

# Student Visas

## Corb Lund

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 more  
My 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 more  
This 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 more  
I 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 more  
I 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>