

# Party With Saddam

## Fishbone

Millions of times the earth has spun  
We must get dizzy going 'round the sun  
It ain't no wonder why minds are gone  
Can we help them understand  
It's like I need a place to run  
And jump off buildings just for fun  
Serve up my flesh before it's done  
Politicians need a hand  
We won't see the end  
If we party till our colors blend  
Party till Saddam's your friend  
Never drop a bomb again  
All right  
We can break the chains  
If we party like our blood's the same  
Party till we lose our aim  
Never shoot a gun again  
The monsters live and children die  
The blanket snatched from over their eyes  
We're all to blame when we stand by  
But we don't know what to say  
They want a fight and dare us to try  
And in result the whole world dies  
Then who'll be left to answer why  
There's got to be a better way  
We won't see the end  
If we party till our colors blend  
'cause the Bush's and Bin Laden's are friends  
Never drop a bomb again  
All right  
We can break the chains  
If we party like our blood's the same  
Party till we lose our aim  
Never shoot a gun again  
Millions of dollars are spent on a piece  
Of what I don't know,  
But it sure ain't peace of mind  
If we keep fighting then war won't cease

Until all have died they'll fight back every time

We'll get together and have some fun then life is won

In that there is no crime

Real peace don't cost a dime

Too mucha blood them a spilling

Too mucha life them a stealing

They come together for a deal

Super power, super money, super killing

A time for true emancipation

Don't want no pseudo-liberation

A time for evil get replaced

So we love and make it push in outer space

Hey, we won't see the end

P-P-P-Party till our colors blend

Party till Saddam's your friend

Never drop a bomb again

Can ya imagine Arnie partying with Tookie

Smoking and drinking till they lose their cookies

Crips are cousins, Bloods are brothers

Family can love one another

We're gonna party with Pinochet

He gonna sing the karaoke

We're gonna party with Mobutu

He's a lindy hopping dancing fool

Party with Condaleeza Rice, now

She like to shake it all night y'all

Party up with Tony Blair

Throw your hands up in the air

Party with Fidel Castro

He like to do it real low and slow

Party with Vladimir Putin

He like to breakdance and headspin

Party with Kim Jong-Il

He got the North Korean down-home feel

But let's not forget Hitler

We gonna pull up Rwanda

We gonna bring 'em all for dinner

To meet mama and papa

Ma ma ma you gotta gotta gotta party

Party with Saddam y'all

Party to the end y'all

You gotta party

Oh yeah, all right

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