

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