

Soldiers of W

A satirical protest song by Peter Brunette

1. We are the soldiers of W. Bush.

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

2. And we are the officers of W. Bush.

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

3. And we are the advisors of W. Bush.

We bring up the rear when shove comes to push.
Thank God for Lynndie England! She really was the babe
To be the pinup girl for Abu Ghraib.
But please don't call it torture, no matter how they squirm,
For clever White House lawyers have redefined the term.
The stuff we do to captives inside some hell-hole jail
Ain't torture 'less it makes their organs fail.

4. And we are the cabinet of W. Bush.

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

5. And I am the ventriloquist of W. Bush.
I bring up the rear when shove comes to push.
I sold you on the war, but now that it's headed south,
I put these words into the puppet's mouth:
"September 11th, let's milk that cow once more.
September 11th, such useful blood and gore!
September 11th, that's what changed everything.
It even changed a clown into a king."