HEATED POOL and BAR

John Vanderslice

My cousin is in Columbia hunting down the rebels
Over fields of bright and shiny coca
Over the jungle floor one-handing a 32
He says, Bring her down low now, I'm ready to go
Hunt kids in camouflage rain down bullets in flight
White light, barefoot boys run for your livesBut you can't be nice
You put your gun to their head
And you pull back the pin
And you can't be goodMy friend is based in Afghanistan, he goes from
Cave to cave and pulls the trigger at the first sight of a man
It's total anarchy shooting tracer bullets at night
High and holy patrol into poppy fieldsBut you can't be good
You hold up the bloody knife
And let it shine in the sun
You gotta be everywhereI'm a guard in Guantanamo, I bring the prisoners in
The hoods come off and torture slowly begins
The screams I've overheard, it'd fuck up a weaker man
But I'm cold, I'm so untouchableAnd you can't be nice
Got a flak jacket
On my soul with me tonight
And you can't be good

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