**"The Unknown Soldier"**

* Doors (1968)

Wait until the war is over   
And we're both a little older   
The unknown soldier   
  
Breakfast where the news is read   
Television children fed   
Unborn living, living, dead   
Bullet strikes the helmet's head   
  
And it's all over   
For the unknown soldier   
It's all over   
For the unknown soldier   
  
Hut   
Hut   
Hut ho hee up   
Hut   
Hut   
Hut ho hee up   
Hut   
Hut   
Hut ho hee up   
Comp'nee   
Halt   
Preeee-zent!   
Arms!   
  
Make a grave for the unknown soldier   
Nestled in your hollow shoulder   
The unknown soldier   
  
Breakfast where the news is read   
Television children fed   
Bullet strikes the helmet's head   
  
And, it's all over   
The war is over   
It's all over   
The war is over   
Well, all over, baby   
All over, baby   
Oh, over, yeah   
All over, baby   
Wooooo, hah-hah   
All over   
All over, baby   
Oh, woa-yeah   
All over   
All over   
Heeeeyyyy

“War” (What is it good for)

* Edwin Starr (1969)

War! huh-yeah  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing  
Uh-huh  
  
War! huh-yeah  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it again y'all  
  
War! huh good God  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing  
Listen to me?  
  
Ohhh? War! I despise  
Because it means destruction?  
Of innocent lives  
  
War means tears  
to thousands of mothers eyes  
When their sons go to fight  
and lose their lives  
  
I said - War! Huh Good God y'all  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it again  
  
War! Whoa, Lord ...  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Listen to me?  
  
War! It ain't nothing but a heartbreaker  
War! Friend only to the undertaker  
War! It's an enemy to all mankind  
The thought of war blows my mind  
  
War has caused unrest in the younger generation  
Induction then destruction-  
Who wants to die?  
  
Ohhh? War Good God y'all  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it, Say it, Say it  
  
War! Uh-huh Yeah - Huh!  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing  
Listen to me?  
  
War! It ain't nothing but a heartbreaker  
War! It's got one friend, that's the undertaker  
War has shattered many a young mans dreams  
Made him disabled bitter and mean  
Life is much to precious to spend fighting wars these days  
War can't give life, it can only take it away  
  
War! Huh Good God y'all  
What is it good for?  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it again  
  
War! Whoa, Lord ...  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Listen to me?  
  
War! It ain't nothing but a heartbreaker  
War! Friend only to the undertaker  
Peace Love and Understanding;  
tell me, is there no place for them today?  
They say we must fight to keep our freedom  
But Lord knows there's got to be a better way  
  
War! Huh Good God y'all  
What is it good for?  
You tell me  
Say it, Say it, Say it  
  
War! Huh Good God y'all  
What is it good for?  
Stand up and shout it.  
Nothing!

“Imagine”

* John Lennon (1971)

Imagine there's no heaven  
It's easy if you try  
No hell below us  
Above us only sky  
Imagine all the people  
Living for today...  
  
Imagine there's no countries  
It isn't hard to do  
Nothing to kill or die for  
And no religion too  
Imagine all the people  
Living life in peace...  
  
You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope someday you'll join us  
And the world will be as one  
  
Imagine no possessions  
I wonder if you can  
No need for greed or hunger  
A brotherhood of man  
Imagine all the people  
Sharing all the world...  
  
You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope someday you'll join us  
And the world will live as one

“Ohio”

* Neil Young (1970)

(Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young)

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,  
We're finally on our own.  
This summer I hear the drumming,  
Four dead in Ohio.  
  
Gotta get down to it  
Soldiers are cutting us down  
Should have been done long ago.  
What if you knew her  
And found her dead on the ground  
How can you run when you know?  
  
Gotta get down to it  
Soldiers are cutting us down  
Should have been done long ago.  
What if you knew her  
And found her dead on the ground  
How can you run when you know?  
  
Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,  
We're finally on our own.  
This summer I hear the drumming,  
Four dead in Ohio.

“Fortunate Son”

* Creedence Clearwater Revival (1969)

Some folks are born made to wave the flag  
Ooh, they're red, white and blue  
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief"  
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, son  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no  
  
Yeah!  
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand  
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh  
But when the taxman comes to the door  
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes  
  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's son, no  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no  
  
Some folks inherit star spangled eyes  
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord  
And when you ask them, "How much should we give?"  
Ooh, they only answer More! more! more! yoh  
  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no military son, son  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, one  
  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no no no  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate son, no no no

**"What's Going On"**

* Marvin Gaye (1971)

Mother, mother  
There's too many of you crying  
Brother, brother, brother  
There's far too many of you dying  
You know we've got to find a way  
To bring some lovin' here today - Ya  
  
Father, father  
We don't need to escalate  
You see, war is not the answer  
For only love can conquer hate  
You know we've got to find a way  
To bring some lovin' here today  
  
Picket lines and picket signs  
Don't punish me with brutality  
Talk to me, so you can see  
Oh, what's going on  
What's going on  
Ya, what's going on  
Ah, what's going on  
  
In the mean time  
Right on, baby  
Right on  
Right on  
  
Father, father, everybody thinks we're wrong  
Oh, but who are they to judge us  
Simply because our hair is long  
Oh, you know we've got to find a way  
To bring some understanding here today  
Oh  
  
Picket lines and picket signs  
Don't punish me with brutality  
Talk to me  
So you can see  
What's going on  
Ya, what's going on  
Tell me what's going on  
I'll tell you what's going on - Uh  
Right on baby  
Right on baby