

Johnee Jingo

Todd Rundgren

He was just fifteen, he was a new trainee
He lied about it for the opportunity
To defend the border his life was sworn
Though not a generation was native born

Johnee jingo
Johnee jingo

He had lost the battle but won the war
When the generals said he couldn't fight no more
He was proud and bitter at what he'd done
So he passed it off to his favorite son

Johnee jingo

Johnee jingo
Jingo don't you fight for me
Jingo don't you speak for me

To the man who owns the land
We're all the same
But when his grip begins to slip
Then he'll be calling out your name
Johnee jingo

And the throne, the pulpit, and the politician
Create a thirst for power in the common man
It's a taste for blood passed off as bravery
Or just patriotism hiding bigotry