

# Barenaked Ladies, Helicopters

This is where the helicopters came to take me away  
This is where the children used to play

This is only half a mile away from the attack  
This is where my life changed in a day  
And then it changed back  
Buried in the din of rotor noise and close explosions  
I do my best to synthesize the sounds and my emotions  
This is where the allies bombed the school,  
They say by mistake  
Here nobody takes me for a fool, just for a fake  
Later at the hotel bar, the journalists are waiting  
I hurry back to my guitar while they're commiserating

And I'll be leaving soon  
I'll be leaving soon

Just as soon as we were on the ground  
We were back in the jet  
Just another three day foreign tour we'd never forget  
It's hard to sympathize with all this devastation  
Hopping 'round from site to site like tourists on vacation

And I'll be leaving soon  
I'll be leaving soon

I can't help anyone cause everyone's so cold  
Everyone's so skeptical of everything they're told  
And even I get sick of needing to be sold

Though it's only half a month away, the media's gone  
An entertaining scandal broke today, but I can't move on  
I'm haunted by a story and I do my best to tell it  
Can't even give this stuff away, why would I sell it?  
Everybody's laughing, while at me they point a finger  
A world that loves its irony must hate the protest singer

So I'll be leaving soon  
I'll be leaving soon  
I'll be leaving soon  
I'll be leaving soon