

The 241ers

"Little Town Of Bethlehem"

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Across the water not so far
Out over where the headlines are
There are people living just like you and I

They've got tank treads tearing up their roads
And bullets through bedroom windows
No work, no wage, no explanation why

They're told come line up for cannon fodder
One more lamb led to the slaughter
Ain't no room in Heaven for the lot of us

For the sake of entertainment stick a needle in your eye
While across the way they sit and watch our bullets
flying by
Learning how to need and bleed and grieve and raise a
hand
Desperation like we wouldn't understand

Play by the rules and they'll stay the same
Stand and fight and you're ones to blame
Logic strains and hope springs drain but death is never
a bore

Sixty years of the same old shit
And if we're this tired of reading about it
Puzzle out if the din and shout were right outside your
door

Oh, little town of Bethlehem
A US-drawn blank check has got it's profit margins
planted on your neck
Oh, little town of Bethlehem
For what it's worth all is not well with Uncle Sam

What do we know about innocence and condemnation?
Not a goddamned thing
And what do we care about where our money is going
to?
(Or how it all got over there?)
While we can't pay for national healthcare

For the sake of entertainment stick a needle in your eye
While across the way they sit and watch our bullets
flying by
Classes are in session but no one is attending
How to live and how to die
How to fight and when to cry
How to talk like you mean it
Love like you feel it
Laugh like you're going belly up
Shit out of luck
Vicious circles amidst that hallowed golden ground
And life goes on

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