

War is Sweet
(with thanks to Erasmus)
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Intro: Am G Em F (x4)

Am G Em F
Growing up in an uneasy time, with blue stars on the windows
Am G F G
Some sons had enlisted, others had to F
Am G Em F
Some others said their conscience wouldn't let them carry a gun
Am F G Am
Still others left for Canada and were soon forgotten

Am G Em F
Looking for some guidance from the fathers of the town
Am G F G
The doctor said, "just bomb 'em to hell," the preacher said, "let's pray."
Am G Em F
Another standing silent, torn by memory
Am F G
He shook his head and shuddered, mumbling he said,

C G Em F
"These eyes of mine have seen what these lips can never tell
Dm E7
The bloodrush of the battle the agonies of hell—

F C G Am
"War is sweet to those who never taste it
F C G Am
Life is cheap when it ain't yours you're wastin'." (x2)

Break: Am G Em F (x2)

Every day he threw the papers, read the headlines in the rain
He opened up the magazines, saw photos of the slain
Each night the news at six o'clock brought pictures of pain
The flag had been unfurled, but with wounded blood was stained
War is sweet. . .

Break: Am G Em F (x4)

Images of shame, confusion and blame
Heroes fighting, heroes falling, heroes marching to bring them home.
Hawks and doves in battle, wherever people meet
Ten thousand, thousand voices chanting in the streets:
War is sweet. . .