

# The Big Stick

Minutemen

Now over there in Managua Square  
With American made bombs falling everywhere  
They kill women and children and animals too  
These bombs are made by people like me and you  
And we're told that we hold a big stick over them  
But I know from what I've read that peace is in our hands

Now over there in Guatamala my friend  
We're making mistakes there once again  
Uncle Sam supports a fascist regime  
That doesn't represent the people over there  
We learn and believe there is justice for us all  
And we lie to ourselves with a big stick up our ass

Now if we stand and yell it out  
That war isn't what we're all about  
Then someone will come and bring us back  
To get the peace train back on it's tracks

This is what I'm singing about  
The race war that America supports  
Indians will never die  
They'll do just fine if we let them try  
Though we hold, we're never told that peace is in our hands  
If we stop there is time to heal the scars we've caused  
To heal the scars we've caused...