

"Guns N' Rosie"

Lyrics by Yiri T. Kohl © 2011

"No! We can do it!
God Bless America!
She'll prevail, you'll see!
She brings Truth and justice
And bombs to set the people free
Our boys fighting the good fight
short on ammo, short on supplies
Never give up!
Never surrender!
Don't get your head filled
with German lies!

According to our guys
it won't take much longer
for them to accept defeat,
but they really need us to
get production back up to speed!
So get over yourselves,
and get up, get to your feet
Get those pistons pumping
those infernal engines humming
to the beat of our stamping
building up heat.

Am I really making history
working for this victory?
Doing more than any male would do
at less than half the normal pay
I'm just doing all I can to get by
has there ever been another way?
We've been on the verge of victory
for what feels like eternity
The pressure to increase production
rising higher every day
Slaving to the rhythm
of a riveting machine
Everybody stops to admire the scene
Doesn't anyone see it's beyond obscene?

To freedom!
To victory!
To glory!
To more misery!
Who are we kidding?
What was I thinking!
Why did I choose to be
part of this insanity
Whipping up a frenzy
Pulling in people
to be burned in this furnace,
feeding the fire of industry?

Get hot! Keep moving!
Killing time is killing men!
Keep 'em firing!
Keep 'em flying!
Are you doing all you can?
Do not doubt, don't even think,
Keep 'em fighting!
Keep 'em dying!
Together we can do it!
Building arms for victory.

God Bless America!
She'll never fail me!
She's my light in this darkness
Home of the brave, land of the free
We fight for what's right, right?
Giving up now would be too high a price
Shouldn't give up!
Shouldn't surrender!
Shouldn't be thinking about
all them lies.

Don't doubt the good guys
Don't ask how much longer
they think they will need,
don't question the insanity
just shut up and bleed!
So get over yourselves,
and get up, get to your feet
Can't stop pistons pumping
those infernal engines rumbling
to the beat of our stamping
building up heat.

Whoever remembers the suffragettes?
They had more spunk than this little cat.
The memory of their torches of freedom
all up in smoke in one lucky strike?"

distant voice(s): "That's enough Rosie!"

"Time is up Rosie!"

*"Somebody shut her up and
get me another one!"*