

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT IN GAZA

by Jeremy Hawthorn

This is the girl who feels the pain

When she's caught in the sights of the awful plane

That bombs the streets of Gaza

This is the doctor who treats the pain

Of the girl in the sights of the awful plane

That bombs the streets of Gaza

This is the soldier, all profane

Who tortures the doctor for treating the pain

Of the girl in the sights of the awful plane

That bombs the streets of Gaza

This is the journalist, who tries to explain

And reports on the soldier all profane

Who tortures the doctor for treating the pain

Of the girl in the sights of the awful plane

That bombs the streets of Gaza

This is the sniper hiding in the lane

Who shoots the journalist in the brain

For reporting on the soldier all profane

Who tortures the doctor for treating the pain

Of the girl in the sights of the awful plane

That bombs the streets of Gaza

This is the arms trader, seeking gain,

Who supplies the sniper hiding in the lane

Who shoots the journalist in the brain

For reporting on the soldier all profane

Who tortures the doctor for treating the pain

Of the girl in the sights of the awful plane

That bombs the streets of Gaza

This is the banker, greedy and vain,

Who funds the arms trader seeking gain

By supplying the sniper hiding in the lane

Who shoots the journalist in the brain

For reporting on the soldier all profane
Who tortures the doctor for treating the pain
Of the girl in the sights of the awful plane
That bombs the streets of Gaza

This is the statesman, who abstains
And helps the banker, greedy and vain,
To fund the arms trader seeking gain
By supplying the sniper hiding in the lane
Who shoots the journalist in the brain
For reporting on the soldier all profane
Who tortures the doctor for treating the pain
Of the girl in the sights of the awful plane
That bombs the streets of Gaza

We are the people they cannot contain.

We'll force the statesman to refrain
From helping the banker, greedy and vain,
To fund the arms trader seeking gain.
There'll be no sniper hiding in the lane
To shoot the journalist in the brain
And there'll be no soldier all profane
To torture the doctors who remain....
And the girl will be as right as rain
And she'll play with her brothers and sisters in the lane
And they'll try to forget the searing pain
That fell from the sky again and again and again and again
And they won't see any awful planes
Fly over the streets of Gaza