

Catatonia, Acapulco Gold

Doubters and cowards
Heroes all deaf to the clarion call
For whom does it toll
For who does it toll
But all the dreams subside
They're wrapped in America's suicide

Play in the road side sand
Bleached in significant sun
To where would you run
To where will you run
When all the dreams subside
They're wrapped in America's suicide

Swan song and bluebird
Still arousin' 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