**Ceasefire**

*1971*

The Bells have tolled. The war is done.

Peace with honor reigns.

Half a hundred thousand sons have

died for god and king.

It's said the killing still goes on.

The bombs find human flesh.

The bodies rot and the babies die

As they cling to torn breasts.

Yet I know we've won for the numbers show

That right marched in our path.

For every son it was twenty to one.

How else can you look at death?

So the ships pull out with the boys turned men,

The lucky ones have their legs.

Their eyes can see. They have two hands.

What more can a mother ask.

And its home again to Saturday night,

Where the Stars and Bars still wave,

Where a man can rise if he wants to work,

And live if he wants to pay.

'Course work may be a little hard to find,

And hard to take when it's found,

"I'm sorry, son, but we've heard of junk

And we just can't take a chance."

We're proud you didn't dodge.

But we've spent so much on death and pain,

That there really are no jobs.

The old man sits by his TV set

With a coke and a smoke and a tear,

His rice won't grow, his sons are dead,

And the daughters work the bars.

Can he really care who won or lost?

How close peace is at hand?

The Americans came and saved his land.

But all they left were scars.

And the young man smiles as the needle hits.

The pain, the shame, is still.

The joke is clear. But it's hard to laugh.

There's no one left to kill.