

Divine Comedy "Guantanamo"

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They haven't departed.
They haven't gone home.
The trials haven't started.
No evidence shown.
They don't get no visits.
They don't get no calls,
and nobody tells them nothing at all.

The headphones and the blindfolds,
the days and the weeks.
The overalls of orange, the manacled feet.
A Kafka-esque nightmare.
A legal black hole.
A corner of Cuba
named Guantanamo.

The warmongers tell us
they gave up their rights
when they attacked us
and our way of life.
Oh but our way of life
depends on the law.
On liberty and freedom
and justice for all.

Well they talk about justice in the US of A.
It's the land of the free and the home of the brave.
Yea, but outside of America anything goes.
From Bagram to Abu Ghraib
to Guantanamo.

In 70's Ulster the government thought
if they locked up the suspects
the terror would stop.
But all that internment actually did
was provide the Provos
with more angry kids.

Oh but sometimes I wonder if our leaders really care?
They rely on these demons to keep people scared.
And unwilling to question the fate of those poor souls
who lie

rotting in the cages of Guantanamo

They run for it down the road,
With an arm around her waist,
He leads her to a place,
He knows...

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