

Sam Fender, Hypersonic Missiles

Dutch kids huff balloons in the parking lot
The golden arches illuminate the business park
I eat myself to death, feed the corporate machine
I watch the movies, recite every line and scene
God bless America and all of its allies
I'm not the first to live with wool over my eyes

i am so blissfully unaware of everything
kids in Gaza are bombed
and I'm just out of it
the tension of the world are rising higher
we're probably due another war with all this ire
I'm not smart enough to change a thing
I've no answers, only questions
don't ask a thing

silver tongue, suits and cartoons
they rule the world
singing, it's a high time for hypersonic missiles
and when the bombs drop, darling
it this is a high time for hypersonic missiles

the cities lie like tumors all across the world
a cancer eating mankind, hitting it on blindside
they say I'm a nihilist, cause I an't see
any decent rhyme or reason for the life of you and me
but I believe in what I am feeling
and I am falling for you
this world is gonna end
but 'til then, I'll give you everything I have
I'll give you everything I have

then you'll do the same
only the name change, honey
you can join their club if you're born into money
it this is a high time for hypersonic missiles
this is a high time for hypersonic missiles
this is a high time for hypersonic missiles