

Fred Small

"No More Vietnams"

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The market place was bustling in the morning
When the army and the ORDEN made their strike
Like a farmer killing chickens for the market
They cut down every living thing in sight.
They tore into the wombs of the women
The sunlight gleaming on their bayonets
And the fishermen downstream, though they never
heard the screams
Hauled in a harvest of human carnage in their nets.

CHORUS:

Take down my name
I ain't alone, I ain't ashamed
And I say U.S.A. out of El Salvador!
You can tell the Pentagon
We want no more Vietnams
We ain't marching into that jungle anymore.
She left her home in Ohio far behind her
She swore a sacred vow to help the poor
With three sisters she was raped and slowly tortured
Left in a shallow grave in El Salvador.
A doctor, he would grieve at all the suffering
He never asked his patient's party line
But he saved a rebel's life--the death squad came at
night
Healing the sick his only crime.

CHORUS

Our taxes buy the bullets of the killers
Our helicopters darken southern skies
Our business wants new markets and cheap labor
Our papers rush to print C.I.A. lies
But take a message to the smiling politicians
Who like to talk so tough and act so brave
The rattling words of war, we've heard them all before
And we will answer them with peace and joy and rage.

CHORUS

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