

# Soldiers of W

## Words and music by Peter Brunette

1.

**D** **G D**  
We are the soldiers of W. Bush.  
**A7** **D**  
We stand and deliver when shove comes to push.  
**G** **A7**  
We cruise the streets of Baghdad in tanks and armoured trucks,  
And all the while we feel like sitting ducks.  
**D** **D7** **G**  
We ain't fighting for Blackwater, we're fighting for the flag,  
**Em** **A7** **D** **A7**  
So we get all the glory, but they get all the swag.  
**D** **D7** **G**  
Let's send the mercenaries into the bloody fray  
**Em** **A7** **D**  
And make them earn their thousand bucks a day.

2.

**D** **G D**  
And we are the officers of W. Bush.  
**A7** **D**  
We bring up the rear when shove comes to push.  
**G** **A7**  
We keep away from harm, 'cept for minor injuries  
From rubbing shoulders with the VIPs.  
**D** **D7** **G**  
Our strikes upon the targets are surgically precise.  
**Em** **A7** **D** **A7**  
Our bombs are very smart, and our guns are very nice.  
**D** **D7** **G**  
They never hit civilians, so if a baby dies,  
**Em** **A7** **D**  
She must be an insurgent in disguise.

3.

**D** **G D**  
And we are the advisers of W. Bush.  
**A7** **D**  
We bring up the rear when shove comes to push.  
**G** **A7**  
Thank God for Lynndie England! She really was the babe

To be the pinup girl for Abu Ghraib.

D But please don't call it torture, D7 no matter how they squirm, G  
Em For clever White House lawyers have redefined the term. A7 D A7  
D The stuff we do to captives inside some hell-hole jail D7 G  
Em Ain't torture 'less it makes their organs fail. A7 D

4.

D And we are the cabinet of W. Bush. G D  
A7 We bring up the rear when shove comes to push. D  
There's just a few bad apples rotting in the desert sand. G A7  
Don't stick your nose up the chain of command.  
D And while we're on the subject of how we treat the foe, D7 G  
Em If only Abu Ghraib had been at Guantanamo, A7 D A7  
D The treaty of Geneva would be just like the Koran— D7 G  
Em We'd rip it up and flush it down the can. A7 D

5.

D And I am the ventriloquist of W. Bush. G D  
A7 I bring up the rear when shove comes to push. D  
I sold you on the war, but now that it's headed south, G A7  
I put these words into the puppet's mouth:  
D "September eleventh, let's milk that cow once more. D7 G  
Em September eleventh, such useful blood and gore! A7 D A7  
D September eleventh, that's what changed everything. D7 G  
Em It even changed a clown into a king." A7 D