

Undead, Eve Of Destruction

(P.F. Sloan)

The eastern world
It is explodin'
Violence flaring, bullets loading
You're old enough to kill
But not for votin'
You don't believe in war
Then what's that gun you're totin'
When even the Jordan River has bodies floating
But you tell me
Over and over and over again my friend
You don't believe we're on
The Eve of Destruction
Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say
Can't you feel the fear that I feel today
If the button it's pushed there's no running away
There'll be no one to save
With the world in a grave
Take a look around you boy
It's bound to scare you boy
But you tell me
Over and over and over again my friend
You don't believe we're on
The Eve of Destruction
My blood's so mad
Feels like coagulating
And I'm just sitting here
Contemplating
I can't change the truth
It has no regulation
A handful of senators
Won't pass legislation
And marchers alone
Can't bring integration
When human respect
Is disintegrating
This whole damn world
Is too frustrating
But you tell me
Over and over and over again my friend
You don't believe we're on
The Eve of Destruction
Think of all the hate
There is in Red China
Then take a look around
To Selma, Alabama
You might leave here
For four days in space
But when you return
It's the same bloody place
The beating of the drums
And the pride and discgrace
You can bury yout dead
But don't hleave a trace
And hate your next-door-neighbor
But don't forget to say grace
But you tell me
Over and over and over again my friend
You don't believe we're on
The Eve of Destruction
Yeah, you don't believe we're on
The Eve of Destruction