

Untitled Song For Latin America

Minutemen

The western hemisphere and all inside
We know who's murdering the innocent
They are children playing with guns
They are children playing with countries
Mining harbors, creating contras
The games they play, the lives they take
They bank their money in this country
They steal from the innocent
A colonial trait that's much too old
The banks, the lives, the profits, the lies
The banks, the profits, the lives & the lies
I would call it genocide
Any other word would be a lie.