

Oh I grow my little flowers,
And I tend my little shack,
For the world beyond is barren,
With unnumbered graves out back.

They asked me to build a bomb,
And offered pay quite swell,
And though neither of us knew it,
What they really bought was Hell.

My shack's the last thing standing,
Got some books and potted plants,
My handiwork's now cute and safe,
Where once it leveled lands.

I've often asked my living soul,
To feel sadness, or remorse,
But it left me when the first check came,
'Coz I got paid, of course.