

**Would you lay down your weapons if I asked you to stop?**

Men have stood in front of tanks  
But again, they get no thanks  
Was fashion the reason why they were there?  
Starved of nutrition a white headband they would wear  
Asking the world to give a shit  
That's why we unite at this pulpit of plight  
Because we don't want to fight  
Would you lay down your weapons if I asked you to stop?

The German persuasion  
Of the Nazi invasion  
A well worked-out equation  
For putting kikes on spikes  
With no room to breathe  
The world took heed  
But without weapons  
How could we set them free?  
Would you lay down your weapons if I asked you to stop?

Fawkes put eyes on stalks  
When he almost reduced parliament to rubble  
Such trouble he brings, this weapon of mass destruction  
Effectuated recourse through dissention  
His intentions made clear  
For the world to hear  
Would you lay down your weapons if I asked you to stop?

The world is full of boys with toys  
Or better still with means to kill  
You won't see me in the battlefields  
Or behind a desk  
You won't find me in the crowds  
Celebrating your homecoming;  
You'll greet me in the clouds  
Asking you to lay down your weapon  
Because the end has been and gone  
This may be a bit full on  
But people are mourning you  
You are gone.

**Sam Leslie**

