

Twenty-One Guns

Good Riddance

11th hour's gone nothing's resolved there's no alternative to becoming involved strike up the band round up the men ready to die for nothing one shred of hope one prayer for peace one man abandoned he prays for release he's bound to his code dishonor is his death his heart pounding hatred with every breath he fights war's a child's game back in the world he'd be a criminal he'd go insane no sleep for days he sweats when it's cold he lives for his orders he does what he's told no mercy for his enemy his finger on the trigger of an m-16 the hours grow long he's bored and alone he doesn't need no one he's never going home the system made him who he is those motherfuckers will fear him he's gone his mind is a waste he hears it twenty-one guns life imitates death imitates twenty-one guns honor parades accolades a section eight twenty-one guns a proud servant of this grand republic he got twenty-one guns