

Disposable Heroes Of Hiphoprisy "The Winter Of The Long Hot Summer"

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It all seemed so idiotic all the accusations of unpatriotic
The fall we'll always remember, capitulating silence
election November before the winter
of the long hot summer
Somewhere in the desert
we raised the oil pressure
and waited for the weather
to get much better
for the new wind to blow in the storm
We tried to remember the history in the region
the French foreign legion, Imperialism,
Peter O'Toole and hate the Ayatollah
were all we learned in school
Not that we gave Hussein five billion
Not of our new bed partner the Syrian
and of course no mention of the Palestine situation
It was amazing how they steamrolled
They said eighty percent approval
but there was no one that I knew polled
No one had a reason for being in the Gulf
We waited for congress to speak up illegal build up
But no one would wake up
Our representatives were Milli Vanilli's
for corporate Dallas Cowboy Beverly Hillbillies
With perfect timing
the politicians rhyming their sentiments
so nicely oil gold and sand
my sediments precisely....
We regretfully support the lunacy
I'm afraid there is no time for more scrutiny
National unity preserve our community
TeflonÂ© election opportunities
were in profundant abundance

On January second the Bush administration
announced a recession had stricken
the Nation the highest quarterly
earnings in ten years were posted
by ChevronÂ©
Meanwhile a budget was placed in our hands
as the deadline in the sand came to an end
so much for the peace dividend

one billion a day is what we spent
and our grandchildren will pay for it 'til the end
When schools are unfunded
and kids don't get their diplomas
they get used for gun boat diplomacy
disproportionately
black or brown we see
bullet catchers for the slave master

Then the conservatives called up reservists
to active service left families nervous
but more importantly broke nine hundred a month
but the check came late, army red tape you see,
this golden opportunity
We watched the tube and read the newspaper
The propaganda of the gas masked raper
was the proper slander to whip up the hatred

The stage was lit and the lights were all faded
The pilots in night vision goggles Kuwaited and
generals masturbated
'til the fifteenth two days later they invaded
Not a single t.v. station expressed dissension or
hardly made mention to the censorship of information

from our kinder and gentler nation
blinder and mentaler retardation
DISORIENTATION
The pilots said their bombs lit Baghdad
like a Christmas tree
It was the Christian thing to do you see
they didn't mention any casualties
no distinction between the real
and the proxy
only football analogies

We saw the bomb hole
We watched the Super Bowl
We saw the scud missile
We watched Bud's commercials
We saw the yellow ribbons
Saw pilots in prison
We never saw films of the dead...at eleven
Angela Davis addressed the spectators
and shouting above a rumbling generator said
if they insist on bringing us down
then let's shut the whole country down
Marching through the downtown
A hundred thousand became participants
and we heard the drums of millions off in the distance
rushing through the cities

some of them did things that weren't so pretty
most were there for primal scream therapy
news men concentrated
on the negative liked the jingoists more
peaceful protesters ended up
on the cutting room floor
Nintendo® casualties of the ratings war
More bombs dropped than in World War II
on in both Asian invasions, new world order
persuasion,
Business as usual
for our nation
Could you imagine a hundred fifty thousand dead,
the city of Stockton
coffins locked in when we clocked in...not to mention
civilians
The loss of life on both sides
pushed the limits of resilience
The scent of blood in our nostrils
fuel of the fossil land of apostle
The blackness that covered the sky was not the only
thing
that brought a tear to the eye or
the taste of anger to the tongues
of those too young to remember Vietnam

Is heroin better in a veteran's mind
than the memory of the dying laying in a line
Is it the smell or the shadows heaving and weeping
that keeps the soldier from sleeping
as he sings the orphan's lullaby
When the soldiers put down their bayonets
the strings are chained to the marionettes
Emir of Kuwait gets back in his jet
we replace the dead with new cadets
will we hate those who did the shelling
or will we hate those who weren't willing to do the
killing
when the leaders of the bald eagles come home to
roost
will we sing a song of praise and indebtedness
for our deliverance from evil
or will we sing a song of sadness
for the dreaded debt this mess delivered us PEOPLE.

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