

Rich Man's War

by Steve Earle (2004)

D Jimmy joined the army 'cause he had no place to go
D There ain't nobody hirin' 'round here since all the jobs went down to Mexico
G Reckoned that he'd learn himself a trade maybe see the world
G Move to the city someday and marry a black-haired girl
G Somebody somewhere had another plan. Now he's got a rifle in his hand
D Rollin' into Baghdad wonderin' how he got this far
D Just another poor boy off to fight a rich man's war

Bobby had an eagle and a flag tattooed on his arm
Red white and blue to the bone when he landed in Kandahar
Left behind a pretty young wife and a baby girl. A
stack of overdue bills and went off to save the world
Been a year now and he's still there; chasin' ghosts in the thin dry air
Meanwhile back at home the finance company took his car
Just another poor boy off to fight a rich man's war

Bm When will we ever learn? *G* When will we ever see
Bm We stand up and take our turn *G* and tellin' ourselves we're free *D* *A* *A*

Ali was the second son of a second son
Grew up in Gaza throwing bottles and rocks when the tanks would come
Ain't nothin' else to do around here just a game children play
Somethin' 'bout livin' in fear all your life makes you hard that way
He answered when he got the call; wrapped himself in death and praised Allah
A fat man in a new Mercedes drove him to the door
Just another poor boy off to fight a rich man's war