Warsaw

Desert Storm

That is the vision of the anarchist
It is also a boy's dreamTrue to Warsaw, glad we did it
Beat him down with a baseball bat
Police retreated with riot shields
In fear of a baseball batWorking class intellectuals
Disillusion you for sure
Broken dreams in Warsaw
With our baseball batAmerican baseball bat
Demolish the discotheque
And how many blows to his forearm and neck
'Til he lay in the schoolyard, bludgeoned to deathDecember 13, 1981, who remembers a loaded gun?
Who remembers the first morning of martial law?
Hey, you should bring that Louisville
Yeah man, you know where
Yeah man, our economic hardships in WarsawAmerican baseball bat
Demolish the discotheque
And how many blows to his forearm and neck
'Til he lay in the schoolyard, bludgeoned to deathHey, all alone, bludgeoned to death

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