Student Visas

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Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

They took away our dogtags, they had us grow our hair
They gave us student visas when we were over there
They staged us out of Hondo al este del Salvador
I guess you'd call us Contras but no one calls much no more
There aint no fun in killin folk and I dont wanna do no moreMy great great rode at Shiloh and Grandpa drove a tank
Daddy was air cavalry, flew choppers in Da Nang
I worked mostly clandestine, the branch I should not say {CIA}
We played with better guns and I could use the extra pay
Did Reagan give the order? Did cocaine pay the bill?
They said we's fightin' communists but it was kinda hard to tell
There aint no fun in killin folk and I dont wanna do no moreThis was before Blackhawks and RPGs were king
My buddy on the door gun, he never felt a thing
When our Huey caught a rocket and both the pilots killed
And it pitched us over sideways on some Nicaraguan hill
My back felt like its broken, my legs I could not feel
I kept on shooting communists but it was kind of hard to tell
There aint no fun in killin folk and I aint gonna do no moreI never did heal up right from injuries sustained
Officially in Germany, officially while we trained
I remember all their faces, I dream about them still
I guess we's fightin communists but it was kinda hard to tell
There aint no fun in killin folk, and I dont wanna do no moreI speak the cold logistic that warriors speak so well
Foxtrot tango whiskey (Fck The World) & i'll see you in hell
A soldierly bravado, an unspeakable guilt
That village, it was communist but it was kinda hard to tell
There aint no fun in killin folk and I dont wanna do no more
Believe me, Ive done plenty boys and I aint gonna do no more
But of course if they back me in the corner theyll be dead before they hit the floor

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