Student Visas The Corb Lund Band

Capo first fret.

Em

They took away our dogtags, they had us grow our hair They gave us student visas when we were over there Αm They staged us out of Hondo al este del Salvador Em I guess you d call us Contras but no one calls much no more Em There ain t no fun in killin folk and I don t wanna do no more Em My great great rode at Shiloh and Grandpa drove a tank Daddy was air cavalry, flew choppers in the Nam {Da Nang} Am I worked mostly clandestine, the branch I should not say {CIA} Em We played with better guns and I could use the extra pay Am Did Reagan give the order? Did cocaine pay the bill? Em They said we s fightin communists but it was kinda hard to tell D Em There ain t no fun in killin folk and I don t wanna do no more Continue the chord progression (Tab 1 up) This was before Blackhawks and RPGs were king My buddy on the door gun, he never felt a thing When our Huey caught a rocket and both the pilots killed And it pitched us over sideways on some Nicaraguan hill My back felt like it s broken, my legs I could not feel I kept on shooting communists but it was kind of hard to tell There ain t no fun in killin folk and I ain t gonna do no more

I never did heal up right from injuries sustained

Officially in Germany, officially while we trained I remember all their faces, I dream about them still I guess we s fightin communists but it was kinda hard to tell There ain t no fun in killin folk, and I don t wanna do no more I speak the cold logistic that warriors speak so well Foxtrot tango whiskey alpha golf tango hotel A soldierly bravado, an unspeakable guilt That village, it was communist but it was kinda hard to tell Em There ain t no fun in killin folk and I don t wanna do no more D Em Believe me, I ve done plenty boys and I ain t gonna do no more D But of course if they back me in the corner they ll be dead before they hit Em the floor

Em riff

D riff

e	e
B  00	B
G  0	G  2
D  22	D 0
A	A
E   0	E

Am riff

e
B   1 1
G
D  2
A   0
E