

## Vietnam Protest Songs



### “Bring 'Em Home Lyrics” by Pete Seeger

If you love your Uncle Sam,  
Bring them home, bring them home.  
Support our boys in Vietnam,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

It'll make our generals sad, I know,  
Bring them home, bring them home.  
They want to tangle with the foe,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

They want to test their weaponry,  
Bring them home, bring them home.  
But here is their big fallacy,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

I may be right, I may be wrong,  
Bring them home, bring them home.  
But I got a right to sing this song,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

There's one thing I must confess,  
Bring them home, bring them home.  
I'm not really a pacifist,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

If an army invaded this land of mine,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

You'd find me out on the firing line,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

Even if they brought their planes to bomb,  
Bring them home, bring them home.  
Even if they brought helicopters and napalm,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

Show those generals their fallacy:  
Bring them home, bring them home.  
They don't have the right weaponry,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

For defense you need common sense,  
Bring them home, bring them home.  
They don't have the right armaments,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

The world needs teachers, books and schools,  
Bring them home, bring them home.  
And learning a few universal rules,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

So if you love your Uncle Same,  
Bring them home, bring them home.  
Support our boys in Vietnam,  
Bring them home, bring them home.

**“Lyndon Johnson Told the Nation” by Tom Paxton**

I got a letter from L. B. J.  
It said this is your lucky day.  
It's time to put your khaki trousers on.  
Though it may seem very queer  
We've got no jobs to give you here  
So we are sending you to Viet Nam

[Cho:]  
Lyndon Johnson told the nation,  
"Have no fear of escalation.  
I am trying everyone to please.  
Though it isn't really war,  
We're sending fifty thousand more,  
To help save Viet nam from Viet Namese."  
I jumped off the old troop ship,  
And sank in mud up to my hips.  
I cussed until the captain called me down.  
Never mind how hard it's raining,  
Think of all the ground we're gaining,  
Just don't take one step outside of town.

[Cho:]  
Every night the local gentry,  
Sneak out past the sleeping sentry.  
They go to join the old VC.  
In their nightly little dramas,  
They put on their black pajamas,  
And come lobbing mortar shells at me.

[Cho:]  
We go round in helicopters,  
Like a bunch of big grasshoppers,  
Searching for the Viet Cong in vain.  
They left a note that they had gone.  
They had to get down to Saigon,  
Their government positions to maintain.

[Cho:]  
Well here I sit in this rice paddy,  
Wondering about Big Daddy,  
And I know that Lyndon loves me so.  
Yet how sadly I remember,  
Way back yonder in November,  
When he said I'd never have to go.



**"Born in the U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen**

Born down in a dead man's town  
The first kick I took was when I hit the ground  
You end up like a dog that's been beat too much  
Till you spend half your life just covering up

Born in the U.S.A.  
I was born in the U.S.A.  
I was born in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.

Got in a little hometown jam so they put a rifle in my hand  
Sent me off to a foreign land to go and kill the yellow man

Born in the U.S.A.  
I was born in the U.S.A.  
I was born in the U.S.A.  
I was born in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.

Come back home to the refinery  
Hiring man says "son if it was up to me"  
Went down to see my V.A. man  
He said "son don't you understand now"

Had a brother at Khe Sahn  
fighting off the Viet Cong  
They're still there he's all gone  
He had a woman he loved in Saigon  
I got a picture of him in her arms now

Down in the shadow of penitentiary  
Out by the gas fires of the refinery  
I'm ten years burning down the road  
Nowhere to run ain't got nowhere to go

Born in the U.S.A.  
I was born in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.  
I'm a long gone daddy in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.  
I'm a cool rocking daddy in the U.S.A.

## “Fortunate Son” by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born to wave the flag,  
Ooh, they're red, white and blue.  
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief",  
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, son.  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no,  
Yeah!

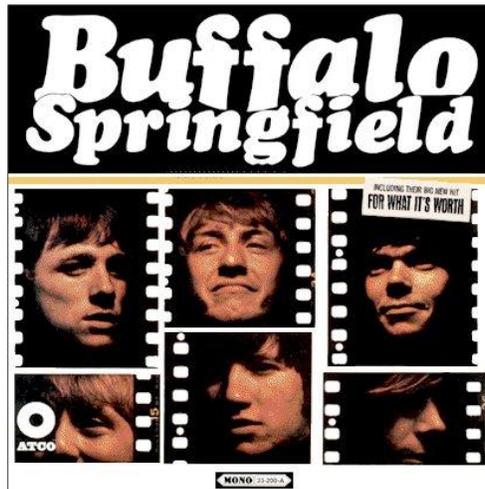
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,  
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh.  
But when the taxman comes to the door,  
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's son, no.  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no.

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,  
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord,  
And when you ask them, "How much should we give?"  
Ooh, they only answer More! more! more! yoh,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no military son, son.  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, one.  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no no no,  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate son, no no no,





“For What It’s Worth” by Buffalo Springfield

There's something happening here  
What it is ain't exactly clear  
There's a man with a gun over there  
Telling me I got to beware

I think it's time we stop, children, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down

There's battle lines being drawn  
Nobody's right if everybody's wrong  
Young people speaking their minds  
Getting so much resistance from behind

I think it's time we stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down

What a field-day for the heat  
A thousand people in the street  
Singing songs and carrying signs  
Mostly say, hooray for our side

It's time we stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down

Paranoia strikes deep  
Into your life it will creep  
It starts when you're always afraid  
You step out of line, the man come and take you away

We better stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Stop, now, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Stop, children, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down

## “Universal Soldier” by Donovan

He's five foot two and he's six feet four  
He fights with missiles and with spears  
He's all of thirty-one and he's only seventeen  
Been a soldier for a thousand years

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an Atheist, a Jain  
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew  
And he knows he shouldn't kill and he knows he always will  
Kill you for me my friend and me for you

And he's fighting for Canada  
He's fighting for France, he's fighting for the U.S.A.  
And he's fighting for the Russians  
And he's fighting for Japan  
And he thinks we'll put an end to war this way

And he's fighting for Democracy, he's fighting for the Reds  
He says "It's for the peace of all"  
He's the one who must decide, who's to live and who's to die  
And he never sees the writing on the wall

But without him  
How would Hitler have condemned him at Labau?  
Without him Caesar would have stood alone  
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war  
And without him all this killing can't go on

He's the Universal Soldier and he really is to blame  
His orders come from far away no more  
They come from here and there and you and me  
And brothers can't you see  
This is not the way we put the end to war





**Bob Seger System, "2+2"**

Yes it's true I am a young man  
but I'm old enough to kill  
I don't wanna kill nobody  
but I must if you so will  
And if I raise my hand in question  
you just say that I'm a fool  
Cause I got the gall to ask you  
Can you maybe change the rules  
can you stand and call me upstart  
Ask what answer can I find, I ain't sayin' I'm a genius  
2+2 is on my mind

Well I knew a guy in high school  
just an average friendly guy  
And he had himself a girlfriend  
and you made them say goodbye  
Now he's buried in the mud  
over foreign jungle land  
And his girl just sits and cries  
she just doesn't understand  
So you say he died for freedom  
well if he died to save your lies  
Go ahead and call me yellow  
2+2 is on my mind

All I know is that I'm young and your rules they are old  
If I've got to kill to live  
then there's something left untold  
I'm no statesman I'm no general  
I'm no kid I'll never be  
It's the rules not the soldier  
that I find the real enemy

I'm no prophet I'm no rebel  
I'm just asking you why  
I just want a simple answer  
why it is I 've got to die  
I'm a simple minded guy  
2+2 is on my mind

## “Nineteen” by Paul Hardcastle

In 1965 Vietnam seemed like just another foreign war,  
But it wasn't.  
It was different in many ways, as so were those that did the fighting.  
In World War II the average age of the combat soldier was 26..  
In Vietnam he was 19.  
In ininininin Vietnam he was 19.

(TV announcer's voice)  
The shooting and fighting of the past two weeks continued today  
25 miles west of Saigon  
I really wasn't sure what was going on (Vet's Voice)

Nininini Nineteen, 19, Ni-nineteen 19  
19,19,19,19

In Vietnam the combat soldier typically served a twelve month tour of duty but  
Was exposed to hostile fire almost everyday  
Nininininininininin 19 nininininnin 19

Hundreds of Thousands of men who saw heavy combat in Vietnam were arrested  
Since discharge  
Their arrest rate is almost twice that of non-veterans of the same age.  
There are no accurate figures of how many of these men have been incarcerated.  
But, a Veterans Administration study concludes that the greater of Vets  
Exposure to combat could more likely affect his chances of being arrested or  
Convicted.

This is one legacy of the Vietnam War

(Singing Girls)  
All those who remember the war  
They won't forget what they've seen..  
Destruction of men in their prime  
Whose average was 19  
Dededededede-Destruction  
Dededededede-Destruction  
War, War  
Dededede-Destruction, wa-wa-War, wa-War, War  
Dededededede-Destruction

War, War

After World War II the Men came home together on troop ships, but the Vietnam  
Vet often arrived home within 48 hours of jungle combat  
Perhaps the most dramatic difference between World War II and Vietnam was  
Coming home.. .none of them received a hero's welcome  
None of them received a heroes welcome, none of them, none of them  
Nenene Nenene None of them, none of them, none of them (etc..)  
None of them received a hero's welcome  
None of them received a hero's welcome

According to a Veteran's Administration study  
Half of the Vietnam combat veterans suffered from what Psychiatrists call  
Post-Traumatic-Stress-Disorder  
Many vets complain of alienation, rage, or guilt  
Some succumb to suicidal thoughts  
Eight to Ten years after coming home almost eight-hundred-thousand men are  
Still fighting the Vietnam War

(Singing Girls)  
Dededededede-Destruction

Ninininininininin Nineteen, 19, Ni-nineteen 19  
19,19,19,19  
Ninininininininin Nineteen, 19, Ni-nineteen 19  
19,19,19,19

(Soldiers Voice)  
When we came back it was different.. Everybody wants to know "How'd it  
Happened to those guys over there  
There's gotta be something wrong somewhere  
We did what we had to do  
There's gotta be something wrong somewhere  
People wanted us to be ashamed of what it made us  
Dad had no idea what he went to fight and he is now  
All we want to do is come home  
All we want to do is come home  
What did we do it for  
All we want to do is come home  
Was it worth it?

**“Eve of Destruction” by Barry McGuire**

The eastern world, it is exploding  
Violence flarin', bullets loadin'  
You're old enough to kill, but not for votin'  
You don't believe in war, but what's that gun you're totin'  
And even the Jordan River has bodies floatin'

But you tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
Ah, you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction.

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say  
Can't you feel the fears I'm feelin' today?  
If the button is pushed, there's no runnin' away  
There'll be no one to save, with the world in a grave  
[Take a look around ya boy, it's bound to scare ya boy]

And you tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
Ah, you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction.

Yeah, my blood's so mad feels like coagulatin'  
I'm sitting here just contemplatin'  
I can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation.  
Handful of senators don't pass legislation  
And marches alone can't bring integration  
When human respect is disintegratin'  
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'

And you tell me  
Over and over and over again, my friend  
Ah, you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction.

Think of all the hate there is in Red China  
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama  
You may leave here for 4 days in space  
But when you return, it's the same old place  
The poundin' of the drums, the pride and disgrace  
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace  
Hate your next-door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace

And... tell me over and over and over and over again, my friend  
You don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction  
Mm, no no, you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction.