

**"Imagine" ~ John Lennon**

Imagine there's no heaven  
It's easy if you try  
No hell below us  
Above us only sky  
Imagine all the people  
Living for today...

Imagine there's no countries  
It isn't hard to do  
Nothing to kill or die for  
And no religion too  
Imagine all the people  
Living life in peace...

You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope someday you'll join us  
And the world will be as one

Imagine no possessions  
I wonder if you can  
No need for greed or hunger  
A brotherhood of man  
Imagine all the people  
Sharing all the world...

You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope someday you'll join us  
And the world will live as one

**"War (What Is It Good For?)" ~ Norman Whitfield, Barrett Strong**

War, huh yeah  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, oh hoh, oh  
War huh yeah  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, say it again y'all  
War, huh good God  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, listen to me  
Oh, war, I despise  
'Cause it means destruction of innocent lives  
War means tears to thousands of mothers eyes  
When their sons go off to fight and lose their lives  
I said  
War, huh good God y'all  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, just say it again  
War whoa Lord  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, listen to me  
War, it ain't nothin' but a heartbreak  
War, friend only to the undertaker  
Oh war, is an enemy to all mankind  
The thought of war blows my mind

War has caused unrest within the younger generation  
Induction, then destruction who wants to die  
War, good God, y'all  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, say it, say it, say it  
War, uh huh, yeah, huh  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, listen to me  
War, it ain't nothin' but a heartbreaker  
War, it's got one friend that's the undertaker  
Oh, war has shattered many young man's dreams  
Made him disabled bitter and mean  
Life is much too short and precious to spend fighting wars these days  
War can't give life it can only take it away, ooh  
War, huh, good God y'all  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, say it again  
War, whoa, Lord  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing, listen to me  
War, it ain't nothin' but a heartbreaker  
War, friend only to the undertaker  
Peace love and understanding tell me  
Is there no place for them today  
They say we must fight to keep our freedom  
But Lord knows there's got to be a better way  
War, huh, good God y'all  
What is it good for?  
You tell 'em, say it, say it, say it, say it  
War, good Lord, huh  
What is it good for?  
Stand up and shout it, nothing  
War, it ain't nothin' but a heartbreaker

**"Young Men" – Curt Bennett**

In quiet dignity they trudge  
With only the slurping sounds  
Of jungle boots sucking mud  
As they carry their burden  
Of expendable youth at war.  
There is a poise about them,  
A quality not found in peers,  
A bearing common only  
To young men in combat.

There is a stoic resignation,  
A façade of wary acceptance,  
A weariness in their movements  
As they slowly walk the war.  
Struggling with all its elements,  
And inside, struggling with themselves,  
For just below the surface,  
They keep the well-known secret,  
The haunting cowardice common to all.

Twenty-four hours a day they walk the line,  
Living up to the reputation,  
Assuming the swagger, the hard line,  
Their casual indifference to death

That masks that deep seeded fear of dying,  
The overwhelming urge to break and run,  
The paralyzing instinct to freeze or hide!  
Praying silently in secret  
That whatever happens they won't look bad.

And that is why they are at war,  
Where they would rather be  
Than face the shame of not going,  
Of being accused of not having "it",  
To uphold that fragile concept of honor,  
With their reputations on the line.  
And they proudly carry their reputations,  
For that is all that remains of their dignity,  
Even if it means they must die for it.  
GOOD MORNING

They shuffled down in noiseless file,  
Gaunt apparitions whose hollow eyes  
Stare blankly out from sunken sockets,  
Whose swollen tongues crack scaled lips,  
Scab sores ooze pus and swarming flies,  
Through dirty, soiled flak jackets.

Assholes flame dysentery, brown fluid trickles  
The crouchless trousers where jungle rot  
Reddens, chafes and burns with each step.  
Ripped jungle boots ring-bleached salt-sweat  
Through rotting socks encasing fungus feet  
They endlessly plod, gray ghosts of dawn.

Silently they pass, eternal warriors  
Towards their unknown, to their death and hell.  
Whispering shadows blending with the foggy light  
In the ancient ritual of men marching to battle,  
Quietly they slide away merging in the bush,  
Disappearing into the mist of time.

#### "Fortunate Son" - John Fogerty

Some folks are born made to wave the flag  
Oah, they're red, white and blue  
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief"  
Oah, they point the cannon at you, Lord  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, son  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no

Yeah!  
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand  
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh  
But when the taxman comes to the door  
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's son, no  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes  
Oah, they send you down to war, Lord

And when you ask them, "How much should we give?"  
Oah, they only answer More! more! more! yoh

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no military son, son  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, one

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no no no  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate son, no no no

#### "Eve Of Destruction" ~ Barry McGuire

The eastern world it is exploding  
Violence flarin', bullets loadin'  
You're old enough to kill but not for votin'  
You don't believe in war but whats that gun you're totin'?  
And even the Jordan River has bodies floatin'

But you tell me  
Over and over and over again my friend  
Ah, you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say  
Can't you feel the fears I'm feelin' today?  
If the button is pushed, there's no runnin' away  
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave  
Take a look around you boy, it's bound to scare you boy

And you tell me  
Over and over and over again my friend  
Ah, you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction

Yeah my blood's so mad feels like coagulating  
I'm sitting here just contemplatin'  
I can't twist the truth it knows no regulation  
Handful of senators don't pass legislation  
And marches alone can't bring integration  
When human respect is disintegratin'  
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'

And you tell me  
Over and over and over again my friend  
Ah, you don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction

Think of all the hate there is in Red China  
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama  
You may leave here for four days in space  
But when you return it's the same old place  
The pounding of the drums, the pride and disgrace  
You can bury your dead but don't leave a trace  
Hate your next door neighbor but don't forget to say grace

And tell me  
Over and over and over and over again my friend  
You don't believe  
We're on the eve of destruction

	Which lines stand out the most...most striking, inflammatory, beautiful, etc?	List the emotions that this song/poem evokes.	Two of the writers are Vietnam veterans. Can you tell which ones? Have you made assumptions about any of these writers?	Listen to the songs. Does anything about them surprise you? If so, what?	Do you think this is an effective anti-war piece? Why or why not?
"Imagine"					
"War (What is it Good For?)"					
"Young Men"					
"Fortunate Son"					
"Eve of Destruction"					

