

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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