

Back to Iraq

GWAR

We was part of the slaughter they called Desert Storm
We maimed and we murdered in the name of "Norm"
Now As civilian and purpose I lack
I'm getting ready to go back to Iraq!
you're over there we're I'm over here
We had lasagna and plenty of beer
Learning the tools and the tricks of the trade
then I come home and I can't get laid
Back to Iraq!
I'M BACK!
You taught me how to kill
You pumped me full of drugs
How can you wonder
Why I became a thug?
Raining death on people
Firing into crowds
Over there I got a big bright medal
But here it's not allowed
I'm going
Back to Iraq!
I'M BACK!
now I'm on the streets - I look like a slob
My skin is corroding - I can't get a job
I did my duty - I served my nation
Now I can't even afford medication
You dirty bastards you made me this way
But I'm locked and loaded - now you'll have to pay
Back to Iraq and my life is a wreck
I wanna kill the President
But I'll settle for a check
Back to Iraq!
I'M BACK, YEAH!