

Dg My Poor Finger

2/86

10,000 innocents died today

In a holy ~~war~~ fight

Kids dressed up like soldiers

Off to paradise

My heart cries for their poor eyes

The terrors in me linger

But all I really care about

Is ~~my painful throbbing finger~~  
the pain in my poor

A7 GT  
My poor  
finger

The contras tortured and killed again

With my hard payed axes

Men Women ~~children~~ Old Folks Children

Splattered to their axes

The chosen people look to the past  
saying "may it ~~not~~ <sup>never</sup> happen again!"

But I can only ~~think~~ <sup>remember</sup> of my finger

Cause I'm a lot like them.

Oh

People freeze to death on the streets

and eat out of garbage cans

~~the streets are a wasteland~~ I imagine the horrors of Nuclear War

and I hear the plight of my friends

But what ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> captivates

The interest of the singer

The door has slammed shut all amidst my painful throbbing finger.

3/11 (fade)

Na Na Na Na Na Na

Don't you sympathize with me  
you ~~must~~ know how it feels

Isn't there someone who can help me

Is there a Dr ~~XXXXXX~~

My poor fingers

" " " "

