

Let Us Begin (What Are We Making Weapons For)

John Denver

I am the son of a grassland farmer
Western Oklahoma 1943
I always felt grateful to live in the land of the free
I gave up my father to South Korea
The mind of my brother to Vietnam
Now there's a banker who says I must give up my land
There are four generations of blood in this topsoil
Four generations of love on this farm
Before I give up I would gladly give up my right arm
What are we making weapons for
Why keep on feeding the war machine
We take it right out of the mouths of our babies
Take it away from the hands of the poor
Tell me, what are we making weapons for
I had a son and my son was a soldier
He was so like my father, he was so much like me
To be a good comrade was the best that he dreamed he could be
He gave up his future to revolution
His life to a battle that just can't be won
For this is not living, to live at the point of a gun
I remember the nine hundred days of Leningrad
The sound of the dying, the cut of the cold
I remember the moments I prayed I would never grow old
What are we making weapons for
Why keep on feeding the war machine
We take it right out of the mouths of our babies
Take it away from the hands of the poor
Tell me, what are we making weapons for
For the first time in my life I feel like a prisoner
A slave to the ways of the powers that be
And I fear for my children, as I fear for the future I see
Tell me how can it be we're still fighting each
other
What does it take for a people to learn
If our song is not sung as a chorus, we surely will burn
What are we making weapons for
Why keep on feeding the war machine
We take it right out of the mouths of our babies
Take it away from the hands of the poor
Tell me, what are we making weapons for
Have we forgotten all the lives that were given
All the vows that were taken saying never again
Now for the first time this could be the last time
If peace is our vision let us begin
Have we forgotten all the lives that were given
All the vows that were taken saying never again, never again
Now for the first time this could be the last time
If peace is our vision, let us begin, let us begin

Songwriters

JOHN DENVER Published by

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