

Don Dixon

"Lottery Of Lives"

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We gathered in dorms, every campus alike, as they
read out the numbers,
Controlling our lives
We were quiet and thoughtful 'cause nobody knew if
the axe of the draft
Would hit me or hit you
Our student deferments had ran out of steam and the
nation had called for
New blood in the stream
Consciences objection is not right for me 'cause I
thought that sometimes
You must fight to be free
But the voices in Asia seemed distant and hoarse, I
knew that they were
Fighting for freedom of choice
That phrase that belied segregation is tops when they
needed excuses to
Burn up a bus
But right now my eyes were glued to t.v. as they read
out my number, 123
I was save, tucked away with my books in my bed as
visions of chemistry
Danced in my head
Was my protesting nature elevating through zen or was
I just a wolf in a
Liberal sheep skin

As I look 'round the room at the faces of friends who
would soon be shaved
Bald and subjected to whims of a drill sergeant, hell
bent on making them
Men, I regained my conviction to make the war end and
to do what I could in
My own little way to right every wrong that my
forefathers made
With the fathers explaining to teary-eyed wives that
their sons will grow
Up in the lottery of lives
(Funny)

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