The World

U.S. Bombs

Lotta' paranoia everywhere
Take a look out your door
If it ain't the tube, it's the paper news
Third World War or churchThey feed us all this phony propaganda
They pawn it off as food for thought
The swap meet world of oil and coal
No water, no jobsCost of dyin' keeps goin' up like everything else
Forefathers didn't foresee that there would be
Always less for kids
They left us a ball of clay to play with, yeahWe've all been judged, wasting our time in court
Beat down by the gravel several times before
Sitting in my cell while the world is spinning
But those ain't the bars that I like to hang out in

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