

## **Fishbone**

# **"Party With Saddam"**

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Millions of times the earth has spun  
We must get dizzy going 'round the sun  
It ain't no wonder why minds are gone  
Can we help them understand

It's like I need a place to run  
And jump off buildings just for fun  
Serve up my flesh before it's done  
Politicians need a hand

We won't see the end  
If we party till our colors blend  
Party till Saddam's your friend  
Never drop a bomb again  
All right  
We can break the chains  
If we party like our blood's the same  
Party till we lose our aim  
Never shoot a gun again

The monsters live and children die  
The blanket snatched from over their eyes  
We're all to blame when we stand by  
But we don't know what to say  
They want a fight and dare us to try  
And in result the whole world dies  
Then who'll be left to answer why  
There's got to be a better way

We won't see the end  
If we party till our colors blend  
'cause the Bush's and Bin Laden's are friends  
Never drop a bomb again  
All right  
We can break the chains  
If we party like our blood's the same  
Party till we lose our aim  
Never shoot a gun again

Millions of dollars are spent on a piece  
Of what I don't know,  
But it sure ain't peace of mind

If we keep fighting then war won't cease  
Until all have died they'll fight back every time  
We'll get together and have some fun then life is won  
In that there is no crime  
Real peace don't cost a dime

Too mucha blood them a spilling  
Too mucha life them a stealing  
They come together for a deal  
Super power, super money, super killing  
A time for true emancipation  
Don't want no pseudo-liberation  
A time for evil get replaced  
So we love and make it push in outer space

Hey, we won't see the end  
P-P-P-Party till our colors blend  
Party till Saddam's your friend  
Never drop a bomb again

Can ya imagine Arnie partying with Tookie  
Smoking and drinking till they lose their cookies  
Crips are cousins, Bloods are brothers  
Family can love one another  
We're gonna party with Pinochet  
He gonna sing the karaoke  
We're gonna party with Mobutu  
He's a lindy hopping dancing fool  
Party with Condaleeza Rice, now  
She like to shake it all night y'all  
Party up with Tony Blair  
Throw your hands up in the air  
Party with Fidel Castro  
He like to do it real low and slow  
Party with Vladimir Putin  
He like to breakdance and headspin  
Party with Kim Jong-Il  
He got the North Korean down-home feel  
But let's not forget Hitler  
We gonna pull up Rwanda  
We gonna bring 'em all for dinner  
To meet mama and papa  
Ma ma ma you gotta gotta gotta party  
Party with Saddam y'all  
Party to the end y'all  
You gotta party  
Oh yeah, all right

