

Masters of War

Come you masters of war
 You that build all the guns
 You that build the death planes
 You that build the big bombs
 You that hide behind walls
 You that hide behind desks
 I just want you to know I
 Can see through your masks

2. You that never done nothin'
 But build to destroy
 You play with my world
 Like its your little toy
 You put a gun in my hand
 And you hide from my eyes
 And you turn and run farther
 When the fast bullets fly

3. Like Judas of old
 You lie and deceive
 A world war can be won
 You want me to believe
 But I see through your eyes
 And I see through your brain
 Like I see through the water
 That runs down my drain

4. You fasten the triggers
 For the others to airo
 Then you stand back and watch
 When the death count gets higher
 You hide in your mansion
 As young people's blood
 Flows out of their bodies
 And is buried in the mud

5. You've thrown the worst fear
 That can ever be hurled
 Fear to bring children
 Into the world
 For threatening my baby
 Unborn and unnamed
 You ain't worth the blood
 That runs in your veins

6. How much do I know
 To talk out of turn
 You might say that I'm young
 You might say I'm unlearned
 But there's one thing I know
 Though I'm younger than you
 Even Jesus would never
 Forgive what you do

It Isn't Nice

It isn't nice to block the doorway
 It isn't nice to go to jail
 There are nicer ways to do it
 But the nice ways always fail
 It isn't nice it isn't nice
 You've told us once you've told us twice
 But if that's freedom's price
 We don't mind. (No no no)

2. It isn't polite to ask the Trustees
 What their corporations make
 But bomber planes and CS nerve gas
 Are not polite about the lives they take
 It ain't polite it ain't polite
 You said last week and you'll say tonight
 But we just think it's right so
 We don't mi-i-nd. (No no no)

3. We surely wouldn't put at issue
 What Hewlett makes at FMC
 The only problem that disturbs us
 Is Hewlett's credibility
 The nerve gas was it classified?
 So Bill felt safe the day he lied
 The army got supplied, and
 So we mi-ind. (yes yea yea)

4. It isn't nice to sniff guerillas
 It isn't nice to shoot them dead
 But Lockheed Corp. and Hewlett-Packard
 Need ways to earn a little bread
 The profits of these war machines
 Depend on Stanford's ways and means
 They use us but it seems that
 They don't mi-i-nd (no no no)

5. It isn't nice to take a building
 It isn't nice to make a stink
 It isn't nice to spoil our image
 Of being just to nice to think
 It isn't nice it isn't nice
 You've told us once, you've told us twice.
 But if that's justice' price
 We don't mind

7. Let me ask you one question
 Is your money that good
 Will it buy you forgiveness
 Do you think that it could
 I think you will find
 When your death takes its toll
 All the money you make will
 Never buy your soul

8. And I hope that you die
 And your death will come soon
 I will follow your casket
 On a pale afternoon and
 I'll watch while you're lower
 Down to your death bed
 And I'll stand o'er your gra
 Till I'm sure that you're de

Solidarity Forever

(tune: John Brown's Body)

When the Union's inspiration through the workers blood shall run

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun

Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one? But the Union makes us strong

Chorus: Solidarity forever, solidarity forever. Solidarity forever for the Union makes us strong

2. It is we who plowed the prairies, built the cities where they trade

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of railroad laid

Now we stand outcasts and starving 'mid the wonders we have made

But the Union makes us strong. CHORUS

3. In our hands is placed the power greater than their hoarded gold

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand fold

We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old

For the union makes us strong. CHORUS

Yankee Soldiers

(tune: Yankee Doodle)

1. Yankee soldiers went to war
Riding an F-111
Dropped some napalm on some niggers
And sent them all to heaven

2. C: Yankee soldiers keep it up
And keep right on a smilin'
Maybe with a little luck
Make South Vietnam an island

3. U.S. Army knows the rules
On how to bomb and pillage
And what we learn in training
schools

Is how to burn a village

4. B: Yankee Soldiers, Uncle Sam
Richard Nixon, Westmoreland
Get the hell out of Vietnam
Or do your own damn fighting

5. Rebellions in the ghetto
streets

But we know what to do
We have to stop the
rioting blacks

So we'll napalm them too

6. C: Law and order that's
the thing

But we must have justice
Blacks don't seem to buy
these words

Could be they just don't
trust us

Finin To Die Rag

Well come on all of you big strong men

Uncle Sam needs your help again

He's got himself in a terrible jam

Way down yonder in Vietnam CHORUS

And it's one, two, three, what are we fighting for?

Don't ask me I don't give a damn next stop is Vietnam

And it's five, six, seven, open up the pearly gates

Well, there ain't no time to wonder why. Whoopee, we're all going to die.

Come on Mothers through the land

Pack your boys off to Vietnam

Come on Fathers don't hesitate

Send your sons off before it's too late

And you can be the first ones on your block

To have your boy come home in a box. CHORUS

Come on generals let's move fast

Your big chance has come at last

Now you can go out and get those Reds

Cause the only good Commie is one that's dead

And you know that peace can only be won

When we've blown 'em all to Kingdom come. CHORUS