

Rosie, Kiss me Dreamless

Got containers full of trouble and a shitload of nasty crates,
Gotta check in at the guard shack next to the Pearly Gates,
Got a package to deliver to the palace by the river,
Gonna drive right up and blow that fucker down.

Some are talkers, some are thinkers, some are swimmers, some are sinkers.
Gotta make a deep impression when you finally get to town,
You can pick a mode of action to your final satisfaction,
Get their total full attention when you drop the hammer down.

*There's a black sky out to Jupiter, and the moon is shining bright.
The drones are in their hangars, and the dogs won't bark tonight.
In the cafes there are ladies by the banks of the Euphrates,
Eating grilled perch from the river as Fallujah's day goes down.*

There's a bunch of bombs for mortars over by the Persian border,
Shells all over, there's some C-4 behind the door,
Shopping carts full of rocket parts, crates of old grenades,
More RPGs than bumblebees, more funerals than parades.

*There's a black sky out to **Pluto**, and the moon is shining bright.
The dogs are in their hangars, and the drones won't bark tonight.
In the cafes there are ladies by the banks of the Euphrates,
Eating grilled perch from the river as Fallujah's day goes down.*

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*O the wind that blows from Yemen tastes like frankincense
And like diesel from the convoy idling at the border fence.
Oh Rosie, kiss me kindly when I'm back from where I've been,
Rosie kiss me dreamless, safe and peaceful home again.*