

Song for Chelsea Manning

David Rovics

Pri-vate Man-ning was an a - na - lyst If what they say is true She was
paid to read re - ports Find the pat - terns sift - ing through As she read the da - ta the
pat - terns did e - merge Pat - terns that were clear both be - fore and since the Surge
Pat - terns of a - buse of the most hor - rif - ic kind Gun - ning down ci - vi - li - ans out of
view and out of mind Gun - ning down the op - po - si - tion in the mid - dle of the night
Send - ing off the scho - lars to be tor - tured late at night Some - times
you need des - p'rate mea - sures When you live in des - p'rate times Pri - vate Man - ning saw she was
Look - ing at war crimes She won - dered what to do to al - low the dead to speak She
fi - nal - ly de - ci ded to con - tact Wi - ki - leaks Now it's all out on the ta - ble and
ev - 'ry - bo - dy knows The em - pe - ror is na - ked he's not wear - ing a - ny clothes

Now Adrian Lamo has to live within his skin
He stabbed Chelsea in the back, called the cops and turned her in
But not before the soldier took half a million files
If you printed all the pages they'd stretch on for miles
Evidence against the state right from the horse's mouth
Machinations in the west, bombings in the south
A treasure trove of details for all the globe to see
How much they need to lie and kill for democracy
How many drone strikes have hit villages leaving everyone to die
They blamed on someone else – the official line, "Not I"
How many coups have been plotted by ambassadors who say
That free and fair elections be the order of the day

Chorus

Now the Genie's out of the bottle and they're trying to stuff it back
And stop it from illuminating everything we lack
Such as the rule of law or playing by the book
Look you can read it, it's right here, the ship of state is run by crooks
And they vilify the messengers, call them every name
For daring to blow the whistle on the nature of their game
The game of taking lives and endangering the rest
In order for the wealthy few to do what they do best
Dominate the world for the corporate elite
But now their cover's blown from their head down to their feet
And now the stars and stripes is looking much more like a rag
The lid is off the box, the cat's out of the bag

Chorus