

## John Denver "What Are We Making Weapons For"

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I am the son of a grassland farmer
Western Oklahoma nineteen forty three
I always felt grateful to live in the land of the free
I gave up my father to South Korea
The mind of my brother to Vietnam
Now theres a banker who says I must give up my land
There are four generations of blood in this topsoil
Four generations of love on this farm
Before I give up I would gladly give up my right arm

What are we making weapons for Why keep on feeding the war machine We take it right out of the mouths of our babies Take it away from the hands of the poor Tell me, what are we making weapons for

I had a son and my son was a soldier
He was so like my father, he was so much like me
To be a good comrade was the best that he dreamed
he could be

He gave up his future to revolution
His life to a battle that just cant be won
For this is not living, to live at the point of a gun
I remember the nine hundred days of Leningrad
The sound of the dying, the cut of the cold
I remember the moments I prayed I would never grow old

What are we making weapons for Why keep on feeding the war machine We take it right out of the mouths of our babies Take it away from the hands of the poor Tell me, what are we making weapons for

For the first time in my life I feel like a prisoner A slave to the ways of the powers that be And I fear for my children, as I fear for the future I see

Tell me how can it be were still fighting each other What does it take for a people to learn If our song is not sung as a chorus, we surely will burn What are we making weapons for Why keep on feeding the war machine We take it right out of the mouths of our babies Take it away from the hands of th

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