

Crack The Sky, Nuclear Apathy

Something's wrong from the moon, my friends
Something's wrong from the moon
As I look down at you my friends
Something's wrong from the moon
Poor little man
You been run down
Poor little man
You're all run down
I can see right through your eyes
I can see right through your weary eyes
I can hear right through your cries
I can hear right through your drunken cries
When they spit, do you wash their floors
And pray that they don't spit no more
Or, rise up children, life goes on and on
Wise up children, life goes on and on

In the dark you cannot see
In the dark the victory is fear
Like a fool you follow fools
Like a fool you follow what you hear
Will they blow us all apart
Or kill us all with virus darts
Or, rise up children, life goes on and on
Wise up children, life goes on and on

On the moon they're laughing hard
On the moon they're falling off their seats
From the moon we're comedy
From the moon we're really quite a treat
Shall we have another beer
And slobber through another year
Or rise up children, life goes on and on
Wise up children, life goes on and on
Rise up children, life goes on and on
Wise up

Something's wrong from the moon my friend
Something's wrong from the moon
As I look down at you my friends
Something's wrong from the moon