

Smoke Or Fire, Fifty cent hearts

Fuck the newspapers, forget what's on the TV screen.
They'll say we're winning, but they'll never tell you what was gained.
Cash in the pockets of the businessmen who call the shots
While shots are fired far from all their summer homes and yachts.
Every day that passes you know we don't do anything,
And another mother's son is dying on a battlefield.
And while the children fight and die for your america,
The corporations run away with our fucking world, our world
So this is war, our war.
And just because we're strong doesn't mean we can't be gentle.
We could be gentle.
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Fifty cent hearts. Fifty cent hearts. Fifty cent hearts.
Fifty cent hearts. Fifty cent hearts. Fifty cent hearts.
Is that all we're worth?