

Anti-Flag, Tommy Gun

Little boy soldier Tommy Gun
He'd kill to play "peace keeper man"
It's a little game he learned from dad
His daddy was a "peace keeper" in Iraq
Pretending he's off soldiering, in a distant far off land
He cocks his gun, he shoots you down
Murder again, and again, and again
Murder again, and again, and again
Murder again, and again, and again
Teaching the children to murder
Sunday morning, off to church,
A red faced preacher sweating words
This fat old fuck goes on and on
Tommy learned a special lesson
"Thou shall love they neighbor,
And thou shall never kill,
Void in name in cash"
Murder again, and again, and again
Murder again, and again, and again
Murder again, and again, and again
Teaching the children to murder
You're going to dream tonight little boy,
And in that nightmare you're going to wake up to think...
That's when you'll get it
They punish anyone, don't you know
That shows any sign of understanding
More than their rhetoric
Just like his dad, and his dad's dad before him
Tommy went off to fight in a war
And protect his people from an inhumane race,
From an out of sight threat, in a far away place
And just before Tommy got shot down, he stopped to think,
To ask himself,
"Are their armies also made up of their poor?"
Murder again, and again, and again
Murder again, and again, and again
Murder again, and again, and again
Teaching the children to murder