

# Jim Carroll, Barricades

By jim carroll

We should have left at once  
We should have never stayed  
Now they have drawn the line  
Now there is a barricade  
Now there's a barricade  
A barricade  
Who makes promises?  
Who makes promises through a thick lead door?  
Through an intercom on the 23rd floor?  
Who makes promises and then promises more?  
Who makes promises for el salvador?

Bobby's getting called. billy's getting called  
Juan's getting called, john's getting called . . .  
They get a letter in the mail, they get a telephone call

It says, "come on, come on . . ."  
It says, "come on . . ."

All the american boys  
Asleep beneath american shade  
Awake on foreign soil  
They awake inside the barricades  
Inside the barricades

The sun curves over the jungle  
And trees grow from the dead nun's lungs  
But when the ship is in the harbor  
Then the cyanide pill's on their tongue

Inside the barricade, inside the barricade

Girls, no more going out dancing  
And boys, there's no more getting laid  
You're gonna parachute to the holy land  
And you will drop into the barricades  
Inside the barricades, inside the barricades

Who makes promises for the neutron bomb?  
It will sign your lungs to death  
And leave the corporate walls unharmed . . .  
Who makes promises with such insidious charm?  
But it would have made things cleaner  
In old vietnam . . .

That's when kevin got called up  
Ritchie got called . . .  
And kevin never came back  
Ritchie never came home

Their folks got a letter in the mail  
They got a letter in the mail . . .

I ain't gonna die for standard oil  
I.b.m. . . . I wouldn't die for them!  
G.e.? not me!

"come on," they say, "come on"  
They say "come on,"  
And you say, "ahh" . . .  
You just say "later!"

