

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

