Cantatonia, Acapulco Gold

Doubters and cowards, heroes all Deaf to clarion call For whom does it toll? For whom does it toll?

But all the dreams subside They're wrapped in America's suicide

Play in the roadside sand Bleached in significant sun To where would you run? To where will you run?

But all the dreams subside

They're wrapped in America's suicide

Swansong and bluebird Still rousing the crowd Sweat in your common shroud In old familiar crowds, with old familiar sounds

But all the dreams subside They're wrapped in America's suicide

When the hanging is over If the hangin' is over Turn to Acapulco Gold