My Poor Finger 2/86

Two thousand Iranians died today in a holy fight
Kids dressed up [redacted] like soldiers
[redacted] off to paradise
My heart cries for their poor eyes
The terrors in me linger
But all I really care about is the pain in my poor finger
My poor finger

The Contras tortured and killed again with my hard payed taxes
Men women old folks children splattered to their axes
The chosen people look to the past
Saying may it never happen again
But I can only remember my finger cause it's a lot like them
My Poor Finger

People freeze to death on the streets and eat out of garbage cans
I imagine the horrors of nuclear War and hear the plight of my friends
But what can't wait and captivates
The [redacted] of the singer
The door he's slammed and all I am is my painful throbbing finger
My poor Finger

Ná na na na ná na na na ná na na ná no
Ná na na na ná na na na ná na na na ná na
Don't you sympathize with me - don't you know how it feels?
[redacted]
Isn't there someone who can help me
Isn't there a doctor in the house?
My Poor Finger — My Poor Finger