

The Yankee Sails Tonight

Down from the Carolina shore
The Yankee sails tonight
Carrying soldiers, guns and more
Down below, the Yankee sails tonight
The order's in and the trading's done
The Yankee sails tonight
To put an end to the revolut-i-on
Down below, the Yankee sails tonight
Oh, she blows with the wind
It's a bloody end
That she has for the rebels' fight
When there's money in the banks
There's hoodlums in the ranks
Down below, down below, the Yankee sails tonight

The Yankee once was a ship so bold
She sailed for freedom not for gold
But tyrants stole away the ship
Now she robs from the poor for the greedy rich

Where do your hard-earned taxes go?
Down below the borders of Mexico
And where are the tyrants' orders from?
From Wall Street and from Washington

Do you think it's for democracy
When they practice common butchery
So sing a song for the FSLN
And bring the Yankee home again

Back in the land of liberty
That's where you'd like your home to be
But where did you get your freedom from?
You fought your own revolut-i-on