

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_



# World War II

"Would You Drop It?"

Hitler's not the only fascist, only the most famous,  
Mussolini in Italy, and Franco's Spanish.  
Rose in the thirties, thanks to their people's pain and anguish,  
Depression era inflation raising prices and panic.  
Hitler makes Germans feel good by puffin' them up,  
Like "It's not you, it's the Jews that are messing us up."  
So called "work-camps" for Catholics, Gypsies, and Jews,  
And any woman or man who dared question his views.  
America on another tip, isolationist,  
Don't want to get involved in one of y'all big wars.  
We're trying to recover from our own depression,  
FDR leading us, New Deal, new direction.  
German U-boat, submarines, and you know what I mean,  
Sink British ships, Americans get uneasy.  
While Europe is falling to Hitler,  
Americans are like, "tweedle-dee . . ."  
It's peaceful, hot Hawaiian sun rising in the morning,  
America's navy stretching and yawning.  
Low on the horizon, hundreds of planes are rising.  
Someone sees something, "eh, that's probably nothing."  
But those are Japanese fighters and bombers, dropping some bombs upon us,  
Harm us with preemptive strikes, breaking the dam and the dyke.  
It's a date people remember like 9-11,  
Pearl Harbor, 1941, December 7.

Would you drop-drop it?  
Would you drop-drop it?  
Would you drop-drop it?  
Drop the bomb?  
Would you drop the bomb?  
Fast forward—rushed the beaches, D-day's done,  
Liberated France and Italy, blazing guns.  
Germany surrenders, Hitler commits suicide,  
He couldn't stand to die in front of the world's eyes.  
Southeast Asia, war's still raging,  
We're island hopping like hopscotch, boys with bloody faces.  
Spring 1945, FDR dies.  
In steps Truman, big man, but only human.  
Here's the situation: you're about to invade Japan.  
U.S. soldier deaths might number a million.  
The Japanese fight with code of the Samurai,  
Fight to the death, it's honorable to die.  
Secret new weapon you've got and you're not telling,  
Split atoms like a sledge hammer splits watermelons.  
Test it in July, desert of New Mexico,  
It blows and you know mushroom clouds fill the sky.  
The Russians might declare war, and if they do,  
The Japanese might have no choice, but to lay down their troops.  
That's a chance. You've got the bombs. You've got the planes.  
This is war: the moral dilemma drives you insane.  
120,000 civilian lives on the line.  
Clocks ticking, tic-tock, you're running out of time.  
What would Jesus do?  
What would Buddha do?  
What would Abraham do?  
What would Muhammad do?  
What would you do?

Would you drop-drop it?

Would you drop-drop it?

Would you drop-drop it?

Drop the bomb?

Would you drop the bomb?