GuantÃ¡namo

SuÃ®te Momo

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 Guantanamo
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Hey GuantanamoHey Geronimo
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Hey Guantanamo

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