

# Buddy Lackey, Let's Start A War!

stimulation slowing down  
the corporations underground  
own the bloody world but they want more  
the television picture man smiles and say "I have a plan come on everyone  
let's start a war!"

this idea is nothing new  
it really just is something to amuse  
I hope that you don't mind to die  
simply just to passify my views

imagine all the people dead  
all the missiles streaming overhead  
people running screaming through the fire  
all the soldiers lying down  
muddy faces to the ground  
bleeding from the twisted razor wire  
school boys fighting through the trees  
while the women run the factories  
a machine gun is a fair trade for a dream  
they taught us well to stand in line  
they don't let no one fall behind  
to fall into the turning war machine

this idea is nothing new  
it really just is something to amuse  
it's always been a rich man's game  
it's no suprise, they'll ask the same of you  
well the rich exchange a pat on the back  
while the high school kids are sent to attack  
and they know damn well they'll never come back again

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while the high school kids are sent to attack  
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mountains made of human skulls  
the bodies buried in their holes  
the product of a genocidal mind  
blackened sky with burning red  
all the kids have guns held to their heads  
the prisoners of war are left behind

this idea is nothing new  
it's really just been something to amuse  
I hope that you don't mind to die  
or simply just to lose an eye or two  
well the rich exchange a pat on the back  
while the high school kids are sent to attack  
and they know damn well they'll never come back again  
and if you do well don't be surprised  
when you find out they've been telling you lies  
and the freedom that you fought for  
cost you your mind or more, they don't care  
the blood revelations turn  
the dying watch their cities burn  
the government can murder who they choose  
the democrats are acting sad  
republicans are truly glad  
to set their mercenaries on the loose  
this idea is nothing new  
it's really just been something to amuse  
there's really nothing you can do  
to keep them digging all their gold from you

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while the high school kids are sent to attack  
and they know damn well they'll never come back again  
and if you do well don't be surprised  
when you find out they've been telling you lies  
and the freedom that you fought for  
cost you your mind  
you never get back the life that they robbed  
while you're out on the streets, they are high on the hog  
you're a psycho veteran you can't get a job no more

now the paper sack that carried your wine  
is a makeshift homeless veteran sign  
you're a freakshow on display and you're out of your mind

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it was entirely too silly, and so I shall stop it  
I only hope that we can put this all behind us now, and just get on with  
the rest of the album  
. . . in fact, maybe it's just best if you never play that song anyway . .