

# 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