

## John Vanderslice "Heated Pool And Bar"

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my cousin is in columbia  
hunting down the rebels  
over fields of bright and shiny coca

over the jungle floor  
one-handing a 32  
he says: "bring her down low now, I'm  
ready to go."

"I hunt kids in camouflage  
rain down bullets in flight, white light,  
barefoot boys run for your lives."

but you can't be nice  
you put your gun to their head  
and you pull back the pin  
and you can't be good

my friend is based in afghanistan  
he goes from cave to cave and pulls the trigger  
at the first sight of a man

it's total anarchy  
shooting tracer bullets at night  
a high and holy patrol into poppy fields

but you can't be good  
you hold up the bloody knife  
and let it shine in the sun  
you gotta be everywhere

I'm a guard in Guantanamo  
I bring the prisoners in  
the hoods come off and torture slowly begins

the screams I've overheard  
it'd fuck up a weaker man  
but I'm cold, I'm so untouchable

and you can't be nice  
I got a flak jacket  
on my soul with me tonight

and you can't be good

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