

## Minutemen

### "The Price Of Paradise"

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How I remember the history I have seen  
I was just a young boy, the horror I couldn't 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 couldn't they live for life?  
Not die to survive

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