

All the fur and fin will lose again
Cause our better is their worst reckonin'
And our fine-feathered friends will sing until they bleed
And how will we replace that symphony?

I've got the blackest boots, the whitest skin
Satisfy my sugar tongue again
Bring me love that buys us shoe-shine days
Guilded verses for your ethylene
And sing it to me free and clean

All the kids come home with foreign limbs
from hunting trips abroad they lose again
and we'll teach them how to talk
and whistle while they walk
and do the dirty work of battle hymns

I've got the blackest boots, the whitest skin
Satisfy my sugar tongue again
Sing me love that buys us shoe-shine days
Guilded verses for your ethylene
And sing it to me free and clean

Drinking tea with milk and Janjaweed
Pontificate on genocide or greed
With a spoonful of descent
For the orchestra of need
Is just enough to please this colony

I've got the blackest boots, the whitest skin
Satisfy my sugar tongue again
Bring me lullabies and morphine-dreams
Belladonna with her atropine
And sing it to me free and clean