

# Guantã namo

## Jesus and the Gurus

Heard you sold your friend  
Got a good price at the local store  
You know he could've turned you in  
Could have been you on the concrete floor  
Jefferson roll over and tell ol' Stalin the news  
They got 'em locked up in Castroland  
Redefining abuse in shades of gray  
Torture advocate  
Got his dick up in a chicken hawk  
Life is what he'll get  
War president is a criminal  
Still the years they go by, no charge or trial date  
You're accused of whatever you confess to  
If you don't confess you won't see the light of day  
There must be another way  
There must be another  
The weather vanes are charging down the hill  
In some quixotic calvary  
And the war machine is shaking in its sleep  
And the homesick ghost of Geronimo  
A fear is taking all the absinthe there must be another way  
Since Geneva's nearly drowned  
Since the tinsmith was gagged and bound  
Since the rich boys got away  
Two shovels and a skull of the widower brave  
Another indefinite detention  
Another tradition saved  
All hail the line of the crooked white chiefs  
Whose father stole the bones from an Indian grave  
There must be another way  
There must be another way  
There must be another  
Hey Geronimo  
Hey Guantanamo  
Hey Geronimo  
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Hey Guantanamo  
Hey Geronimo  
Hey Guantanamo

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