Mother can you see I've been tryin' to see you Cuz the line is free Now they're tellin' me, Stop shakin' like a feather On the count of three

Back in '69, We never learned our lesson Down in Vietnam I refuse to sign, It doesn't really matter They don't give a damn

I don't care what you want And I roll with the fear

You don't hear nothin' A sad waste of life When we go to war Wo n't you hear somethin' Father you cry When we go to war What is it for?

Brother is that you? So get a little closer I can't feel your b reath We're the chosen few Out there in the desert There's a sm ell of death