

# John Denver, Let Us Begin

Western Oklahoma nineteen forty three  
I always felt grateful to live in the land of the free

I gave up my father to South Korea  
The mind of my brother to Vietnam  
Now there's a banker who says I must give up my land

There are four generations of blood in this topsoil  
Four generations of love on this farm  
Before I give up I would gladly give up my right arm

What are we making weapons for  
Why keep on feeding the war machine  
We take it right out of the mouths of our babies  
Take it away from the hands of the poor  
Tell me, what are we making weapons for

I had a son and my son was a soldier  
He was so like my father, he was so much like me  
To be a good comrade was the best that he dreamed he could be

He gave up his future to revolution  
His life to a battle that just can't be won  
For this is not living, to live at the point of a gun

I remember the nine hundred days of Leningrad  
The sound of the dying, the cut of the cold  
I remember the moments I prayed I would never grow old

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For the first time in my life I feel like a prisoner  
A slave to the ways of the powers that be  
And I fear for my children, as I fear for the future I see

Tell me how can it be we're still fighting each other  
What does it take for a people to learn  
If our song is not sung as a chorus, we surely will burn

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Have we forgotten  
All the lives that were given  
All the vows that were taken  
Saying never again  
Now for the first time  
This could be the last time  
If peace is our vision  
Let us begin

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If peace is our vision  
Let us begin, Let us begin.