

N.E.R.D. "Drill sergeant"

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(marching feet)

chorus:

Drill sergeant I don't work for you,
I'm not going to war!
I'm a cashier, Good with books
I work at the Barnes & Noble Store,
You must think you're Orson Wells
And this is 1954
You don't understand liberty
Until someone speaks for yours
(Someone speaks for yours)

Shame on you, tellin me to serve my country while I'm
young
Shame on you, mixin my mind up handin' me guns
Bye bye mum and dad and all
Just incase there's failiure
I could be blaming you!
I've got sumthin to tell ya!

chorus:

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I work at the Barnes & Noble Store,
You must think you're Orson Wells
And this is 1954
You don't understand liberty
Until someone speaks for yours
(Someone speaks for yours)

Aim on you, *The love of their buildings, destroy their
soil*?
Aim on you, Did you finally figure where to run that oil?
(Fuck it) Why cry if a man should die?
When there's probable failure?
Or I could just aim at you
But I got something to tell ya...

chorus:

Drill sergeant I don't work for you,
I'm not going to war!
I'm a cashier, Good with books
I work at the Barnes & Noble Store,
You must think you're Orson Wells
And this is 1954
You don't understand liberty
Until someone speaks for yours
(Someone speaks for yours)

Maybe theres another way, that we could
bomb bomb bomb bomb, b-bomb bomb bomb bomb?
Maybe theres another way, that we could
bomb bomb bomb bomb, b-bomb bomb bomb bomb?
Maybe theres another way, that we could
bomb bomb bomb bomb, b-bomb bomb bomb bomb?
Maybe theres another way, that we could
bomb bomb bomb bomb, b-bomb bomb bomb bomb?

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