No Gold Stars For Nationalism

Crime In Stereo

Catastrophe!
Now all my happiest memories
bear distance resemblance
to a nations spent shell casings to me.
It's so obscene.
With guns, germs, and steel we march faithfully into war
until this one becomes abandoned
like those on drugs and poverty before.
Two men do not make a world.
If it's for us all, where's the support?
Let's call a spade imperialism.
We're off focus. I bet if I had a gun
and a bullet for every kid I knew around here
whose parents haven't spoken in years,
I could fight these wars myself.
Procure oil myself.
Given half chance by myself
to produce results in foreign lands
I could connect pipelines by myself.
Establish satellites by myself.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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