Shona Laing "Not A Kennedy"

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Livin' on through politics, body-guarded, heart in bits A blue-eyed honesty, indigo injury The family tree is felled, bereavement worn so well Givin' up on certainty, wilderness, society

Wearin' the fa-ame like a loaded gun (echo) Tied up with a rosary-y Ooh, I'm glad I'm not a Kennedy

Imagine being a Kennedy, rule without remedy To watch your family die, the world loves a sacrifice Prophets longin' for the three, honouring the tragedy They hunger for the crime, the privilege to take a life

Wearin' the fa-ame like a loaded gun (echo) Tied up with a rosary-y Ooh, I'm glad I'm not a Kennedy Glad I'm not a Kennedy

...and is not peace basically a matter of human rights? The right to live out our lives without fear of devastation?

The right to breathe air as nature provided it?
The right of future generations to a healthy existence?
Let us if we can step back from the shadows of war and seek out

the way of peace...

I lo-ove the look in your eyes
I can see-ee your soul - sometimes and we laugh
And when we try too hard we stop and start
Oh imagine bein' a Kennedy, I'm glad I'm not a
Kennedy

Wearin' the fa-ame like a loaded gun (echo)
Tied up with a rosary-y
I'm glad I'm not a Kennedy
Imagine being a Kennedy
Ooh, I'm glad I'm not a Kennedy

...the cost of freedom is always high yet one path we

shall never choose

That is the path of surrender or submission

When a man's way please the lord, the scriptures tell

us

He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him

We will not prematurely or unnecessarily risk the

course of worldwide nuclear war

In which even the fruits of victory would be ashes in our mouths

Ashes in our mouths (fade)

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