

## 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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