

John Denver, Let Us Begin

Western Oklahoma nineteen forty three
I always felt grateful to live in the land of the free

I gave up my father to South Korea
The mind of my brother to Vietnam
Now there's a banker who says I must give up my land

There are four generations of blood in this topsoil
Four generations of love on this farm
Before I give up I would gladly give up my right arm

What are we making weapons for
Why keep on feeding the war machine
We take it right out of the mouths of our babies
Take it away from the hands of the poor
Tell me, what are we making weapons for

I had a son and my son was a soldier
He was so like my father, he was so much like me
To be a good comrade was the best that he dreamed he could be

He gave up his future to revolution
His life to a battle that just can't be won
For this is not living, to live at the point of a gun

I remember the nine hundred days of Leningrad
The sound of the dying, the cut of the cold
I remember the moments I prayed I would never grow old

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For the first time in my life I feel like a prisoner
A slave to the ways of the powers that be
And I fear for my children, as I fear for the future I see

Tell me how can it be we're still fighting each other
What does it take for a people to learn
If our song is not sung as a chorus, we surely will burn

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Have we forgotten
All the lives that were given
All the vows that were taken
Saying never again
Now for the first time
This could be the last time
If peace is our vision
Let us begin

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If peace is our vision
Let us begin, Let us begin.