

Brian Odlum / Composer

Terrorism Blues

Yet another political protest in the aftermath of the events of 9/11. The musical inspiration for this song started with Bob Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone" but quickly evolved into something different.

LYRICS:

The Shaw of Iran sits around the burning pit, while his
goons question suspects skewered on the spit, but while
Mossadeq and mullahs' heads are served up on a stick the
Ayatollah is lighting up the BBQ

Their pious neighbor Saddam, who can't stand to be ignored, likes to
brag about his army so he offers cheap rewards to
children who will service the tip of his great sword while
lusting after virgins in paradise

Everyone is sitting 'round expecting an attack
This must be what it's like if you're living in Iraq
Everybody's seeing red because you can't tell white from black when you're
blinded by the terrorism blues

The puppets are controlled by a secret iron hand dispensing
foreign aid from Israel and friendly Uncle Sam, who
sell both sides the armaments to consummate their plan for
religious purification

The holy war begins when the pawns are all well placed
puppeteers collect their wages for minions laid to waste
Muhammad's even backing both fighters just in case, while
America cheers for its favorite

Everyone is sitting 'round 'cause someone's going to lose, they're all
hoping that the victor will be someone they can use
I wonder what this has to do with Arabs hating Jews I'm so
confused by the terrorism blues

When Jesus and Muhammad got together for a drink, to
to decide if they should save the world or simply let it sink, they
concluded they should flip a coin to find out what they think, but couldn't
tell one side from the other

Now the con-men all assemble in the privacy of tombs, bowing
down before the prophets from their strategy for doom, while the
New York Times cooperates by letting you assume it would
report the truth if it knew it

Everyone is waiting 'round to get their piece of pie, they're
sharpening their forks and knives with dollars in their eyes, I keep
gasping for an answer but can't breath another lie, 'cause I'm
choking on the terrorism blues

Their plutocratic liturgy, like Edgar in full drag
masquerades as moral duty while dressed up in the flag
The jobless and the destitute, like dogs without a tag, join the
army to get fed and please their masters

Now the masters speak of evil and a fiendish enemy, so to
snuff out Ali Babba and his band of forty thieves, they
command their robot monster to kill anyone it sees who
resembles a suspicious looking person

Everyone is sitting 'round they're waiting for the show, the
hanging judge is mumbling that due process is too slow, I keep
asking for a lawyer who knows something I don't know before they
kill me with the terrorism blues

Dr. Milton is a free man, but he's anxious and obsessed, he's
looking for a country that's under great duress, to
test out his pet theory which should trickle down success from the
wealthy, and the corporations

As the credit bubble bursts and the mortgage crash begins, arms
dealers make their fortunes as the poor man's wallet thins and while the
middle class is drowning the investment banker wins but the
people have no cause to be angry

Everyone is sitting 'round expecting to get rich
except for all the homeless who've been thrown into the ditch, the
theory made no sense and the reality's a bitch when you're
starving from the terrorism blues

After thirty years of loyalty they throw you in the dirt, the
labor pool has moved abroad, now children do your work, for
just enough subsistence wage to barely stay alert so they can
dream of a life in America

Now Silverstein is proud he's the father of three twins as
Chicago school triplets eradicate his sins, and while
bushmen wave batons the patriotic songs begin, but the
choir no longer has a voice

Everyone is sitting 'round just asking for some proof, when
Obama snuffed Osama it was just another spoof, I've been
trying to explain it, but no-one wants the truth, they've all been
duped by the terrorism blues

Now I wish I could relieve your extreme right wing bigotry so you could
finally see your abject greed in full transparency but first you'd
have to grow up and demonstrate maturity by
renouncing Santa Claus and Ronald Reagan

By now you're probably thinking that I'm making all this up
Anyone who doesn't think so could be struck soon by a truck
In silence there is safety one can easily pass the buck just as
long as you can stand your reflection

Everyone is sitting 'round they seem to all agree
believing in their country and its foreign policy the only
problem is from where I stand it's ALL conspiracy, but then I'm
twisted by the terrorism blues