

Our Only Weapon

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Read the paper, things look grim
Watch the news, the outlook's dim
It's clear to see that there is something wrong
Could be that we don't change a lot
But we should give it our best shot
Our only weapon is a song
Maybe we're being too naive
But this is something we believe
What's beyond belief is just how much is wrong
Nothing is gained when people fight
Maybe our heads aren't screwed on tight
Our only weapon is a song
We're not building bombs or storing ammunition
We're just playing songs hoping people will listen
Others try hate but hate won't move anything
We're trying love and unity too
We're not packing pistols, we're not waging war
Most of our missiles have only four chords
It's not a great plan but we like the agenda
The arsenal's music and the army's our friend
Could be our idea isn't great
Maybe our heads aren't screwed on straight
We might be wrong and maybe nothing's wrong
And we might never win the war
But we'll have fun and that's for sure
Our only weapon is a song