

Sum 41, March Of The Dogs

Ladies and gentlemen of the underclass: The President of the United States of America is Dead!

I don't believe in the politics
of chosen fools and hypocrites
To walk a line that's stretched so fine
Is death all glory had in mind?
Here we go, again there's mixed illusion
No one knows to sink revolution
Attention grows, the way the world's conclusion

It's too late, there's no time
(It's too late, there's no time)
All for none, none for 1,2,3,4

March of the dogs
to a beat of disillusion
Sworn under God bringing panic and confusion
The white flag is down
Send in the clowns
The carnival of sins is now about to begin

It may be i'm a pessimist
But I say we need an exorcist
The root of all evil standing tall
Under God and above us all

Here we go, again in desperation
All we know is tension and frustration
Attention blooms no vision of salvation

It's too late, there's no time
(It's too late, there's no time)
All for none, none for 1,2,3,4

March of the dogs
to a beat of disillusion
Sworn under God bringing panic and confusion
The white flag is down
send in the clowns
The carnival of sins is now about to begin

1,2,3,4

And now the president's dead
Because They blew off his head
No more neck to be red
yes to heaven he fled
Was it something he said
Because of who's in his bed
By whom will we be lead
From who's hand will we be fed
All the lies by the lying liars
Who said, we'll be fine, it's okay
Hey look mom, no head!

blah blah blah, blah blah blah
blah blah blah blah blah blah

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