

## **Kennedys Dead**

### **"Chicken Farm"**

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words: Biafra, music: Biafra/Ray/Flouride/Peligro

Another rainy morning mingling at the market

Bartering for food for another day

Rifle shots ring out behind the crumbling buildings

Executions have begun

Sprawled in the square are today's broken bodies

Lots to pick clean if you're first and quick

Rift through their, pockets peel off their clothes

To wear or sell when you wash out the blood

Run my little brother

Run to the chicken farm

Opportunity's calling

You might even find a watch

We're going down

To the chicken farm

Napalm rains no more

But the war goes on

Little brother died playing at the dump today

He found a new toy and held it up proud

Then it blew him to bits

How many more children

Will be killed or die at birth  
Deformed by Agent Orange  
In our food chain forever more  
We're going down  
To the chicken farm  
This time we'll buy our way out  
I've got a plan; you wait and see  
I smuggled you this map  
In the gash I sliced in my thigh  
I hope I'm there to join you, love  
We're blown to bits one by one in this camp  
We crawl shaking through the fields at gunpoint all day  
To defuse leftover landmines--by hand  
We shiver on the deck and stiffen for the worst  
If the pirates come around we might as well be dead  
We'll be thrown in the sea  
Or butchered if we're women  
All in the name of gold  
One foot in a land we can barely understand  
Can't speak the tongue of Yankee hospitality  
Our kids at school get beat up  
To the tune of "Boat people, go home"  
Sliced with a machete  
From the breast of our homeland  
Our new world tries to spit us out

But it sure beats the chicken farm

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