**US History**

**Song Lyrics for the Vietnam Music Analysis**

**For What It’s Worth**

There's something happening here  
What it is ain't exactly clear  
There's a man with a gun over there  
Telling me I got to beware  
I think it's time we stop, children,

what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
There's battle lines being drawn  
Nobody's right if everybody's wrong  
Young people speaking their minds  
Getting so much resistance from behind  
I think it's time we stop, hey,

what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
What a field-day for the heat  
A thousand people in the street  
Singing songs and carrying signs  
Mostly say, hooray for our side  
It's time we stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Paranoia strikes deep  
Into your life it will creep  
It starts when you're always afraid  
You step out of line, the man come and take you away  
We better stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Stop, now, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Stop, children, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down

**Fortunate Son**

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

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

Yeah, yeah

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes

Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord

And when…

**War**

War, huh, yeah  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
War, huh, yeah  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing  
Say it again, why'all

War, huh, good god  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing, listen to me

Oh, war, I despise  
'Cause 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, why'all  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing say it again

War, whoa, lord  
What is it good for  
Absolutely nothing, listen to me

it ain't nothing but a heart-breaker  
(War) friend only to the undertaker  
Oh, war it's an enemy to all mankind  
The point of war blows my mind  
War has caused unrest  
Within the younger generation  
Induction then destruction  
Who wants…

**Ballad of the Green Berets**

Fighting soldiers from the sky   
Fearless men who jump and die   
Men who mean just what they say   
The brave men of the Green Beret

Silver wings upon their chest   
These are men, America's best   
One hundred men will test today   
But only three win the Green Beret

Trained to live off nature's land   
Trained in combat, hand-to-hand   
Men who fight by night and day   
Courage peak from the Green Berets

Silver wings upon their chest   
These are men, America's best   
One hundred men will test today   
But only three win the Green Beret

Back at home a young wife waits   
Her Green Beret has met his fate   
He has died for those oppressed   
Leaving her his last request

Put silver wings on my son's chest   
Make him one of America's best   
He'll be a man they'll test one day   
Have him win the Green Beret.

**Okie From Muskogee**

We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee;  
We don't take no trips on LSD  
We don't burn no draft cards down on Main Street;  
We like livin' right, and bein' free.  
  
I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee,  
A place where even squares can have a ball  
We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse,  
And white lightnin's still the biggest thrill of all  
  
We don't make a party out of lovin';  
We like holdin' hands and pitchin' woo;  
We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy,  
Like the hippies out in San Francisco do.  
  
And I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee,  
A place where even squares can have a ball.  
We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse,  
And white lightnin's still the biggest thrill of all.  
  
Leather boots are still in style for manly footwear;  
Beads and Roman sandals won't be seen.  
Football's still the roughest thing on campus,  
And the kids here still respect the college dean.  
  
We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse,  
In Muskogee, Oklahoma, USA.