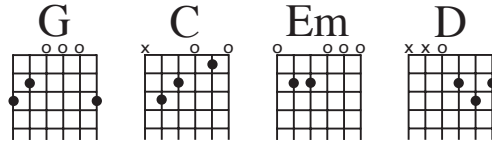


ALREADY DONE

words and music by Danny Schmidt



INTRO: G - C - G - C - Em - D . . . G - C - G - C - Em - D - G . . .

G C G C
It was silent in Manhattan when the mountains tumbled down
G C G C
With waves of dust that scoured the streets 'til words themselves were drowned
Em C G D
It's a book of moving Polaroids: Jumpers jump and eyeballs bleed.
Em G C D
A trail of tears to Jersey and the skyline on her knees.
Em - C - G - D
It's already done.

There's a hole in Pennsylvania where the White House might've been
Cause bad men learned to fly grenades but good ones pulled the pin
And the Allegheny sings her prayers - a heroes' mass, a single grave
Confetti 'cross the forest marks the ticker-tape parade.
It's already done.

Well I guess I never really understood the rules of war
And who exactly it's ok, or not, to go and burn
Terror flies its flag up high - this side white and that side black
But terror's just the timing - who kicked first, and who kicked back
It's already done.

If there was hope down in the rubble I'd hoped that it was this
That in our vulnerability we'd open up our fists
And lay hands upon the ruined and lay wrench upon the come unfixed
And though we cannot heal them we shall see no more get sick
It's already done.

Em C G D
Already done when I heard "less than human" come from the lips of our president
Em C G D
Already done when I heard some guy shot some guy right through his turbaned head
Em C G D
Already done when I heard eyes for eyes might somehow help us find our dead
Em G D Em - C - G - D
It's already done when I heard our boys say the same words their boys said.

If you're gonna fly your flag my friend be mindful how it's made
And see it's got six billion stars and stripes of every shade
And hang it in the door frame until the door itself's repaired
'Til all the grieving's come its course and there's no one left that's scared

SONG NOTES:

This song is in standard tuning, capoed up on the fourth fret.

There's a slight chord variation on the very last line. Instead of ending Em-G-C-D -- it resolves to G-Em-G-D.

I wrote this song a month or so after September 11th, right when it seemed our many complex and contradictory emotional responses were coalescing into a collective response . . . an extremely black and white response, with little room or allowance for the complicated feelings that seemed to me to befit the enormity of the situation at hand.

And I was extremely disheartened by the inertia I saw being created. Extremely disappointed. Not just because I thought it was a low road sort of mistake, but because I saw in the tragedy of the towers falling, a huge opportunity for Americans to gain a global perspective and to understand, personally and deeply and tangibly, how a global interest is also a national interest. I saw this delicate time as an important opportunity to evolve in consciousness, to gain a higher level of compassion, and instead it was looking as though we were devolving into a heightened state of vindictiveness, fear, disconnection, and very shallow self-interest.

There are precious few times when world events are so profound and dramatic that they focus our collective consciousness in a single place. Imagine the catalyzing power of that many minds all mulling over the same images and ideas at the same time. These are our rare few moments to try and instill direction into the chaos, and lead the anthill from above. September 11th was the first such event in my lifetime.

Our failure to take advantage of 9/11 served as a sad precursor to me for how we might respond to the inevitable catalyzing moments of a global environmental crisis. Apparently New Orleans wasn't catalyzing enough. We'll see if the next one will be.