

## Gwar

### "Antarctican Drinking Song"

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We was part of the slaughter they called Desert Storm  
We maimed and we murdered in the name of "Norm"  
Now As civilian and purpose I lack  
I'm getting ready to go back to Iraq!  
you're over there we're I'm over here  
We had lasagna and plenty of beer  
Learning the tools and the tricks of the trade  
then I come home and I can't get laid  
Back to Iraq!  
I'M BACK!  
You taught me how to kill  
You pumped me full of drugs  
How can you wonder  
Why I became a thug?  
Raining death on people  
Firing into crowds  
Over there I got a big bright medal  
But here it's not allowed  
I'm going  
Back to Iraq!  
I'M BACK!  
now I'm on the streets - I look like a slob  
My skin is corroding - I can't get a job  
I did my duty - I served my nation  
Now I can't even afford medication  
You dirty bastards you made me this way  
But I'm locked and loaded - now you'll have to pay  
Back to Iraq and my life is a wreck  
I wanna kill the President  
But I'll settle for a check  
Back to Iraq!  
I'M BACK, YEAH!

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