

Say good morning to my friends  
Oh, my Lord, it's 6am  
The day ain't nothin' but a sentence paid  
You work so hard and nothin' changed

The union crooks treat me like a pawn  
They said to strike and I lost my job  
The folks back east, they say the market's fine  
I heard that before 1929

When Black Tuesday comes it'll be a hit  
Right out of the air into the pit  
There's one out now said The President  
War World 3 will make your poor horns bend

All the old boys said they could make it last  
Like Vietnam without a draft  
Got the best in the biz for the marketing, yeah  
We'll turn the Marlboro Man into a marine

The brave youth will come from far and wide  
When 911 is the battle cry

Well, this American, proud tradition  
Yes, they pulled the switch and cried for vengeance  
If your God forgave all of your sins  
Then why would you make martyrs out of them?

For money? Or power? Or glory?  
Do you even care?