

Say good morning to my friends
Oh, my Lord, it's 6am
The day ain't nothin' but a sentence paid
You work so hard and nothin' changed

The union crooks treat me like a pawn
They said to strike and I lost my job
The folks back east, they say the market's fine
I heard that before 1929

When Black Tuesday comes it'll be a hit
Right out of the air into the pit
There's one out now said The President
War World 3 will make your poor horns bend

All the old boys said they could make it last
Like Vietnam without a draft
Got the best in the biz for the marketing, yeah
We'll turn the Marlboro Man into a marine

The brave youth will come from far and wide
When 911 is the battle cry

Well, this American, proud tradition
Yes, they pulled the switch and cried for vengeance
If your God forgave all of your sins
Then why would you make martyrs out of them?

For money? Or power? Or glory?
Do you even care?