Corb Lund
"Student Visas"

music and lyrics by Corb Lund

They took away our dogtags, they had us grow our hair
They gave us student visas when we were over there
They staged us out of Hondo al este del Salvador
I guess you'd call us Contras but no one calls much no more
There ain't no fun in killin' folk and I don't wanna do no more

My great great rode at Shiloh and Grandpa drove a tank
Daddy was air cavalry, flew choppers in the Nam {Da Nang}
I worked mostly clandestine, the branch I should not say {CIA}
We played with better guns and I could use the extra pay
Did Reagan give the order? Did cocaine pay the bill?
They said we's fightin' communists but it was kinda hard to tell
There ain't no fun in killin' folk and I don't wanna do no more

This was before Blackhawks and RPGs were king
My buddy on the door gun, he never felt a thing
When our Huey caught a rocket and both the pilots killed
And it pitched us over sideways on some Nicaraguan hill
My back felt like it's broken, my legs I could not feel
I kept on shooting communists but it was kind of hard to tell
There ain't no fun in killin' folk and I ain't gonna do no more

I never did heal up right from injuries sustained
Officially in Germany, officially while we trained
I remember all their faces, I dream about them still
I guess we's fightin' communists but it was kinda hard to tell
There ain't no fun in killin' folk, and I don't wanna do no

more

I speak the cold logistic that warriors speak so well
Foxtrot tango whiskey alpha golf tango hotel
A soldierly bravado, an unspeakable guilt
That village, it was communist but it was kinda hard to
tell
There ain't no fun in killin' folk and I don't wanna do no
more
Believe me, I've done plenty boys and I ain't gonna do
no more
But of course if they back me in the corner they'll be
dead before they hit the floor

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