

STARS AND STRIPES

The river gleams at night, stars shiver and sigh
A tracer rips the ceiling out of the sky
Johnnie is hurt, his blood soakin' the dirt
Hey Medic man, don't let my only friend die
'Cause we've been through good and bad
From Ramadi to Baghdad
Johnnie had my back like it was his own
In the heat and the dust, the sweat and the rust
Nothin' was ever gonna stop the both of us goin' home

So hoist up the Stars and Stripes, gonna break out tonight
Johnnie, hold on, man, whatever you do don't let go
Hey, President Bush, what are you doin' to us
We've been through hell, man, it's time we went home

The captain he yelled out, "sniper in that house"
Then the RPG blew him to blue blazes
Johnnie, hold on, chopper be here at dawn
Just one more hour, babe, then you and me goin' home
The Hummer took the bend at forty plus and then
The IED cut the door and the driver to pieces
Nothin' to do but squeeze a picture of you
And pray to god you're still waitin' when I get home

So hoist up the Stars and Stripes, gonna break out tonight
Johnnie, hold on, man, whatever you do don't let go
Hey, President Bush, what are you doin' to us
Johnnie on fire, man, that kid just wanta go home

The stars have disappeared, I can smell the fear
I'll hear those AK-47s forever
Johnnie don't cry, we're gonna make it home I swear it, guy,
Just gotta hold on, man, the sun soon be dawnin'
The corporal he got hit, fell into a ditch
Hold his head up, man, don't let him sink under
Then a thunderin' breeze split the skeleton trees
Sweet hum of that chopper, last sound I remember

So hoist up the Stars and Stripes, gonna break out tonight
Johnnie, hold on, man, whatever you do don't let go
Hey President Bush, looks like you missed the bus
Johnnie's in heaven, man, better take that kid home

DOWNTOWN BAGHDAD BLUES

Got a buddy in Najaf, he's playing it straight
Prays to the Lord Jesus Christ every night
Got a homey in Samarra goin' up the walls
Every time he hear an Islamic prayer call
Me, I don't care much about Jesus or Mohammed
They don't stop bullets to the best of my knowledge
Later for the both of you, catch you in eternity
Hopefully, towards the end of this century

I didn't want to come here, I didn't get to choose,
I got the hup, two, three, four Downtown Baghdad Blues.

I wish I was back home rootin' for the Padres
'Stead of dodgin' bullets from Mookie El Sadr
I wish I was back in the land of Giuliani
Instead of takin' heat from Ayatollah Sistani
One thing for certain, one thing is clear
Twenty years old, I can kill but I can't buy a beer
Keep your head down, don't get your brain cells fried
You'll be home by Christmas - dead or alive!

I wish I was back in the US of A
Instead stoppin' rockets in Falluji-ay
There's a lady with my tattoo on her so special
Dream of her and me out in the desert
She ridin' round in her Daddy's Ford Explorer
I'm kickin' in doors, hey, I thought this war was over
Sand in my nose, sand in my eyes
The sand can't cover up the sights of a
Sniper with my number, got his finger on the trigger
Hope my baby's okay, I'm still waitin' for a letter
All I get are emails, so much unsaid
It's hot here, baby, but it's so cold inside my head.

Mission accomplished, yeah, up on deck
Got no armor for my Humvee, left facin' this train wreck
Shia don't like me, want Islamic Revolution
Sunni say civil war is part of the solution
Maybe someday there'll be peace in Fallujah
McDonald's on the boulevard, Cadillac cruisin'
Tryin' hard to keep this whole thing straight
Will someone tell me what the hell am I doin' here in the first place?

Land of hope cried the warrior bard
Though all the world betray thee...
Land of hope cried the warrior bard
Though all the chickenhawks down in DC betray thee...

SADR CITY

I'm going down to Sadr City
Ain't expectin' much of a good time
I'm goin' down to Sadr City, babe
Check out the scene of the crime
Only one thing on my mind, babe
Gotta get out of that joint alive

Hey, Mookie run the show there
That man ain't big on gettin' high
Hey, Mookie run the show there, baby
Ain't exactly a downhome kind of guy
Don't go in for drinkin' or dancin' much
Got God on his mind, big time

Hey, I wish I was back in the Green Zone
Where the whiskey's runnin' free
Instead I'm in a Hummer
With the Mahdi shootin' at me
Oh, Sadr City,
Hillbilly armor protectin' me
If I gotta be in this sweat box
Least you can do is look out for me

Hey, I wish I was back in the US
Where the ladies look divine
Instead of checkin' out burkas
47s in their linin'
Oh, Sadr City,
I wish you could let me be
Hey, Mister Mookie, man,
Someday you're gonna be the death of me

I'm going down to Sadr City
Ain't expectin' much of a good time
I'm goin' down to Sadr City, babe
Check out the scene of the crime
I came over to liberate your ass

BLACK 47

IRAQ

Now all I want to do is get out of here alive

SUNRISE ON BROOKLYN

Dawn streaks across the desert
I can't believe it gets so cold at night
But the 47s have stopped chattering
We're frozen in the starry light
I can't believe it's so beautiful
Only moments ago it was hell
And I hope I see the sunrise on Brooklyn again

A dog howls in the distance
Cryin' for the dyin' of the moon
White noise crackles from the minaret
The muezzin will be praying soon
I wish I could hear a church bell
To remind me of where I'm from
Hey I hope I see the sun rise on Brooklyn again

That night down by the Narrows
When you told me that you cared
And your eyes lit up with Sicilian fire
Across the universe I can still taste your desire

And oh, the dawn is beautiful
But that won't last for long
'Cause Johnnie Jihad he's got patience
And snipers sing a different song
I can't believe it's so peaceful
In only moments it'll be hell
And I hope we share that moment in Brooklyn again
I hope I see the sunrise in your eyes again
I hope I see the sunrise on Brooklyn again

BALLAD OF CINDY SHEEHAN

The sweetest light shines from a child's eyes
Take it away there's a void
That's why I gave up my hearth and my home
To testify against this cruel war

I didn't want to be part of history
I was happy enough back home
If only I had my Casey beside me
Instead of hearing his voice forever on heaven's telephone

Your girls will never see Samarra
Diyala is far from their minds
But Casey only had eyes for his country
He never doubted your voice or the difference between truth and lies

I don't always say what I mean
Though I try to express what I feel
If only my words kept your boys and your girls alive
I could ignore all of the hate and the lies

You didn't serve when you were called on
You chose to stay at home
If only my Casey had followed your choices
I wouldn't lie here at night waitin' for heaven's telephone

THE LAST ONE TO DIE

Dear John, how you doin' man, miss you so bad
How's the weather in Iraq, when you comin' back
We're all thinking about you
I'm sorry my man, you meltin' in the sun
Don't sound like fun, but I'm doin' my part
See all of them yellow ribbons I got sproutin' from my car
But sometimes I get this feelin'
Of throwin' my hands up and screamin'
Hey, Kid, you wanta be the last one to die

Dear John, what's the matter, man, the surge is on
I heard it on Fox, we're kickin' Qaeda butt
We all doin' our part back home
We're spendin' up a storm, down on the farm
It's the new patriotism, call it Walmart religion
My credit card's just about busted from the strain
Still I can't stop this feelin'
We're out of control and reelin'
Hey, kid, you wanta be the last one to die

Dear John, gotta hear this loud, you're doin' us proud
Protectin' the homeland from all of them morons
Blowin' themselves up in Baghdad
Hey later, y'all, gotta end this call
Run to the mall, they're sellin' it all
At less than half price, so you better not call home tonight
'Cause I gotta kick this feelin'
Of throwin' my hands up and screamin'
Hey, kid, you wanta be the last one to die

THE BATTLE OF FALLUJAH

Let me tell you the story of a place without glory
In a sandpit they call Iraq
Where Abu Zarqawi and his homey Jihadis
Decided to set up shop
The Hajis and Qaeda were holed up inside of
The mosques and the booby-trapped shacks
But the US Marines put a dent in their dreams
Sent them half way to hell and back

Here's to the old men back in the States
Don't ever let on that they used you
When you're knockin' down doors for them DC whores
Kicking ass at the battle of Fallujah

Fightin' house to house by the Muhammadia mosque
130s and Cobras above
The reek of the Willie Pete braizin' the flesh
Forget about peace and love
In the thick of the battle haulin' 50 pounds of rattle
The sweat seepin' into my eyes
The spikes of adrenaline shootin' inside my brain
Never felt so alive

Here's to the old men back in the States
Don't ever let on that they used you
When you're down in the dirt with your heart in your mouth
Dodgin' hell at the battle of Fallujah

Mortars in minarets, fire from inside that mosque
Rubble the bloody place down
Don't take them alive, they surrender then fight
Even the dead are rigged to ignite

BLACK 47

IRAQ

Inside of the Jolan we're rockin' and rollin'
The Marines are in for the kill
Hey Abu Zarqawi, *marsalama*, baby
Your 69 virgins await you in hell

Here's to the patriots lined up on TV
Fallin' over themselves to support you
When you're knockin' down doors for them DC whores
Kicking ass at the battle of Fallujah

All you soccer moms and you politicians
Keep your college darlin's at home
Don't send them to war, they'll be knee deep in gore
Leave that to the men who can settle the score
And if there's a draft, you know damn well yourself
This war'll be over by dawn
So let's blow up this hole, your tax dollars can go
To buildin' it up all over again

RAMADI

Sittin' here in Ramadi
Thinkin' about you, baby
Wonderin' what you're doin'
Are you thinkin' about me, maybe
Or are you cruisin' down Main Street
Hangin' with your old squeeze
While I'm sittin' here in Ramadi
Thinkin' about you, baby

Ah, the Jihads got me pinned down
But that ain't the worst thing on my mind
Just keep thinkin' about you, darlin'
Exactly what you're doin'
I know he wants you so bad
It's drivin' me out of my head
I know you'll always be true
But it's my third tour
And I don't know what to do
But think about you, baby
While I'm pinned down here in Ramadi

I keep waitin' for somethin' concrete
Like a letter or a pack of cigarettes
But all I get are "whatevers"

BLACK 47

IRAQ

And cold kisses across the internet
I know that I've been hesitant
But how can I explain the worlds I've seen
And when I come home
Will this madness follow me
And will you resist his passionate company
Waitin' for me, oh so lonely
While I'm thinkin' 'bout you, baby
Pinned behind a wall here in Ramadi....

SOUTHSIDE CHICAGO WALTZ

With the shells goin' off, the tracers so bright
There are times I can't tell if it's day or it's night
I feel the St. Christopher's medal you gave me
When you promised me it would get me home safely
I wish I was back in the arms of my family
On Memorial Day Sunday, all ready to party
When the band hits the stage down in Gaelic Park
With my brothers beside me and you, the queen of my heart

Mickey's in the Fire Department, Danny's a cop
I'm here in Baghdad with the Marines moppin' up
Oh I wish I was home with you, darlin', because
We'd be dancin' to the Southside Chicago Waltz

With the canons all roarin' and the jets in the sky
And the flares goin' off like the Fourth of July
For a moment I held him dead in my sights
I squeezed the trigger and it's later, pal, good night
I think of you lyin' safely at home
With your arms cryin' out for me alone
Let's go down Gaelic Park, yell out "American Wake"
Let me be in one piece when I get home for both of our sakes

Sometimes you got to be better than you are
Step up on your toes and reach out for the stars
Oh I hope to God what I'm doin' here is right
'Cause I can't take many more of these bloody god-awful nights

BLACK 47

IRAQ

Missin' Mickey in the Fire Department, Danny the cop
While I'm here in Baghdad with the Marines moppin' up
Oh I wish I was home with you, darlin', because
We'd be dancin' to the Southside Chicago Waltz