

The Protest Song

The Screaming Jets

I sing you a song of the sea as we use it for a garbage disposal each day
Then sing songs of the land, the land as we rape it and watch what's theft or blow away
All I know is it all has to end, this shit can't keep goin' on
Something's gotta give, something's gotta give

I sing songs of political leaders that don't know their head from their arse, so it seems
The cynic denies friendly fire and is screaming as we're all blown apart at the scenes
We've all got our own right or wrongs, but this shit just can't keep goin' on
Something's gotta give, something's gotta give

We've all heard songs from the born again dealers who grooved out to national schemes
Some from religious deceivers who sell you celestial dreams
All I know is it all has to end, these crimes by man are forgivable, man
Something's gotta give, something, something has gotta give

And I sing a song of the motherless children, who wish they were prodigal sons
1967 the Beatles were singing, and still, all we need is love
All I know is this all has to end, this shit can't keep goin' on and on
Something's gotta give, something's gotta give
Something, something has gotta give