

Boudewijn de groot

"Letter From Iraq"

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The hot Sunni sun
Passes Moaning Mosque Spire.
B-company's pinned down
And under heavy fire.
Underneath the palms
There's improvised bombs.
Because Jihad Johnny
Knows- Yankee is a liar.

[Chorus:]

An eye for an eye.
And blood for Texas Tea.
At the call to prayer
Al Queda's on his knees.
Isac vs. Ishmael.
Allah vs. Christ.
[...] on the offense
Picking up the beat.

There's celebratory fire
And a purple thumb vote.
Tom cruise is on a sortie
From a gulf love boat.
Smart bombs are a coming,
See the children running.
The dead are all laughing,
But we don't get the joke.

[Chorus]

They lost another friend today.
It's getting rough over there.
They say the whole things fucked.
I wish the boys were back.
At least I know they're still alive.
Another letter from Iraq.

Presents full of Christmas loot.
All that's left of Bullet Billy-
Is a pair of bloody boots.
His mom is on the phone,

His girl is all alone.
We all stand in the rain
For a twenty-one gun salute.

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