

# GuantÃ¡namo

## Lendakaris Muertos

Heard you sold your friend  
Got a good price at the local store  
You know he could've turned you in  
Could have been you on the concrete floorJefferson roll over and tell ol' Stalin the news  
They got 'em locked up in Castroland  
Redefining abuse in shades of grayTorture advocate  
Got his dick up in a chicken hawk  
Life is what he'll get  
War president is a criminalStill the years they go by, no charge or trial date  
You're accused of whatever you confess to  
If you don't confess you won't see the light of dayThere must be another way  
There must be anotherThe weather vanes are charging down the hill  
In some quixotic calvary  
And the war machine is shaking in its sleep  
And the homesick ghost of Geronimo  
A fear is taking all the absinthe there must be another waySince Geneva's nearly drowned  
Since the tinsmith was gagged and bound  
Since the rich boys got away  
Two shovels and a skull of the widower braveAnother indefinite detention  
Another tradition saved  
All hail the line of the crooked white chiefs  
Whose father stole the bones from an Indian graveThere must be another way  
There must be another way  
There must be anotherHey Geronimo  
Hey Guantanomo  
Hey Geronimo  
Hey GuantanomoHey Geronimo  
Hey Guantanomo  
Hey Geronimo  
Hey Guantanomo

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