

# Good Riddance, Mother Superior

how ready are you  
to die for an ideal  
what's the connection,  
between a lie and what is real  
Mother Superior

I've got an angel on my back  
I'm one of the righteous  
and I'm never going back  
no, no, no  
I'm never going back

who's that shining forth-right man  
about to die behind me  
he's waiting for the portress to  
send me head over heels  
who's that black-heart four-star  
general walking up the hill  
to ask the liberals nicely  
to help, finance his private war

and if I didn't trust that man  
when he puts the rifle in your hand  
sings you songs of pageantry and grace  
and how much you want to bet  
on the other side  
there's a man with twice your pride  
and they put you feet first in an  
unmarked grave

there was a time in our history  
when we justified by saying  
our destinies manifest  
now imperialism is the mantra  
of the west

see that trigger happy  
college boys, love a chance  
to try out their new toys  
then they wash the city streets  
clean, with the blood of infidels

as the fabric of democracy  
lay tattered in the dust  
we could put, another greedy man  
into the dictatorial  
puppet-show, now  
tell me, who do you trust  
who do you trust

in a volatile hemisphere  
we'll perpetuate a hostile  
atmosphere  
call it a threat  
to national security  
call it just a poor-sick face  
one more place,  
to export cheap labor

hail the monarchy  
hail the oligarchy  
a potential for anarchy  
and we pat ourselves  
firmly on the back

