

All the fur and fin will lose again  
Cause our better is their worst reckonin'  
And our fine-feathered friends will sing until they bleed  
And how will we replace that symphony?

I've got the blackest boots, the whitest skin  
Satisfy my sugar tongue again  
Bring me love that buys us shoe-shine days  
Guilded verses for your ethylene  
And sing it to me free and clean

All the kids come home with foreign limbs  
from hunting trips abroad they lose again  
and we'll teach them how to talk  
and whistle while they walk  
and do the dirty work of battle hymns

I've got the blackest boots, the whitest skin  
Satisfy my sugar tongue again  
Sing me love that buys us shoe-shine days  
Guilded verses for your ethylene  
And sing it to me free and clean

Drinking tea with milk and Janjaweed  
Pontificate on genocide or greed  
With a spoonful of descent  
For the orchestra of need  
Is just enough to please this colony

I've got the blackest boots, the whitest skin  
Satisfy my sugar tongue again  
Bring me lullabies and morphine-dreams  
Belladonna with her atropine  
And sing it to me free and clean