

Joan Baez, Saigon Bride

(Music by Joan Baez, Lyrics by Nina Duscheck)

Farewell my wistful Saigon bride

I'm going out to stem the tide

A tide that never saw the seas

It flows through jungles, round the trees

Some say it's yellow, some say red

It will not matter when we're dead

How many dead men will it take

To build a dike that will not break?

How many children must we kill

Before we make the waves stand still?

Though miracles come high today

We have the wherewithal to pay

It takes them off the streets you know

To places they would never go alone

It gives them useful trades

The lucky boys are even paid

Men die to build their Pharaoh's tombs

And still and still the teeming wombs

How many men to conquer Mars

How many dead to reach the stars?

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