

Sweet Bird of Truth

The The

Arabia, Arabia, Arabia
6 o'clock in the mornin'
I'm the last person in this plane still awake
Y'know, I can almost smell the blood washin' against the shores
Of this lands that can't forget it's past
Oh, the wind that carries this plane
Is the wind of change, heaven sent an' hell bent
Over the mountain tops we go
Just like all the other G.I. Joes, ee-ay-ee-ay-adios
This is your captain calling, with an urgent warning
We're above the Gulf of Arabia, our altitude is falling
An' I can't hold her up, there's no time for thinking
All hands on deck, this bird is sinking
Across the beaches an' cranes, rivers an' trains
All the money I've made, bodies I've maimed
Time was when I seemed to know
Just like any other G.I. Joe
Should I cry like a baby, die like a man?
While all the planets go to war, start joining hands
Oh, what a heaven, what a hell
You know there's nothing can be done in the whole wide world
Arabia I don't know what's wrong or right
I'm just a regular guy with bottled up insides
I ain't ever been to church or believed in Jesus Christ
But I'm praying that God's with you when you die
This is your captain calling, with an urgent warning
We're above the Gulf of Arabia, our altitude is falling
And I can't hold her up, there's no time for thinking
All hands on deck, this bird is sinking
Arabia, Arabia, Arabia

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