War Machine

Bret Michaels

Government sent your sons to die Cameras catch the mothers crying But it's all right, no it's not all right Love and peace buy a bigger gun That is how the war game is won But it's all right, no it's not all right

Good evening and welcome to the revolution The next big TV show One big problem with no solution That's how our ratings grow

First we make you
Then we break you
You're so disposable
Charge the line
And don't ask why
Do or die is all we know

War machine
Hate and greed
Watch them bleed
On TV

Look into a soldier's eyes
He ask no questions tells no lies
Is he all right, no he's not all right
Unsung heroes die in vain
We don't even know their names
Is that all right, no it's not all right

Freedom comes at a bloody price
One we all must pay
The greedy line their pockets
While the dead and wounded fade away

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We must be free Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz War machine