculous notion to me.*

**E min7**                                  **B min7**                                  **A min7**  
Out in the street                                  But in his heart,  
On a young boy's shoulder                                  He knows he cannot be  
Hangs a weapon of war                                  A soldier any more

This used to be                                  This used to be a town  
A race of people who                                  Before they showered it  
Were easy to love                                  With bombs from above

(Chorus)                                  (They said)    **Am**                                  **C**                                  **Em**  
They said it ain't gonna happen here                                  Ain't gonna happen here

**Am**                                  **G**  
Life is changing.    But I don't know what to do about it  
You see it's,    totally out of my hands

**Am**                                  **G**  
And the last time I talked to God.                                  Oh about a week ago  
He said,    He didn't really have any plan

**E min7**                                  **B min7**                                  **A min7**  
Safe in his chair                                  Kids go to bed  
The President watches                                  This is something I can't a-  
His war on TV                                  -llow you to see

You'll never go to war                                  You'll never see your friends  
You'll never hear the                                  As they lie  
Banging on the door                                  Dying on the floor

**Am**                                  **G**  
My mind is racing. Cause there is so much that I need to say  
And this thing is,    so hard to define

**Am**                                  **G**  
And the world is facing.                                  A very real crisis here  
And it makes us humans seem so,    unrefined

*Guitar: Maurice Ramirez    Conga: Carlos Salas    Recorded at 4 The Record, Orange Ca*

