

The Big Stick

Minutemen

Now over there in Managua Square
With American made bombs falling everywhere
They kill women and children and animals too
These bombs are made by people like me and you
And we're told that we hold a big stick over them
But I know from what I've read that peace is in our hands

Now over there in Guatamala my friend
We're making mistakes there once again
Uncle Sam supports a fascist regime
That doesn't represent the people over there
We learn and believe there is justice for us all
And we lie to ourselves with a big stick up our ass

Now if we stand and yell it out
That war isn't what we're all about
Then someone will come and bring us back
To get the peace train back on it's tracks

This is what I'm singing about
The race war that America supports
Indians will never die
They'll do just fine if we let them try
Though we hold, we're never told that peace is in our hands
If we stop there is time to heal the scars we've caused
To heal the scars we've caused...