

Song Lyrics to use with Addicted To War by Joel Andreas

Masters of War

Bob Dylan

Come you masters of war  
You that build all the guns  
You that build the death planes  
You that build the big bombs  
You that hide behind walls  
You that hide behind desks  
I just want you to know  
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'  
But build to destroy  
You play with my world  
Like it's your little toy  
You put a gun in my hand  
And you hide from my eyes  
And you turn and run farther  
When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old  
You lie and deceive  
A world war can be won  
You want me to believe  
But I see through your eyes  
And I see through your brain  
Like I see through the water  
That runs down my drain

You fasten the triggers  
For the others to fire  
Then you set back and watch  
When the death count gets higher

You hide in your mansion  
As young people's blood  
Flows out of their bodies  
And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear  
That can ever be hurled  
Fear to bring children  
Into the world  
For threatening my baby  
Unborn and unnamed  
You ain't worth the blood  
That runs in your veins

How much do I know  
To talk out of turn  
You might say that I'm young  
You might say I'm unlearned  
But there's one thing I know  
Though I'm younger than you  
Even Jesus would never  
Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question  
Is your money that good  
Will it buy you forgiveness  
Do you think that it could  
I think you will find  
When your death takes its toll  
All the money you made  
Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die  
And your death'll come soon  
I will follow your casket

In the pale afternoon  
And I'll watch while you're lowered  
Down to your deathbed  
And I'll stand o'er your grave  
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

This is a song of blame.

Question: According to Bob Dylan's song "Masters of War", who is the cause of war?

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Imagine  
John Lennon

Imagine there's no heaven,  
It's easy if you try,  
No hell below us,  
Above us only sky,  
Imagine all the people  
living for today...

Imagine there's no countries,  
It isn't hard to do,  
Nothing to kill or die for,  
No religion too,  
Imagine all the people  
living life in peace...

Imagine no possessions,  
I wonder if you can,  
No need for greed or hunger,  
A brotherhood of man,  
Imagine all the people

Sharing all the world...

You may say I'm a dreamer,  
but I'm not the only one,  
I hope some day you'll join us,  
And the world will live as one.

This is a song of hope. This is a song of the future. A future that does not yet exist.

Can such a future exist? How would that change things?

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99 Red Balloons Lyrics  
Goldfinger

You and I in a little toy shop  
Buy a bag of balloons with the money we've got  
Set them free at the break of dawn  
'Til one by one they were gone  
Back at base, bugs in the software  
Flash the message, something's out there  
Floating in the summer sky  
Ninety-nine red balloons go by

Ninety-nine red balloons  
Floating in the summer sky  
Panic bells, it's red alert  
There's something here from somewhere else  
The war machine springs to life  
Opens up one eager eye  
Focusing it on the sky  
As ninety-nine red balloons go by

Ninety-nine decisions treat

Ninety-nine ministers meet  
To worry, worry, super scurry  
Call out the troops now in a hurry  
This is what we've waited for  
This is it, boys, this is war  
The President is on the line  
As ninety-nine red balloons go by

Neunundneunzig Kriegsminister  
Streichholz und Benzinkanister  
Hielten sich für schlaue Leute  
Witterten schon fette Beute  
Riefen: Krieg und wollten Macht  
Mann, wer hätte das gedacht?  
Daß es einmal so weit kommt  
Wegen neunundneunzig Luftballons  
Neunundneunzig Luftballons

Ninety-nine dreams I have had  
And every one a red balloon  
It's all over, and I'm standing pretty  
In the dust that was a city  
I could find a souvenir  
Just to prove the world was here  
Here it is, a red balloon  
I think of you and let it go

This is a song about the Cold War. It is about how one mistake could end the world. It is a very popular song. NoFX has also done a version of it. During the Cold War in Germany missiles were pointed everywhere. A few mistakes almost happened. We are very lucky they did not.

Can such a mistake still happen today?

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Oliver's Army  
by Elvis Costello

Don't start me talking  
I could talk all night  
My mind goes sleepwalking  
While I'm putting the world to right

Called careers information  
Have you got yourself an occupation?

Oliver's army is here to stay  
Oliver's army are on their way  
And I would rather be anywhere else  
But here today

There was a checkpoint Charlie  
He didn't crack a smile  
But it's no laughing party  
When you've been on the murder mile

Only takes one itchy trigger  
One more widow, one less white nigger

Oliver's army is here to stay  
Oliver's army are on their way  
And I would rather be anywhere else  
But here today

Hong Kong is up for grabs  
London is full of Arabs  
We could be in Palestine  
Overrun by a Chinese line  
With the boys from the Mersey and the Thames and the Tyne

But there's no danger  
It's a professional career  
Though it could be arranged  
With just a word in Mr. Churchill's ear

If you're out of luck or out of work  
We could send you to Johannesburg

Oliver's army is here to stay  
Oliver's army are on their way  
And I would rather be anywhere else  
But here today.

This song is about the army going after students. Oliver is the British Colonel Oliver Cromwell from the days of the English Civil War and the song refers to his New Model Army made up of recruits. His Irish campaign was not popular and soldiers were forced to fight by drawing lots.

What do the last two lines of the chorus  
And I would rather be anywhere else  
But here today.  
mean?

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Fortunate Son  
Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born made to wave the flag,  
Ooh, they're red, white and blue.  
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief",  
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, son.  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no,

Yeah!



And blackening the sky,  
It's good news week,  
Someone's found a way to give,  
The rotting dead a will to live,  
Go on and never die.

Have you heard the news?  
What did it say?  
Who's won that race?  
What's the weather like today?

It's good news week,  
Families shake the need for gold,  
By stimulating birth control,  
We're wanting less to eat.

It's good news week,  
Doctors finding many ways,  
Of wrapping brains in metal trays,  
To keep us from the heat.

It's good news week,  
Someone's dropped a bomb somewhere,  
Contaminating atmosphere  
And blackening the sky,  
It's good news week,  
Someone's found a way to give,  
The rotting dead a will to live,  
Go on and never die.

Have you heard the news?  
What did it say?  
Who's won that race?  
What's the weather like today?  
(what's the weather like today?)

It's good news week,  
Families shake the need for gold,  
By stimulating birth control,  
We're wanting less to eat.

It's good news week,  
Doctors finding many ways,  
Of wrapping brains in metal trays,  
To keep us from the heat.

To keep us from the heat.

To keep us from the heat.

This is a song about how the media package and sell war to you.

The metal tray refers to a battle injury head wound that results in a metal plate being put in a soldiers head to replace the destroyed cranium. Today they use plastic instead of metal.

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Universal Soldier Lyrics

by Donovan

sung by Joan Baez

He's five foot-two, and he's six feet-four,  
He fights with missiles and with spears.  
He's all of thirty-one, and he's only seventeen,  
Been a soldier for a thousand years.

He'a a Catholic, a Hindu, an Atheist, a Jain,  
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew.  
And he knows he shouldn't kill,

And he knows he always will,  
Kill you for me my friend and me for you.

And he's fighting for Canada,  
He's fighting for France,  
He's fighting for the USA,  
And he's fighting for the Russians,  
And he's fighting for Japan,  
And he thinks we'll put an end to war this way.

And he's fighting for Democracy,  
He's fighting for the Reds,  
He says it's for the peace of all.  
He's the one who must decide,  
Who's to live and who's to die,  
And he never sees the writing on the wall.

But without him,  
How would Hitler have condemned him at Dachau?  
Without him Caesar would have stood alone,  
He's the one who gives his body  
As a weapon of the war,  
And without him all this killing can't go on.

He's the Universal Soldier and he really is to blame,  
His orders come from far away no more,  
They come from here and there and you and me,  
And brothers can't you see,  
This is not the way we put the end to war.

How do you stop war?

The best way to stop war is to refuse to fight wars.

## Additional lyrics:

"Bring The Boys Home"

by Freda Payne

Fathers are pleading, lovers are all alone  
Mothers are praying-send our sons back home  
You marched them away-yes, you did-on ships and planes  
To the senseless war, facing death in vain

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
Turn the ships around, lay your weapons down

Can't you see 'em march across the sky, all the soldiers that have died  
Tryin' to get home-can't you see them tryin' to get home?  
Tryin' to get home-they're tryin' to get home  
Cease all fire on the battlefield  
Enough men have already been wounded or killed

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
Turn the ships around, lay your weapons down  
(Mothers, fathers and lovers, can't you see them)

Oooh, oooh...  
Tryin' to get home-can't you see them tryin' to get home?  
Oooh, oooh...  
Tryin' to get home-they're tryin' to get home

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)  
What they doing over there, now (bring 'em back alive)  
When we need them over here, now (bring 'em back alive)  
What they doing over there, now (bring 'em back alive)  
When we need them over here, now (bring 'em back alive)

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Draft Dodger Rag  
By Phil Ochs

I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town  
I believe in God and Senator Dodd and keeping old Castro down  
And when it came my time to serve I knew better dead than red  
But when I got to my old draft board, buddy, this is what I said:

Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen, and I always carry a purse  
I got eyes like a bat, my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse  
O think of my career, my sweetheart dear, and my poor old invalid aunt  
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a goin' to school, and I'm working in a defense plant

I've got a dislocated disc and a racked up back, I'm allergic to flowers and bugs  
And when the bombshell hits, I get epileptic fits, and I'm addicted to a thousand  
drugs

I got the weakness woes, and I can't touch my toes, I can hardly reach my knees  
And if the enemy came close to me, I'd probably start to sneeze

I hate Chou En Lai, and I hope he dies, but one thing you gotta see  
That someone's gotta go over there, and that someone isn't me  
So I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em Hell, Yeah, Kill me a thousand or so  
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore, Well I'll be the first to go

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"(we don't need this) fascist groove thang"  
Heaven 17

(Everybody move to prove the groove)  
Have you heard it on the news  
About this fascist groove thang  
Evil men with racist views  
Spreading all across the land  
Don't just sit there on your ass  
Unlock that funky chaine dance  
Brothers, sisters shoot your best  
We don't need this fascist groove thang

Brothers, sisters, we don't need this fascist groove thang

History will repeat itself  
Crisis point we're near the hour  
Counterforce will do no good  
Hot you ass I feel your power  
Hitler proves that funky stuff  
Is not for you and me girl  
Europe's an unhappy land  
They've had their fascist groove thang

Democrats are out of power  
Across that great wide ocean  
Reagan's president elect  
Fascist god in motion  
Generals tell him what to do  
Stop your good time dancing  
Train their guns on me and you  
Fascist thang advancing

Sisters, brothers lend a hand  
Increase our population

Grab that groove thang by the throat  
And throw it in the ocean  
You're real tonight you move my soul  
Let's cruise out of the dance war  
Come out your house and dance your dance  
Shake that fascist groove thang  
(Shake it!)  
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Working Class Hero  
by John Lennon

As soon as you're born they make you feel small  
By giving you no time instead of it all  
Till the pain is so big you feel nothing at all  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be

They hurt you at home and they hit you at school  
They hate you if you're clever and they despise a fool  
Till you're so fucking crazy you can't follow their rules  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be

When they've tortured and scared you for twenty odd years  
Then they expect you to pick a career  
When you can't really function you're so full of fear  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be

Keep you doped with religion and sex and TV  
And you think you're so clever and class less and free  
But you're still fucking peasants as far as I can see  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be

There's room at the top they are telling you still  
But first you must learn how to smile as you kill  
If you want to be like the folks on the hill  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be  
If you want to be a hero well just follow me  
If you want to be a hero well just follow me

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Broken English  
by Marianne Faithfull

Could have come through anytime,  
Cold lonely, puritan  
What are you fighting for ?  
Its not my security.

Its just an old war,  
Not even a cold war,  
Dont say it in russian,  
Dont say it in german.  
Say it in broken english,  
Say it in broken english.

Lose your father, your husband,  
Your mother, your children.  
What are you dying for ?  
Its not my reality.

Its just an old war,  
Not even a cold war,  
Dont say it in russian,  
Dont say it in german.  
Say it in broken english,

Say it in broken english.

What are you fighting for ?  
What are you fighting for ?  
What are you fighting for ?  
What are you fighting for ?

What are you fighting for ?  
What are you fighting for ?

Could have come through anytime,  
Cold lonely, puritan.  
What are you fighting for ?  
Its not my security.

Its just an old war,  
Not even a cold war,  
Dont say it in russian,  
Dont say it in german.  
Say it in broken english,  
Say it in broken english.

Say it in broken english,  
Say it in broken english.

What are you fighting for ?  
What are you fighting for ?  
What are you fighting for ?  
What are you fighting ...

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"Ohio"  
Crosby Stills, Nash & young

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,  
We're finally on our own.  
This summer I hear the drumming,  
Four dead in Ohio.

Gotta get down to it  
Soldiers are cutting us down  
Should have been done long ago.  
What if you knew her  
And found her dead on the ground  
How can you run when you know?

Gotta get down to it  
Soldiers are cutting us down  
Should have been done long ago.  
What if you knew her  
And found her dead on the ground  
How can you run when you know?

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,  
We're finally on our own.  
This summer I hear the drumming,  
Four dead in Ohio.

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The Unknown Soldier  
The Doors

Wait until the war is over  
And we're both a little older  
The unknown soldier

Breakfast where the news is read  
Television children fed  
Unborn living, living, dead

Bullet strikes the helmet's head

And it's all over

For the unknown soldier

It's all over

For the unknown soldier

Hut

Hut

Hut ho hee up

Hut

Hut

Hut ho hee up

Hut

Hut

Hut ho hee up

Comp'nee

Halt

Preeee-zent!

Arms!

Make a grave for the unknown soldier

Nestled in your hollow shoulder

The unknown soldier

Breakfast where the news is read

Television children fed

Bullet strikes the helmet's head

And, it's all over

The war is over

It's all over

The war is over

Well, all over, baby

All over, baby

Oh, over, yeah  
All over, baby  
Wooooo, hah-hah  
All over  
All over, baby  
Oh, woa-yeah  
All over  
All over  
Heeeeyyy

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With God on Our Side  
Bob Dylan

Oh my name it is nothin'  
My age it means less  
The country I come from  
Is called the Midwest  
It's taught and brought up there  
The laws to abide  
And that land that I live in  
Has God on its side.

Oh the history books tell it  
They tell it so well  
The cavalries charged  
The Indians fell  
The cavalries charged  
The Indians died  
Oh the country was young  
With God on its side.

Oh the Spanish-American  
War had its day

And the Civil War too  
Was soon laid away  
And the names of the heroes  
I's made to memorize  
With guns in their hands  
And God on their side.

Oh the First World War, boys  
It closed out its fate  
The reason for fighting  
I never got straight  
But I learned to accept it  
Accept it with pride  
For you don't count the dead  
When God's on your side.

When the Second World War  
Came to an end  
We forgave the Germans  
And we were friends  
Though they murdered six million  
In the ovens they fried  
The Germans now too  
Have God on their side.

I've learned to hate Russians  
All through my whole life  
If another war starts  
It's them we must fight  
To hate them and fear them  
To run and to hide  
And accept it all bravely  
With God on my side.

But now we got weapons

Of the chemical dust  
If fire them we're forced to  
Then fire them we must  
One push of the button  
And a shot the world wide  
And you never ask questions  
When God's on your side.

In a many dark hour  
I've been thinkin' about this  
That Jesus Christ  
Was betrayed by a kiss  
But I can't think for you  
You'll have to decide  
Whether Judas Iscariot  
Had God on his side.

So now as I'm leavin'  
I'm weary as Hell  
The confusion I'm feelin'  
Ain't no tongue can tell  
The words fill my head  
And fall to the floor  
If God's on our side  
He'll stop the next war.

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Talkin WWIII Blues  
by Bob Dylan

Some time ago a crazy dream came to me,  
I dreamt I was walkin' into World War Three,  
I went to the doctor the very next day  
To see what kinda words he could say.  
He said it was a bad dream.

I wouldn't worry 'bout it none, though,  
They were my own dreams and they're only in my head.

I said, "Hold it, Doc, a World War passed through my brain."  
He said, "Nurse, get your pad, this boy's insane,"  
He grabbed my arm, I said "Ouch!"  
As I landed on the psychiatric couch,  
He said, "Tell me about it."

Well, the whole thing started at 3 o'clock fast,  
It was all over by quarter past.  
I was down in the sewer with some little lover  
When I peeked out from a manhole cover  
Wondering who turned the lights on.

Well, I got up and walked around  
And up and down the lonesome town.  
I stood a-wondering which way to go,  
I lit a cigarette on a parking meter  
And walked on down the road.  
It was a normal day.

Well, I rung the fallout shelter bell  
And I leaned my head and I gave a yell,  
"Give me a string bean, I'm a hungry man."  
A shotgun fired and away I ran.  
I don't blame them too much though,  
I know I look funny.

Down at the corner by a hot-dog stand  
I seen a man, I said, "Howdy friend,  
I guess there's just us two."  
He screamed a bit and away he flew.  
Thought I was a Communist.

Well, I spied a girl and before she could leave,  
"Let's go and play Adam and Eve."  
I took her by the hand and my heart it was thumpin'  
When she said, "Hey man, you crazy or sumpin',  
You see what happened last time they started."

Well, I seen a Cadillac window uptown  
And there was nobody aroun',  
I got into the driver's seat  
And I drove 42nd Street  
In my Cadillac.  
Good car to drive after a war.

Well, I remember seein' some ad,  
So I turned on my Conelrad.  
But I didn't pay my Con Ed bill,  
So the radio didn't work so well.  
Turned on my player-  
It was Rock-A-Day, Johnny singin',  
"Tell Your Ma, Tell Your Pa,  
Our Loves Are Gonna Grow Ooh-wah, Ooh-wah."

I was feelin' kinda lonesome and blue,  
I needed somebody to talk to.  
So I called up the operator of time  
Just to hear a voice of some kind.  
"When you hear the beep  
It will be three o'clock,"  
She said that for over an hour  
And I hung it up.

Well, the doctor interrupted me just about then,  
Sayin, "Hey I've been havin' the same old dreams,  
But mine was a little different you see.  
I dreamt that the only person left after the war was me.

I didn't see you around."

Well, now time passed and now it seems  
Everybody's having them dreams.  
Everybody sees themselves walkin' around with no one else.  
Half of the people can be part right all of the time,  
Some of the people can be all right part of the time.  
But all the people can't be all right all the time  
I think Abraham Lincoln said that.  
"I'll let you be in my dreams if I can be in yours,"  
I said that.

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THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND  
words and music by Woody Guthrie

This land is your land, this land is my land  
From California, to the New York Island  
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters  
This land was made for you and me

As I was walking a ribbon of highway  
I saw above me an endless skyway  
I saw below me a golden valley  
This land was made for you and me

I've roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts  
And all around me a voice was sounding  
This land was made for you and me

The sun comes shining as I was strolling  
The wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling  
The fog was lifting a voice come chanting  
This land was made for you and me

As I was walkin' - I saw a sign there  
And that sign said - no tress passin'  
But on the other side .... it didn't say nothin!  
Now that side was made for you and me!

In the squares of the city - In the shadow of the steeple  
Near the relief office - I see my people  
And some are grumblin' and some are wonderin'  
If this land's still made for you and me.

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Television, Drug of the Free  
by Disposable Heroes of Hipocrisy (Michael Franti, 1991)

One nation under god has turned into  
one nation under the influence of one drug

Television, the drug of the nation  
Breeding ignorance and feeding radiation

T.V., it satellite links  
our united states of unconsciousness  
apathetic therapeutic and extremely addictive  
the methadone metronome pumping out  
150 channels 24 hours a day  
you can flip through all of them  
and still there's nothing worth watching  
T.V. is the reason why less than ten percent  
of our nation reads books daily  
why most people think Central America means Kansas  
socialism means unamerican  
and apartheid is a new headache remedy  
absorbed in its world it's so hard to find us  
it shapes our mind the most  
maybe the mother of our nation

should remind us that we're sitting too close to...

Television, the drug of the nation  
Breeding ignorance and feeding radiation

T.V. is the stomping ground  
for political candidates  
where bears in the woods  
are chased by grecian formula'd bald eagles  
T.V. is mechanized politic's  
remote control over the masses  
co-sponsored by enironmentally safe gases  
watch for the PBS special  
it's the perpetuation of the two-party system  
where image takes precedence over wisdom  
where sound bite politics are served  
to the fastfood culture  
where straight teeth in your mouth  
are more important than the words  
that come out of it  
race baiting is the way to get elected  
Willie Horton or will he not get elected on...

Televison, the drug of the nation  
Breeding ignorance and feeding radiation

T.V., is it the reflector or the director  
does it imitate us or do we imitate it  
because a child watches 1500 murders  
before he's twelve years old  
and we wonder how we've created  
a Jason generation that learns to laugh  
rather than abhor the horror  
T.V. is the place where armchair generals  
and quarterbacks can experience first hand

the excitement of video warfare  
as the themesong is sung in the background  
sugar sweet sitcoms that leave us with  
a bad actor taste while pop stars metamorphosize  
into soda pop stars you saw the video  
you heard the soundtrack  
well now go buy the soft drink  
well, the only cola that I support  
is a union C.O.L.A. (cost of living allowance) on...

Television, the drug of the nation  
Breeding ignorance and feeding radiation

Back again, "new and improved"  
we return to our irregularly programmed schedule  
hidden cleverly between heavy breasted  
beer and car commmercials  
CNNESPNABCTNT but mostly B.S.  
where oxymoronic language like  
"virtually spotless" "fresh frozen"  
"light yet filling" and  
"military intelligence" have become standard  
T.V. is the place where phrases are redefined  
like "recession" to "necessary downturn"  
"crude oil" on a beach to "mousse"  
"civilian death" to "collateral damages"  
and being killed by your own army  
is now called "friendly fire"  
T.V. is the place where the pursuit of  
happiness has become the pursuit of trivia  
where toothpaste and cars  
have become sex objects  
where imagination is sucked out of children  
by a cathode ray nipple  
T.V. is the only wet nurse

that would create a cripple  
on...

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COMING WAR  
by Ozomatli

We see a coming war  
We see a coming war

Now

Can you imagine this world with no oppression?  
And no need to dabble in greed and transgression  
The solution for murder and prostitution  
Never glorify this pollution on television  
Corrupt an entire nation  
Explicit images  
Never freeing Mumia regardless of proven innocence  
Turning to crime and not using intelligence  
What makes me wonder sometimes are we in hell or  
Inches away from confronting the powers that be  
Saw in seconds what has taken some hours to see  
Temps is hot enough to melt a bullion  
More than a million people are ready  
For rebellion  
This shit is ill  
Sun set to the crack of dawn  
If you're black or blonde  
Uncle Sam is robbing you blind and putting shackles 'pon  
The minds of your children for real son  
Beware this system and go to war with this institution.

They see a coming war  
They see a coming war

They expect those of us who peep to not see  
Medical benefits should be cheap if not free (right?)  
The richest people are those without morals  
Cuz once they get inside they tend to keep the door closed  
Lord knows they killing us quick and clean

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One

by Metallica

I Can't Remember Anything  
Can't Tell If this Is True or Dream  
Deep down Inside I Feel to Scream  
this Terrible Silence Stops Me  
Now That the War Is Through with Me  
I'm Waking up I Can Not See  
That There Is Not Much Left of Me  
Nothing Is Real but Pain Now

Hold My Breath as I Wish for Death  
Oh Please God,wake Me

Back in the Womb its Much Too Real  
in Pumps Life That I must Feel  
but Can't Look Forward to Reveal  
Look to the Time When I'll Live  
Fed Through the Tube That Sticks in Me  
Just like a Wartime Novelty  
Tied to Machines That Make Me Be  
Cut this Life off from Me

Hold My Breath as I Wish for Death  
Oh Please God,wake Me

Now the World Is Gone I'm Just One

Oh God,help Me Hold My Breath as I Wish for Death  
Oh Please God Help Me

Darkness

Imprisoning Me  
All That I See  
Absolute Horror  
I Cannot Live  
I Cannot Die  
Trapped in Myself  
Body My Holding Cell

Landmine

Has Taken My Sight  
Taken My Speech  
Taken My Hearing  
Taken My Arms  
Taken My Legs  
Taken My Soul  
Left Me with Life in Hell

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Ball Of Confusion Lyrics  
by The Temptations

1, 2... 1, 2, 3, 4, Ow!

People moving out, people moving in. Why, because of the color of their skin.

Run, run, run but you sure can't hide. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

Vote for me and I'll set you free. Rap on, brother, rap on.

Well, the only person talking about love thy brother is the...(preacher.)

And it seems nobody's interested in learning but the...(teacher.)

Segregation, determination, demonstration, integration, Aggravation,  
humiliation, obligation to our nation.  
Ball of confusion. Oh yeah, that's what the world is today. Woo, hey, hey.  
The sale of pills are at an all time high.  
Young folks walking round with their heads in the sky.  
The cities ablaze in the summer time.  
And oh, the beat goes on.  
Evolution, revolution, gun control, sound of soul.  
Shooting rockets to the moon, kids growing up too soon.  
Politicians say more taxes will solve everything.  
And the band played on.  
So, round and around and around we go.  
Where the world's headed, nobody knows.  
Oh, great GoogaMooga, can't you hear me talking to you.  
Just a ball of confusion.  
Oh yeah, that's what the world is today.  
Woo, hey, hey.  
Fear in the air, tension everywhere.  
Unemployment rising fast, the Beatles new record's a gas.  
And the only safe place to live is on an Indian reservation.  
And the band played on.  
Eve of destruction, tax deduction, city inspectors, bill collectors,  
Mod clothes in demand, population out of hand, suicide, too many bills,  
Hippies moving to the hills. People all over the world are shouting, 'End the  
war.'  
And the band played on.  
Great GoogaMooga, can't you hear me talking to you.  
Sayin'... ball of confusion.  
That's what the world is today, hey, hey.  
Let me hear ya, let me hear ya, let me hear ya.  
Sayin'... ball of confusion.  
That's what the world is today, hey, hey.  
Let me hear ya, let me hear ya, let me hear ya, let me hear ya, let me hear ya.  
Sayin'... ball of confusion.

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"War"

by Edwin Starr

War, huh, yeah  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Uh-huh  
War, huh, yeah  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it again, y'all

War, huh, good God  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Listen to me

Ohhh, war, I despise  
Because it means destruction  
Of innocent lives

War means tears  
To thousands of mothers eyes  
When their sons go to fight  
And lose their lives

I said, war, huh  
Good God, y'all  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it again

War, whoa, Lord

What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Listen to me

War, it ain't nothing  
But a heartbreaker  
War, friend only to the undertaker  
Ooooh, war  
It's an enemy to all mankind  
The point of war blows my mind  
War has caused unrest  
Within the younger generation  
Induction then destruction  
Who wants to die  
Aaaaah, war-huh  
Good God y'all  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it, say it, say it  
War, huh  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Listen to me

War, huh, yeah  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Uh-huh  
War, huh, yeah  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it again y'all  
War, huh, good God  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing

Listen to me

War, it ain't nothing but a heartbreaker  
War, it's got one friend  
That's the undertaker  
Ooooh, war, has shattered  
Many a young mans dreams  
Made him disabled, bitter and mean  
Life is much to short and precious  
To spend fighting wars these days  
War can't give life  
It can only take it away

Ooooh, war, huh  
Good God y'all  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it again

War, whoa, Lord  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Listen to me

War, it ain't nothing but a heartbreaker  
War, friend only to the undertaker  
Peace, love and understanding  
Tell me, is there no place for them today  
They say we must fight to keep our freedom  
But Lord knows there's got to be a better way

Ooooooh, war, huh  
Good God y'all  
What is it good for  
You tell me

Say it, say it, say it, say it

War, huh

Good God y'all

What is it good for

Stand up and shout it

Nothing

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"Holiday"

by Green Day

Say, hey!

Hear the sound of the falling rain

Coming down like an Armageddon flame (Hey!)

The shame

The ones who died without a name

Hear the dogs howling out of key

To a hymn called "Faith and Misery" (Hey!)

And bleed, the company lost the war today

I beg to dream and differ from the hollow lies

This is the dawning of the rest of our lives

On holiday

Hear the drum pounding out of time

Another protester has crossed the line (Hey!)

To find, the money's on the other side

Can I get another Amen? (Amen!)

There's a flag wrapped around a score of men (Hey!)

A gag, a plastic bag on a monument

I beg to dream and differ from the hollow lies  
This is the dawning of the rest of our lives  
On holiday

(Hey!)  
(Say, hey!)

(3,4)

"The representative from California has the floor"

Sieg Heil to the president Gasman  
Bombs away is your punishment  
Pulverize the Eiffel towers  
Who criticize your government  
Bang bang goes the broken glass and  
Kill all the fags that don't agree  
Trials by fire, setting fire  
Is not a way that's meant for me  
Just cause, just cause, because we're outlaws yeah!

I beg to dream and differ from the hollow lies  
This is the dawning of the rest of our lives  
I beg to dream and differ from the hollow lies  
This is the dawning of the rest of our lives

This is our lives on holiday

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Charlie don't surf  
by The Clash

Charlie don't surf and we think he should  
Charlie don't surf and you know that it ain't no good  
Charlie don't surf for his hamburger Momma

Charlie's gonna be a napalm star

Everybody wants to rule the world  
Must be something we get from birth  
One truth is we never learn  
Satellites will make space burn

We've been told to keep the strangers out  
We don't like them starting to hang around  
We don't like them all over town  
Across the world we are going to blow them down

The reign of the super powers must be over  
So many armies can't free the earth  
Soon the rock will roll over  
Africa is choking on their Coca Cola

It's a one way street in a one horse town  
One way people starting to brag around  
You can laugh, put them down  
These one way people gonna blow us down

Charlie don't surf he'll never learn  
Charlie don't surf though he's got a gun  
Charlie don't surf think that he should  
Charlie don't surf we really think he should  
Charlie don't surf

Charlie don't surf and we think he should  
Charlie don't surf and you know that it ain't no good  
Charlie don't surf for his hamburger Momma  
Charlie don't surf

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War

by Bob Marley and the Wailers

Until the philosophy which hold one race  
Superior and another inferior  
Is finally and permanently discredited and abandoned  
Everywhere is war, me say war

That until there are no longer first class  
And second class citizens of any nation  
Until the colour of a man's skin  
Is of no more significance than the colour of his eyes  
Me say war

That until the basic human rights are equally  
Guaranteed to all, without regard to race  
Dis a war

That until that day  
The dream of lasting peace, world citizenship  
Rule of international morality  
Will remain in but a fleeting illusion  
To be pursued, but never attained  
Now everywhere is war, war

And until the ignoble and unhappy regimes  
That hold our brothers in Angola, in Mozambique,  
South Africa sub-human bondage  
Have been toppled, utterly destroyed  
Well, everywehre is war, me say war

War in the east, war in the west  
War up north, war down south  
War, war, rumours of war

And until that day, the African continent  
Will not know peace, we Africans will fight

We find it necessary and we know we shall win  
As we are confident in the victory

Of good over evil, good over evil, good over evil  
Good over evil, good over evil, good over evil  
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"If You Tolerate This Your Children Will Be Next"  
by Manic Street Preachers

The future teaches you to be alone  
The present to be afraid and cold  
So if I can shoot rabbits  
Then I can shoot fascists

Bullets for your brain today  
But we'll forget it all again  
Monuments put from pen to paper  
Turns me into a gutless wonder

And if you tolerate this  
Then your children will be next  
And if you tolerate this  
Then your children will be next  
Will be next  
Will be next  
Will be next

Gravity keeps my head down  
Or is it maybe shame  
At being so young and being so vain

Holes in your head today  
But I'm a pacifist  
I've walked La Ramblas  
But not with real intent

And if you tolerate this  
Then your children will be next  
And if you tolerate this  
Then your children will be next  
Will be next  
Will be next  
Will be next  
Will be next

And on the street tonight an old man plays  
With newspaper cuttings of his glory days

And if you tolerate this  
Then your children will be next  
And if you tolerate this  
Then your children will be next  
Will be next  
Will be next  
Will be next

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The American Ruse Lyrics  
by MC5

They told you in school about freedom  
But when you try to be free they never let ya  
They said "it's easy , nothing to it"  
And now the army's out to get ya  
Sixty nine America in terminal stasis

The air's so thick it's like drowning in molasses  
I'm sick and tired of paying these dues  
And i'm finally getting hip to the American ruse

I learned to say the pledge of allegiance  
Before they beat me bloody down at the station  
They haven't got a word out of me since  
I got a billion years probation

Sixty nine America in terminal stasis  
The air's so thick it's like drowning in molasses  
I'm sick and tired of paying these dues  
And i'm sick to my guts of the American ruse  
Phony stars, oh no! crummy cars, oh no!  
Cheap guitars, oh no! Joe's primitive bar... nah!

Rock'em back, Sonic !  
The way they pull you over it's suspicious  
Yeah, for something that just ain't your fault  
If you complain they're gonna get vicious  
Kick in the teeth and charge you with assault  
Yeah, but i can see the chickens coming home to roost  
Young people everywhere are gonna cook their goose  
Lots of kids are working to get rid of these blues  
cause everybody's sick of the American ruse

Well well well , take a look around !  
Well well well , take a look around !  
Well well well , take a look around !  
Well well well , take a look around !  
Well well well , take a look around !  
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Sheep to the Slaughter  
by Paris

f/ Dead Prez

Easily I approach, the microphone, in this land of jokes  
Can't leave it alone, cause ya know, I could see right though  
Corrupt plans and these bullshit scams and untruths  
We livin' in a maze, different days and times  
The world is a stage, most truth is a lie  
In this propaganda matrix, the sheep just die  
For these murderous conservatives with corporate ties  
Deny knowledge of the truth, ignorin' the poor  
They just human ammunition for these capital wars  
Just human ammunition and collateral d  
That's why millions of us holla risin' up in the streets  
And when ya see me understand I'm representin' a voice  
The majority would feel if ever given a choice  
I don't need this seedy media they only annoy  
Cause the only ones that wanna scrap ain't never deployed  
Who do the fightin' for these rich white folks, and they wars  
No it ain't Drew Carey, Dennis Miller or stars  
Fox News, Mike Savage, Bruce Willis or Rush  
Won't be MSNBC, CNN or a Bush  
Never Toby Keith, Hannity, O'Reilly or Clint  
Ain't ClearChannel - know they ain't supportin' dissent  
Ain't Blair, Kid Rock, or Tom Cruise or vows  
Of James Woods, Rob Lowe, Tom Selleck or Powell  
Not Arnold Schwarzenegger, he ain't gonna shoot, or  
Ted Nugent cause in war the targets got weapons too  
Ain't Cheney, Rumsfeld, Halliburton or Ridge  
Or Ann Coulter, or Joseph Lieberman or the rich  
Or any bitch up in congress, they just make laws  
When it comes to fightin' - we the ones that end up in gauze  
So when you say "support that murderer," I have no applause

Even if he got his jumpsuit on - we pay the cost

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I Ain't Marching Anymore  
by Phil Ochs

Oh I marched to the battle of New Orleans  
At the end of the early British war  
The young land started growing  
The young blood started flowing  
But I ain't marchin' anymore

For I've killed my share of Indians  
In a thousand different fights  
I was there at the Little Big Horn  
I heard many men lying I saw many more dying  
But I ain't marchin' anymore

It's always the old to lead us to the war  
It's always the young to fall  
Now look at all we've won with the saber and the gun  
Tell me is it worth it all

For I stole California from the Mexican land  
Fought in the bloody Civil War  
Yes I even killed my brothers  
And so many others But I ain't marchin' anymore

For I marched to the battles of the German trench  
In a war that was bound to end all wars  
Oh I must have killed a million men  
And now they want me back again  
But I ain't marchin' anymore

For I flew the final mission in the Japanese sky  
Set off the mighty mushroom roar  
When I saw the cities burning I knew that I was learning  
That I ain't marchin' anymore

Now the labor leader's screamin'  
when they close the missile plants,  
United Fruit screams at the Cuban shore,  
Call it "Peace" or call it "Treason,"  
Call it "Love" or call it "Reason,"  
But I ain't marchin' any more,  
No I ain't marchin' any more

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March Of Death  
by Zack De La Rocha

Check  
1, 2  
Aaight

I was born with the voice of a riot, a storm  
Lightening the function, the form  
Far from the norm, I won't follow like cattle  
I'm more like the catalyst,  
calm in the mix of battle  
Who let the cowboy on the saddle?  
He don't know a missile from a gavel  
Para terror troopin' flippin' loops of death upon innocent flesh  
But i'm back in the cipher my foes and friends  
with a verse and a pen  
against a line I won't tow or defend  
instead I curse at murderous men  
in suits of professionals who act like animals  
This man child, ruthless and wild

Who's gonna chain this beast back on the leash?  
This Texas fuhrer, for sure a  
compassionless con who serve a  
lethal needle to the poor, the cure for crime is murder?  
Well I was born with the voice of a riot, a storm  
Lightening the function, the form  
Far from the norm, I won't follow like cattle  
I'm more like the catalyst,  
calm in the mix of battle  
Who let the cowboy on the saddle?  
He don't know a missile from a gavel

on the left  
on the left, left, right, left  
on the left  
on the left, left, right, left (but it's just a march of death)  
on the left  
on the left, left, right

I read the news today  
oh boy  
a snap shot of a midnight ploy  
Vexed and powerless  
devoured my hours I'm motionless  
with no rest  
'Cause a scream now holds the sky  
under another high-tech driveby  
A lie is a lie this God is an eagle  
or a condor for war nothing more  
Islam peace, Islam stare into my eye brother  
please off our knees  
To beef now we feed their disease  
interlocked our hands across seas  
What is a flag is a rag but a shroud out loud  
outside my window is a faceless crowd

'Cause a cowering child just took her last breath  
one snare in the march of death

Uh  
C'mon  
Get up

on the left  
on the left, left, right, left  
on the left  
on the left, left, right, left (but it's just a march of death)  
on the left  
on the left, left, right, left  
on the left  
on the left, left, right

here it comes the sound of terror from above  
he flex his Texas twisted tongue  
the poor lined up to kill in desert slums  
for oil that boil beneath the desert sun  
now we spit flame to flip this game  
all the targets are taking aim  
all targets are taking aim  
we're the targets are taking aim

left, right, left  
left, right, left  
left, right

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War?  
by System Of A Down

Dark is the light,

The man you fight,  
With all your prayers, incantations,  
Running away, a trivial day,  
Of judgement and deliverance,  
To whom was sold, this bounty soul,  
A gentile or a priest?  
Who victored over, the Seljuks,  
When the Holy Land was taken  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens  
Was it the riches, of the land,  
Powers of bright darkness,  
That led the noble, to the East,  
To fight the heathens  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens,  
We must call upon our bright darkness,  
Beliefs, they're the bullets of the wicked,  
One was written on the sword,  
For you must enter a room to destroy it,  
International security,  
Call of the righteous man,  
Needs a reason to kill man,  
History teaches us so,  
The reason he must attain,  
Must be approved by his God,  
His child, partisan brother of war,

Of war, we don't speak anymore,  
Of war, we don't speak anymore,  
Of war, we don't speak anymore,  
Of war, we don't speak anymore,  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens,  
We will fight the heathens

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ZOMBIE

by Fela Kuti

Zombie-o, zombie\*\* \*(police/army-unthinking followers)  
\*[CHORUS] ZOMBIE-O, ZOMBIE (2X)

Zombie no go go, unless you tell am to go  
\*[CHORUS] ZOMBIE \*(after each line)  
Zombie no go stop, unless you tell am to stop  
Zombie no go turn, unless you tell am to turn  
Zombie no go think, unless you tell am to think

Zombie-o, zombie  
\*[CHORUS] ZOMBIE-O, ZOMBIE (2X) \*(repeat last 2 stanzas)

Tell am to go straight-- Joro, Jara, Joro  
No break, no job, no sense-- Joro, Jara, Joro  
Tell am to go kill-- Joro, Jara, Joro  
No break, no job, no sense-- Joro, Jara, Joro  
Tell am to go quench-- Joro, Jara, Joro  
No break, no job, no sense-- Joro, Jara, Joro

Go and kill  
JORO, JARA, JORO \*(after each line)  
Go and die  
Go and quench\*\* \*(destroy)  
Put am for reverse  
Go and kill  
Go and die  
Go and quench \*(3x)

Joro, Jara, Joro- O Zombie way na one way (3x)  
Joro, Jara, Joro- Ooooh

Attention  
Quick march  
Slow march  
Left turn  
Right turn  
About turn  
Double time  
Sa-lute  
Open your hat  
Stand at ease  
Fall in  
Fall out  
Fall down  
Get ready

Ha-lt  
Or-der