Tragedy

Corey Smith

More talk of revolution and you're nodding off,
head upon your desk until the teacher coughs.
What are you here for? Oh, what are you here for?
Digging through the garbage, pulling out yesterday's news,
one war after the other, hell, you get 'em all confused.
They go on and on and on and on, on and on and on and on and on.We don't need another tragedy. We don't need another tragedy -
hands on the heart, eyes on the flag, war on my mind.What happens when our schooling only makes us dumb and the suffering of a neighbor only makes us numb?
What are we here for? Oh, what are we here for,
when power uses freedom like a shiny limousine,
pulling words out of the Bible to hide an evil scheme?
It goes on and on and on and on, on and on and on and on and on.But we don't need another tragedy. We don't need another tragedy.
A cross in the ground is hell on the heart and war on the mind.
If you wanna stop the enemy, find whoever's writing history,
tell 'em we don't need another, we don't need another tragedy.We don't wave a white flag, but no flag at all, standing on the ramparts of the prison walls.
What are we here for? Oh, what are we here for?
Oh, freedom's like a river and the current's flowing strong,
and I'm caught up in the movement like a choir in a song,
singing on and on and on and on, on and on and on and on and on."We don't need another tragedy. We don't need another tragedy.
Brother, we don't need another, we don't need another tragedy.
If you wanna stop the enemy, find whoever's writing history,
tell 'em we don't need another, we don't need another tragedy"

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