

Article IV

Good Riddance

Crawling through the mud all night long
Hunted like rats by the Viet Cong
Fields of death bodies piled up higher
Through the silence of the Tet cease-fire
The will to fight seems so long gone
While back at home they sing a protest song
They burned them once then they shot them twice
Shot three times for the blood of Christ

Sun sets of the days of rage
What's said and done by the chosen ones
Sun sets on the days of rage
As your cities burn the revolution comes

Crowd control becomes a police state
On the streets of Chicago 1968
The last call for civil liberty
The black panthers versus o.p.d
From the Berkeley campus to the fields of Kent state
The National Guard must retaliate
The guardsman smiled said he had as choice
All he could see was the blood of Christ

You should see the things they've done today
Our national guard firing into an unarmed crowd
What about our human rights?
What about our sense of community?
First California then the world