

Call to Arms

Sturgill Simpson

I done Syria, Afghanistan, Iraq and Iran
North Korea, tell me where does it end
Well the bodies keep piling up with everyday
How many more of them they're gonna send
Well they sent their sons and daughters off to die
for some war to control the heroin
Well, son I hope you don't grow up
Believin' that you've got to be a puppet to be a man

Well they cut off your hair and put a badge on your arm
Strip you off your identity
Tell you to keep your mouth shut boy and get in the line
Meet your maker overseas
Wearin' that Kim Jong-
il hat while your grandma is selling pills stat
Meanwhile I'm wearing 'can't pay my fucking bills' hat

Nobody is lookin' up to care about a drone
All too busy lookin' down at our phone
Our ego's begging for a food like a dog from our feed
Refresing obsessively until iur eyes start to bleed
They serve up distractions and we eat them with fries
Until the bombs fall out of our fucking skies

Turn off the TV
Turn off the news
Nothin' to see here
They're serving the blues

Bullshit on my TV
Bullshit on my radio
The Hollywood telling me how to be me
The bullshit's got to go