

# The Bouncing Souls, Letter From Iraq

The hot Sunni sun  
passes Moaning Mosque Spire.  
B-company's pinned down  
and under heavy fire.  
Underneath the palms  
there's improvised bombs.  
Because Jihad Johnny  
Knows- Yankee is a liar.

[Chorus:]  
An eye for an eye.  
And blood for Texas Tea.  
At the call to prayer  
Al Queda's on his knees.  
Isac vs. Ishmael.  
Allah vs. Christ.  
Somebody is on the offense  
picking up the beat.

There's celebratory fire  
And a purple thumb vote.  
Tom cruise is on a sortie  
from a gulf love boat.  
Smart bombs are a coming,  
See the children running.  
The dead are all laughing,  
But we don't get the joke.

[Chorus]  
They lost another friend today.  
It's getting rough over there.  
They say the whole things fucked.  
I wish the boys were back.  
At least I know they're still alive.  
Another letter from Iraq.

Presents full of Christmas loot.  
All that's left of Bullet Billy-  
is a pair of bloody boots.  
His mom is on the phone,  
His girl is all alone.  
We all stand in the rain  
for a twenty-one gun salute.