Oh you tell me that theres danger to the land you call your own And you watch them build the war machine right beside your home And you tell me that youre ready to go marchin to the war

I know youre set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?
Before you pack your rifle and sail across the sea
Just think upon the southern part of the land that you call fre
e

Oh, theres many kinds of slavery and weve found many more

I know youre set for fightin, but what are you fighting for? And before you walk out on your job in answer to the call

Just think about the millions who have no job at all $\mbox{\sc And}$ the men who wait for handouts with their eyes upon the floo $\mbox{\sc r}$

Oh I know youre set for fighting, but what are you fighting for ?

Turn on your tv, turn it on so loud

And watch the fool a smiling there and tell me that youre proud And listen to your radio, the noise it starts to pour Oh I know youre set for fighting, but what are you fighting for ?

Read your morning papers, read every single line
And tell me if you can believe that simple world you find

Read every slanted word till your eyes are getting sore, I know youre set for fighting, but what are you fighting for? And listen to your leaders, the ones who won the race

As they stand right there before you and lie into your face If you ever try to buy them, you know what they stand for I know youre set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

Put ragged clothes upon your back and sleep upon the ground, And tell police about your rights as they drag you down, And ask them as they lead you to some deserted door,

Yes, I know youre set for fightin, but what are you fightin for ?

But the hardest thing Ill ask you, if you will only try
Is take your children by their hands and look into their eyes
And there youll see the answer you should have seen before
If youll win the wars at home, therell be no fighting anymore