

# Small Fred, No More Vietnams

The market place was bustling in the morning  
When the army and the ORDEN made their strike  
Like a farmer killing chickens for the market  
They cut down every living thing in sight.  
They tore into the wombs of the women  
The sunlight gleaming on their bayonets  
And the fishermen downstream, though they never heard the screams  
Hauled in a harvest of human carnage in their nets.

CHORUS:

Take down my name  
I ain't alone, I ain't ashamed  
And I say U.S.A. out of El Salvador!  
You can tell the Pentagon  
We want no more Vietnams  
We ain't marching into that jungle anymore.  
She left her home in Ohio far behind her  
She swore a sacred vow to help the poor  
With three sisters she was raped and slowly tortured  
Left in a shallow grave in El Salvador.  
A doctor, he would grieve at all the suffering  
He never asked his patient's party line  
But he saved a rebel's life--the death squad came at night  
Healing the sick his only crime.

CHORUS

Our taxes buy the bullets of the killers  
Our helicopters darken southern skies  
Our business wants new markets and cheap labor  
Our papers rush to print C.I.A. lies  
But take a message to the smiling politicians  
Who like to talk so tough and act so brave  
The rattling words of war, we've heard them all before  
And we will answer them with peace and joy and rage.

CHORUS