

Prologue: Original Peace Corps Mischief Makers

Cowboy Junkies

We've got our hearts made of paper
The winds of change are gonna take us
Up above the ashes and the glitter
The torch has passed and we're purging
From the Delta to the Moon
Freedom's raging
Roast your wienies over the joint chief's smarting asses
All you Origami Peace Corps Mischief Makers
Register your vote you freedom riders
Move to the front of the bus, bind with your brother
Though they beat us, hose us down and bomb our churches
Throw us in your swamps, hang us from your trees
We'll be ornaments of your cowardice, lights for more to see
Send us off to war and try to kill us
We're still Origami Peace Corps Mischief Makers
Ask not what your country can do, ask what it's done [2x]
Come up to the dime-store counter, sit down and eat
March into the colleges, take any seat
If you want to put us in our place
Slash black batons across our faces
If you want to lock us out or in
You've gotta tie us to your cotton gin and make us!
Make us!
Make us!
Mischief Makers!