

# Student Visas

Corb Lund

They took away our dogtags, they had us grow our hair  
They gave us student visas when we were over there  
They staged us out of Hondo al este del Salvador  
I guess you'd call us Contras but no one calls much no more  
There ain't no fun in killin' folk and I don't wanna do no more  
My great great rode at Shiloh and  
Grandpa drove a tank  
Daddy was air cavalry, flew choppers in the Nam {Da Nang}  
I worked mostly clandestine, the branch I should not say {CIA}  
We played with better guns and I could use the extra pay  
Did Reagan give the order? Did cocaine pay the bill?  
They said we's fightin' communists but it was kinda hard to tell  
There ain't no fun in killin' folk and I don't wanna do no more  
This was before Blackhawks and RPGs were king  
My buddy on the door gun, he never felt a thing  
When our Huey caught a rocket and both the pilots killed  
And it pitched us over sideways on some Nicaraguan hill  
My back felt like it's broken, my legs I could not feel  
I kept on shooting communists but it was kind of hard to tell  
There ain't no fun in killin' folk and I ain't gonna do no more  
I never did heal up right from  
injuries sustained  
Officially in Germany, officially while we trained  
I remember all their faces, I dream about them still  
I guess we's fightin' communists but it was kinda hard to tell  
There ain't no fun in killin' folk, and I don't wanna do no more  
I speak the cold logistic that warriors speak so well  
Foxtrot tango whiskey alpha golf tango hotel  
A soldierly bravado, an unspeakable guilt  
That village, it was communist but it was kinda hard to tell  
There ain't no fun in killin' folk and I don't wanna do no more  
Believe me, I've done plenty boys and I ain't gonna do no more  
But of course if they back me in the corner they'll be dead before they hit the floor  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>