

America  
(Tune: America, by Neil Diamond)

Far.  
Bombs come from afar,  
From a country whose  
Flag has fifty stars.

Free.  
Only want to be free  
From the horror raged  
Upon the open sea.

On the boats and with their planes  
Bombs come from America.  
With destruction so insane  
Bombs come from America.

Home,  
Don't it seem so far away,  
When your fishing boat does lay  
In the path of the bomb,  
In the path of the bomb?

War.  
Don't want a war in this place,  
But they know not to feel disgrace,  
Their bombs' blight burning hot,  
Their bombs' blight burning hot.

Everywhere around the world  
They're coming from America.  
Every time a bomb is hurled  
It's likely from America.  
Like a dream their bombs do flare;  
They're coming from America.  
Like a dream turned to nightmare  
They're coming from America.

They're coming from America.  
They're coming from America.  
They're coming from America.  
They're coming from America.  
Today, today,  
Today, today, today.  
That country murderous be. (today)  
From its bombs we do flee. (today)  
In fear I sing. (today)  
In fear I sing today.

--Ward Ricker