

March Of The Dogs

Sum 41

Ladies and gentlemen of the underclass
The President of the United States of America
Is dead I don't believe in the politics
Of chosen fools and hypocrites
Who walk a line that stretched so fine
Is death or glory had in mind? And here we go, I'll guess the Resolution
No-one knows who'll lead this revolution now
Attention grows the way to a conclusion It's too late there's no time
It's too late, there's no time
All for none, none for one, two, three, four March of the dogs to a beat of disillusion
Sworn under God, breeding panic and confusion
The white flag is down, send in the clowns
The carnival of sins is now going to begin It maybe I'm a pessimist
But I say we need an exorcist
The root of all evil standing tall
Under God and above us all And here we go, am I getting desperation?
All we know is confusion and frustration
Ditch your clothes, no vision of salvation It's too late, there's no time
It's too late, there's no time
All for none, none for one, two, three, four March of the dogs to a beat of disillusion
Sworn under God, breeding panic and confusion
The white flag is down, send in the clowns
The carnival of sins is now going to begin Hey, hey, hey
A-one, two, three, four And now the President's dead
Because I blew off his head
No more neck to be red
Guess to Heaven he fled Was it something he said
Because of who's in his bed?
By who will we be led?
From whose hand will we be fed?
All the lies by the lying liars who said
We'll be fine, it's okay, hey, look mom, no head It's okay, alright

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