

# I Ain't Marching Anymore

## Kind of Like Spitting

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 marching 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 marching 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 marching 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 marching 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 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 marching 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 marching anymore  
No, I ain't marching anymore

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