

The Piper Calls The Tune

Ub40

He wields his flute with an expert hand
And then, all too soon
The dancing stops and the children stand
The piper calls the tune.
He holds their future in his palm
An old and powerful man

With missiles poised and bombs at hand
They wait for his command.
With songs of fear and bigotry
A cruel, hypnotic sound
He plays his last tune greedily
And strikes the children down.

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