

Gaza

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One point eight mil-li-on peo-ple Sur-round-ed on all sides Re-fu-
gees since for-ty eight Since six-ty - se-ven oc-cu-pied The on-ly rea-son they're not starv-ing Is
down to the U N Most have ne-ver left there Stuck in the li-on's den The most
crowd-ed place on Earth And there they'll stay They can't vi-sit cou-sins a half
hou-r's drive-a-way Drones o-ver-head Con-stant-ly Who will die to-mor-row A
dai - ly mys - ter - y In Ga - za

The settlers moved out, fighter jets moved in
In Gaza there's just no way you can win
You can't take out a copter with an antiquated gun
You're just a target sitting in the sun
Waiting for your death to come raining from the sky
Where the end really is nigh
You can hear a sonic boom and see a flashing light
Every hour of the day, every hour of the night
In Gaza

There are no shelters, nowhere you can hide
Life is nothing like it is on the other side
There's nothing post about the traumatic stress
There's never more, usually less
And still some people wonder, they insist on asking why
Anyone would be so mad as to reply
So mad as to think that it might make sense
To lob some missiles over the fence
From Gaza