Joe Jackson, Tuzla

Of all the treasure in our chest
We love the golden god of war the best
Look, look at that little clown
Here, look through the binoculars
Someone burned his schoolhouse down
And he's blinking in the sun
He's drying something in the sun
Ha! It's an old tea bag!
Now he rolls it up
Look! He made a cigarette
But he's not gonna smoke it yet
Maybe he's gonna sell it
How much d'you think he'll get?
A slice of ham = a long goodbye = 3 days of peace
A bar of soap = a can of oil = 10 years of debt
A pinch of salt = a week of news = 4 double-A's
A plastic bag = a place to hide = one sucker bet
I got what you want
You got what I need
Of all the sterling men of steel
We crave the one who'll teach us not to feel
Look at the guy selling beer
Where the hell did he get it from?
He's the King of the Hill
He's the bug that survives the bomb
See the smirk on his greasy face
Handing a bottle to the mortal foe
It's not the time to kill
Not that he forgets . . .
As he takes a crumpled bill
And thinks this is better yet
A pot for the rain = a pair of shoes = 2 hand grenades
A spade for the grave = four lovely eggs = 3 cigarettes
A stick of gum = some wood for a fire = 2 table legs
A cup of rice = a pint of blood = 1 pound of flesh
Line up to buy here
Line up to die there
Look, look through that window
Looks like your sister there
In a Chetnik's bed
Look, there on the table
Looks like she did it for a loaf of bread
Shit! She's got a knife!
And he's snoring like a pig
Is he worth more alive or dead?
How much for his boots?
How much for his head?
Though all the days and all the times
We count the coin and stash away the crimes