Spoonful Of Sugar

Matt Mays

I adore a confrontation, and I should be ashamed
A carnival of complication, everyone's to blame
We can see the rocket's red glare
Pipe bomb bursting in the air
As we proudly hail our taxis out of the fight

Singing born of this nation of white bread foundation
We're taping a king, beaten of his crown
My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of irony
Spoonful of sugar to wash it down

I have seen the hungry faces, and I have been removed
Evidence in welfare cases, never being proved
We've written books on education
Summoned federal regulation
Skeleton hid deeply 'til its bones turn to dust

I know an old lady who swallowed a fly
I don't know why exactly, I guess she'll die
My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of irony
Spoonful of sugar to wash it down

And god save the queen, oh, and pardon the king
And our ballots we'll stuff, then drink 'till we drown
My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of irony
Spoonful of sugar to wash it down

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