

ARMS TRADER

In the city of Bagdad she was caring for the injured
She turned toward the child in the hospital bed
And the features that she saw
Were the human face of war
And the duty nurse wondered what the salesman had said...

*It's the smartest bomb we've got
The computer does the lot
Look at it my way.
All previous models superceded
No special training needed
It's child's play. Child's play.*

He tended the graves that line the road into the village
Remembering the fishermen the planes had left for dead
As they toiled along the shore
On the coast of East Timor
And the old man wondered what the salesman had said...

*It's a supersonic jet
And what you see is what you get
Look at it my way.
All previous models superceded
No special training needed.
It's child's play. Child's play.*

She watched as the children acted out Angola's trauma
With their make-believe guns, firing make-believe lead.
For the wounds left behind
Are of the body and the mind
And the young teacher wondered what the salesman had said...

*It's a nifty little rifle
And it costs the merest trifle
Look at it my way.
All previous models superceded
No special training needed
It's child's play. Child's play.*

The tank rolled slowly through the garden and the orchard
And a way of life perished underneath its tread.
The dust rose high
Against the Kosovo sky
And the cameraman wondered what the salesman had said...

*It's a domestic kind of tank
And it'll hardly break the bank
Look at it my way.
All previous models superceded
No special training needed.
It's child's play. Child's play.*

They know he represents the best of Industry UK

That his mind's on the commission he can hope to earn today
And it wouldn't much surprise them if they were to hear him say...

*It's the latest thing in germs
And we can offer easy terms
Look at it my way.
Only a teaspoonful is needed
And - Hiroshima's exceeded. But
Don't point it my way.*

Words: Cynthia Cockburn
Music: Shereen Benjamin
RAISED VOICES
London Political Street Choir
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