

Stupid, Stupid War

D.R.I.

You think you look good in your new uniform
Starched and pressed into the perfect norm
Until Uncle Sam puts that gun in your hand
Points you in the wrong direction
And says, "Kill that man" Well, I don't fit into your plan
You can't make me kill, man
You can't make me kill a man
You can't make me kill and I won't fight your stupid war
Believe me, I'm not your slave
I won't fight in your war games
The C.I.A. can't make me play
The world's running into problems now
That doesn't mean we have to fight it out Well, I don't fit into your plan
You can't make me kill, man
You can't make me kill a man
You can't make me kill and I won't fight your stupid war
I won't fight your stupid war
I won't fight when there's nothing to fight for
Nothing to fight for, nothing to fight for
There's nothing to fight fucking for

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