

I know a place  
Where you're all going to go  
They'll pay you to kill  
If You're eighteen years old  
First You'll need a haircut  
And then some new clothes  
They'll stick you in a jungle  
To play G.I. Joe

You fight for democracy  
And the "American Way"  
But you're not in your country  
"What am I doing here?" you say  
But now it's too late  
You're entering Managua  
If you had brought your surfboard  
You could surf Nicaragua

What is this we're fighting for  
What's our ultimate goal  
To force our ideas  
Right down their throats  
American Intervention  
Grows Deeper Everyday  
The situation worsens  
More soldiers on the way

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Lessons we have learned  
Are easy to forget  
Hints of viet-nam  
How soon we all forget  
First we send advisors  
And then go the troops  
Another worthless conflict  
Another Chance to lose

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