

DRESS BLUES

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2005

Momma we demolished a Sunni house of prayer tonight
It was a religious experience; and one hell of a fire fight
Byzantine Mosques rife with violence and insurgency
Once taught Cuneiform Writing and Astronomy

In this blistering heat we come here like Attila the Hun
In a mirage dust devils turn into sirens in the sun
They cry out, on whose authority have you the license to kill?
'We are soldiers of fortune what matter whose blood we spill'

The Royal Saudis are festooned like Muslim Shiite Sheiks
In a Paris disco you won't know 'em in their mod Armani Chic
Where Sultans and Caliphs used to wine and dine
The Mujahideen plots Jihad against the imperialist swine

Western Crusaders defile the holy lands to the East
'til their coffers are stuffed and the pipeline's been fleeced
To the infidel's diplomats who's palms have been greased
I salute you from this graveyard of your own brave deceased

Momma's gonna bury me in my new Dress Blues
In smart pressed pants and spit shined shoes
Momma gonna bury me in these new Dress Blues
This mission hatched in hell is born to lose
Got a bad case of these red, white and blues

From the Tigris and Euphrates and The Hanging Gardens of Babylon
To the terrorists holed-up in the catacombs of Islam
Sleeper cells draft blueprints for their homemade dirty bombs
Anthrax and Smallpox scarin' all the soccer moms

The Ayatollah fans the fires of fanaticism in Tehran
While Bin Laden's in a safe house in the caves of Pakistan
Opium's dealt for guns by the warlords in Afghanistan
Words on the walls of Baghdad, to remind us of Vietnam!

See the Humvee blown apart by a roadside land mine
Smart bombs breed orphans in the ruins of Palestine
The souls of dead suicide bombers rise with God speed
Once in heaven a hundred virgins to serve their masculine need

Sinbad flies a magic carpet in a flack smoked filled sky
Blue-eyed blond girls are sold in Bahrain and Dubai
The US can't disguise its blunt familiar stamp
This war's good for nothin'; there ain't no Geni in Alladin's Lamp

Momma's gonna bury me in my new Dress Blues
In snow white gloves and spit shined shoes
Momma gonna bury me in these new Dress Blues
This bloodletting's a river just watch it ooze
Got a bad taste for these red, white and blues

DRESS BLUES (PAGE -2)

'Incoming, Incoming' / 'soldier we gotta take that building out! But Captain there's women and children in that building, / Kill 'em all and let God sort 'em out' / 'effective range 200 yards sir, fire at will soldier'!

Military mongrels plan the theater of war
While the dead line the streets; but who's keepin' score
Black marketers sell plutonium and nuclear know-how
Remember, Nostradamus saw an apocalypse now

Heed ye the warnings from the ghost of Ho Chi Minh
These guerrillas mean business; you can't phone this one in
So what a Stealth bomber flies over hostile desert lands
In the end, Arab sands shall return to Arab hands

A grunt is but canon fodder for the Joint Chiefs back home
A centurion for a Caesar who's livin' large back in Rome
The Pentagon is mute but if you force 'em they'll reply
'Soldier it's not yours to wonder why; it's yours to do or die'

On a house-to-house search, I kicked open a door;
Someone inside tossed a grenade; I had to smother it on the floor
'Look out!' 'Live grenade!' 'Hit the deck'!

Momma I ain't goin' to heaven, I'm marchin' straight through these fiery gates to hell
I'll get used to breathin' in these stygian ethers; I think I'll bunk here for a long, long spell

Now there's an epitaph on a tombstone of a dead Bengal Lancer: it reads:
WAR IS NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, THE ANSWER!

Momma gonna bury me in my new Dress Blues
In smart pressed pants and spit shined shoes
Momma gonna bury me in these new Dress Blues
I hate to be the bearer of bad news
I'm comin' home in a box draped in red, white and blue

From the snake charmers and thieves in the markets of Marrakesh
To a precision bombing on a wedding party and the smell of burnt flesh
The US can flex her muscles and bully her way around
Iran sticks her nose in it, you watch she's goin' down

But might don't make right, think of the cost in blood and tears
Stickin' it to the Middle East's set us back a thousand years
So let's call a spade a spade, and fess up like a man
Say goodbye to the Kasbah and catch the last caravan