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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