

Jim Capaldi

"Barricades"

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By jim carroll

We should have left at once
We should have never stayed
Now they have drawn the line
Now there is a barricade
Now there's a barricade
A barricade
Who makes promises?
Who makes promises through a thick lead door?
Through an intercom on the 23rd floor?
Who makes promises and then promises more?
Who makes promises for el salvador?

Bobbys getting called. billys getting called
Juans getting called, johns getting called . . .
They get a letter in the mail, they get a telephone call

It says, come on, come on . . .
It says, come on . . .

All the american boys
Asleep beneath american shade
Awake on foreign soil
They awake inside the barricades
Inside the barricades

The sun curves over the jungle
And trees grow from the dead nuns lungs
But when the ship is in the harbor
Then the cyanide pills on their tongue
Inside the barricade, inside the barricade

Girls, no more going out dancing
And boys, there's no more getting laid
Youre gonna parachute to the holy land
And you will drop into the barricades
Inside the barricades, inside the barricades

Who makes promises for the neutron bomb?
It will sign your lungs to death

And leave the corporate walls unharmed . . .
Who makes promises with such insidious charm?
But it would have made things cleaner
In old vietnam . . .

That's when kevin got called up
Ritchie got called . . .
And kevin never came back
Ritchie never came home

Their folks got a letter in the mail
They got a letter in the mail . . .

I aint gonna die for standard oil
I.b.m. . . . I wouldn't die for them!
G.e.? not me!

Come on, they say, come on
They say come on,
And you say, ahh . . .
You just say later!

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