

Hell No, Eileen

Now here's to you, Eileen C. White
Executive Secretary, Local Board No. 55
You signed your name to my induction notice
But I thought I told you I was a person
And not just another number for your quota

You know, they're paying you to do just what Hitler done
Except I'm sure, Eileen, Mr. Hitler had more fun
Why if he wanted to throw me in the furnace
He wouldn't have to wait on no lottery
He wouldn't have to worry about deferments

You may not think it right for me to call you out like this
But then again, I never asked you to give me the Judas kiss
Don't ask me to do your patriotic murder
Besides, I ain't about to hear no half-wit
Fascist loudmouth giving me orders

Now you say you don't like war and you hate to see men die
You say you'd stop it if you could but you say your hands are tied
Well, if you'd just stop writing these nasty letters
The generals wouldn't have no army
And everybody'd feel a whole lot better