

Uncle John

Pearls Before Swine

The wind winds the platform
Blows through your suit creases
You want us
To crucify the enemy for Jesus
With your chamber-of-commerce soul
You talk of war so bold
God is on our side, but
He's lost in your wallet-fold

And the widows a-sighing
The children a-crying
The screams of the dying
Say you are lying, Uncle John

You pull out your Sunday God
And hold him up so proud
And say he is with us
To the Applauding crowd
But the burn-blackened place
The shredded disfigured face
Don't say that God is Love
They say that you are Hate

And the widows a-sighing
The children a-crying
The screams of the dying
Say you are lying, Uncle John

You stand up on the platform
With the flag wrapped all around you
And tell us that the Bible says
To fight for it we're bound to
But the Red's for the blood we lose
The White's for the gauze they use
To cover burned-out blackened men
The rest is for the bodies numb and Blue

And the widows a-sighing
The children a-crying
The screams of the dying
Say you are lying, Uncle John