

# 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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