

Nanci Griffith, Big Blue Ball Of War

In 1914 this ball was at war
It went from Belgium on through Ireland
The Congo, then back home

This big blue ball of war spun on its own
Spinning history in lines of blood
When many souls fell off

(chorus)

We all ride on (we all ride)
This big blue ball of war
Souls with tickets through the veil
We all ride on
We all ride on (we all ride)
This big blue ball of war
We choose to spin around and ride
This big blue ball of war

Almost a century, the blood has flowed
We've killed our men of peace around this ball
And refused to hear their ghosts

We spend our destinies in deeds of hate
Humanity upon this ball
Is just a bloody fall from grace

(chorus)

A reformation might just save us all
A voice of harmony and open heart
Where the women teach the song

These men of evil deed can be proven wrong
If we join hand to hand with Abraham
So not a soul falls off

(chorus)