

## Iraq

Mary Gauthier

I was an army mechanic  
I worked with the men  
I worked on my back  
I tried to fit in  
Talked wrenches and ratchets  
Multi-meters and scales  
Grease on my face, grease on my hands  
Grease under my nails

And it was so hard to see  
Till it attacked  
But my enemy  
Wasn't Iraq

Soldiers bartered and traded  
That's the way our world worked  
Trading favors for favors  
In the sand and the dirt  
What I wouldn't give them  
They tried to take  
And when I refused them  
They made me pay

And it was so hard to see  
Until it attacked  
But my enemy  
Wasn't Iraq

I stood my ground  
I didn't give in  
I drew a line  
Again and again  
When they whistled and whispered  
When the wind kicked up dust  
I'd look to the sky, ask the Lord why  
I have no one to trust?

And it was so hard to see  
Until it attacked  
But my enemy  
Wasn't Iraq  
A salute and a wink  
A little pat on my back  
My enemy  
Wasn't Iraq