

Dri, Stupid, Stupid War

You think you look good in your new uniform
Starched and pressed into the perfect norm
Until uncle Sam puts a gun in your hand
Points you in the wrong direction and says,
"kill that man!"
Well, I don't fit into your plan
You can't make me kill, man
You can't make me kill a man
You can't make me kill and
I won't fight your stupid war
Believe me, I'm not your slave
I won't fight in your war games
The C.I.A. Can't make me play
The world's running into problems now
That doesn't mean we have to fight it out
Well, I don't fit into your plan
You can't make me kill, man
You can't make me kill a man
You can't make me kill and
I won't fight your stupid war
I won't fight your stupid war
I won't fight when there's nothing to fight for
Nothing to fight for
Nothing to fight fuckin for