

Minutemen

"Price Of Paradise"

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How I remember the history I have seen
I was just a young boy, the horror I couldnt foresee
All the pain that comes with war
All the scars that never heal
Here in paradise the price is cheap
Young men die for greed

Across the ocean in a land they call Vietnam
Young men dying is all it would cost
We were told and proudly believed
They would fight to keep us free
Here in America the price is cheap
Young men die for what?

My brother, the soldier was a hero who survived
He'd tell the stories of men who died without dreams
And they fight for men twice their age
The smell of death made his life change
The price of paradise is stained with blood
Why?

All pawns and puppets of flesh and bone
Will die for their leaders far from their homes
These are men who died very young
Afraid to see that their cause was unjust
Why couldnt they live for life?
Not die to survive

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