

American tune

Conquered freak soldiers return from the war
And the stares of the countrymen look just as they did before
And the women whom they loved have all turned into whores
And the band still can't play any better than before
And I'm tired and I think I'll go to bed
For America's under fire and the sky's turning red
They step off the train and wonder who's to blame
For all this madness and sorrow
The streets are filled with blind men, all viciously insane
You stand there and they hold you a cup and a cane
And I'm tired and I think I'll go to bed
For America's under fire and the sky's turning red
And the bombs they go boom like a big red balloon
In the evening sky
And the rockets they burst and shatter the earth
Making the little girls cry
And the bells they are ringing and the children are singing
Oh but they don't know why
And the airplanes are strafing and the people are laughing
They know not what it is to cry, to cry
Mother and daddy give him a kiss and shake his hand
Congratulations my son, on becoming a man
And the generals can't see the reason
There's such a high percentage of treason
They feel, they're quite sure that it must just be the season
And I'm tired and I think I'll go to bed
For America's under fire and the sky's turning red
And I'm tired and I think I'll go to bed
For America's under fire and the sky's turning red
"America, America, God shed his grace on me
And crown thy herd with brotherhood from sea to shining sea"