

## Justin Sane "Tommy Gun"

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Little boy soldier, Tommy Gun, he'd kill to play  
"peacekeeper man"  
It's a little game he learned from his dad,  
his daddy was a "peacekeeper" in Iraq  
Pretending he's off soldiering, in a distant far off land  
He cocks his gun - he shoots you down

Murder again, and again, and again  
Teaching the children to murder

Sunday morning off to church, a red faced preacher  
sweating words  
This fat old fuck goes on and on, Tommy learns a  
special lesson  
"Thou shall love thy neighbor, and thou shall never kill  
Void in the name of cash."

Murder again, and again and again  
Teaching the children to murder

You're gonna dream tonight little boy,  
and in the nightmare you're gonna wake up to think  
THAT'S WHEN YOU GET IT!

They punish anyone (don't you know?),  
who shows any sign of understanding more than the  
rhetoric

Just like his dad and his dad's dad before him,  
Tommy went off to fight in a war  
And protect his country from an inhumane race,  
and an out of sight threat, in a far off place  
And just before Tommy got shot down,  
he stopped to think, to ask himself,  
"Are their armies also made up of their poor?"

Murder again, and again, and again  
Teaching the children to murder

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