

# 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 lives But you can't be nice  
You put your gun to their head  
And you pull back the pin  
And you can't be good My 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 fields But you can't be good  
You hold up the bloody knife  
And let it shine in the sun  
You gotta be everywhere I'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 untouchable And 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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