

## **Call to Arms** – Sturgil Simpson

I done Syria, Afghanistan, Iraq, and Iran  
North Korea tell me where does it end  
Well the bodies keep piling up with every day  
How many more of em they gonna send

Well they send their sons and daughters off to die for some oil  
To control the heroin  
Well son I hope you don't grow up  
Believing that you've got to be a puppet to be a man

[Verse 2]

Well they cut off your hair and put a badge on your arm  
Strip you of your identity  
Tell you to keep your mouth shut boy and get in the line  
Meet your maker over seas

Wearing that Kim Jong-il hat  
Grandma's selling pills  
And meanwhile, I'm wearing my "can't pay my fucking bills" hat

[Verse 3]

Well nobody's looking up to care about a drone  
All too busy looking down at our phone  
Ego's begging for food like a dog from a feed  
Refreshing obsessively until our eyes start to bleed  
They serve up distractions and we eat them with fries  
Until the bombs fall out of our fucking skies