

# The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy "The Winter of the Long Hot Summer"

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It all seemed so idiotic, all the accusations of  
unpatriotic  
The fall we'll always remember, capitulating silence  
Election November before the winter of the long hot  
summer  
Somewhere in the desert we raised the oil pressure  
And waited for the weather to get much better  
For the new wind to blow in the storm

We tried to remember the history in the region  
The French foreign legion, Imperialism,  
Peter O'Toole and hate the Ayatollah were all we  
learned in school  
Not that we gave Hussein five billion  
Not of our new bed partner the Syrian  
And of course no mention of the Palestine situation

It was amazing how they steamrolled  
They said eighty percent approval  
But there was no one that I knew polled  
No one had a reason for being in the Gulf  
We waited for congress to speak up illegal build up  
But no one would wake up

Our representatives were Milli Vanilli's  
For corporate Dallas Cowboy Beverly Hillbillies  
With perfect timing the politicians rhyming their  
sentiments  
So nicely oil gold and sand my sediments precisely  
We regretfully support the lunacy  
I'm afraid there is no time for more scrutiny  
National unity preserve our community  
Teflon election opportunities were in profundant  
abundance

On January second the Bush administration  
Announced a recession had stricken the Nation the  
highest quarterly  
Earnings in ten years were posted by Chevron  
Meanwhile a budget was placed in our hands  
As the deadline in the sand came to an end

So much for the peace dividend one billion a day is  
what we spent  
And our grandchildren will pay for it 'til the end  
When schools are unfunded and kids don't get their  
diplomas  
They get used for gun boat diplomacy  
disproportionately  
Black or brown we see bullet catchers for the slave  
master  
Then the conservatives called up reservists

To active service left families nervous but more  
importantly broke nine Hundred a month but the check  
came late, army red tape you see  
This golden opportunity, we watched the tube and read  
the newspaper  
The propaganda of the gas masked rape  
Was the proper slander to whip up the hatred

The stage was lit and the lights were all faded  
The pilots in night vision goggles Kuwaited and  
generals masturbated  
'Til the fifteenth two days later they invaded  
Not a single T.V. station expressed dissension or  
Hardly made mention to the censorship of information

From our kinder and gentler nation blinder and  
mentaler retardation  
Disorientation, the pilots said their bombs lit Baghdad  
Like a Christmas tree, It was the Christian thing to do  
you see  
They didn't mention any casualties, no distinction  
between the real  
And the proxy only football analogies

We saw the bomb hole, we watched the Super Bowl  
We saw the scud missile, we watched Bud commercials  
We saw the yellow ribbons, saw pilots in prison  
We never saw films of the dead at eleven  
Angela Davis addressed the spectators

And shouting above a rumbling generator said  
"If they insist on bringing us down  
Then let's shut the whole country down"  
Marching through the downtown  
A hundred thousand became participants  
And we heard the drums of millions off in the distance

Rushing through the cities some of them did things  
that weren't so pretty  
Most were there for primal scream therapy

News men concentrated on the negative liked the  
jingoists more  
Peaceful protesters ended up on the cutting room floor  
Nintendo casualties of the ratings war  
More bombs dropped than in World War II

On in both Asian invasions, new world order persuasion  
Business as usual for our nation  
Could you imagine a hundred fifty thousand dead  
The city of Stockton coffins locked in when we clocked  
in  
Not to mention civilians, the loss of life on both sides  
Pushed the limits of resilience the scent of blood in our  
nostrils  
Fuel of the fossil land of apostle

The blackness that covered the sky was not the only  
thing  
That brought a tear to the eye or the taste of anger to  
the tongues  
Of those too young to remember Vietnam  
Is heroin better in a veteran's mind  
Than the memory of the dying laying in a line  
Is it the smell or the shadows heaving and weeping  
That keeps the soldier from sleeping as he sings the  
orphan's lullaby

When the soldiers put down their bayonets  
The strings are chained to the marionettes  
Emir of Kuwait gets back in his jet  
We replace the dead with new cadets  
Will we hate those who did the shelling  
Or will we hate those who weren't willing to do the  
killing

When the leaders of the bald eagles come home to  
roost  
Will we sing a song of praise and indebtedness  
For our deliverance from evil or will we sing a song of  
sadness  
For the dreaded debt this mess delivered us people

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