

Plenty More

UB40

On the radio wave the call to the grave
Is wrapped up in glory to fool the brave
They tell a tall story of all those that gave
All that they had for the freedom they'd save

On the TV broadcast they said it won't last
All over by Sunday, consigned to the past
The cleanup starts Monday despite the bomb blast
A brand new beginning the die has been cast

There's plenty more where that came from
Five megatons of oblivion
Sent with love from the Pentagon
On a laser guided Neutron Bomb

But a satellite link said it's worse than they think
They can't find the body: it's causing a stink
The guy in the Oval is back on the drink
And Uncle Sam's poodle's in need of a shrink

It's been a full year, the families can cheer
Their sons and their brothers are now in the clear
The war is all over but it would appear
That those left behind are all living in fear

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Loot shoot gunfire salute
How many innocent die every day
Loot shoot gunfire salute
Innocent die from the games that you play

Deceit and deception there's always some deception
Like the unjust executions that they forget to mention
You stop, stare and wonder but a you mek di blunder
Your enemies draw near with di sound like rolling thunder

Torture and detention there's always some detention
For the fall guy, the patsy, the one dem never mention
You play your war games and play with innocent life
You keep the dice rolling with elaborate lies

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