

Tow the Line

(həd) p.e.

Bring em home

Solja, solja lay your guns dwn
You can come home
Your job is done now

The baghdad skies are on
Fire tonight
We pay the bills
They tow the line

We all remember where we we're
That day
When the lie was born, and
The TV played
We danced around in a bloody rage
While the neocons laughed and
Played
The call went out and the
Heed was paid
The uniform and the green baretts
All in the wrong time
All in the wrong place
While the war drums beat
All night and day away

Solja, solja lay your guns down...

The years went on
And nothing changed
The lie was dieing and the TV played
That same ol' song
But we're not the same
We're sick and tired of playing
That fuct up game
All the politicians are a
Fucking shame
They don't understand a
Blue collar man
And the general doesn't fucking care
That a mother's son
Will never be here again

Solja, solj lay yourguns down...

The troops come home to ward 57
The boys come home confused
And forgotten
Wonderin if uncle sam is
Still listenin
To the kids in the neighborhoods
Dieing for "freedom"

We all remember where we
We're that day
When the lie was born and
The TV played

We all know it wasn't for nothing
Cuz that was the day the
Veil dropped...on the illusion

Solja, solja lay your guns down...