

# Warcloud, America

(Holocaust)

The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes  
While I crept up and shot her dead in the nose  
Message in a bottle, violent as our records spin  
One stranded couple terrorized by backwoods men  
A young man home from reform school, now a burglar  
Some sixth graders suspect their principal is a murderer  
A man investigates the death of his twin brother  
Three kids search for their missing parents in cover  
A nightclub owner schemes against mobsters  
Four congressmen turn out to be impostors  
Five teens try to track down a jewel thief  
One little boy knocked out another's teeth  
Successful script writer becomes a heroin addict  
A surgeon and his ex-wife slaughtered by a mechanic  
A barroom brawl sends a law student to the hospital  
A little girl found a fly inside her Popsicle  
Two bored Indians become bank robbers  
A cop searching for the killers of his father  
A rapper's lifestyle of sex, drugs and booze  
A highway man swindles the trucker's brew  
A bum looks in a dumpster and finds a new pair of shoes  
An injured jazz musician dead on the news  
A housewife entangled in lies and domestic abuse  
A dirty politician tries to rub out his opponent  
'The Outside Man'(<http://www.amazon.com/Outside-Man-Richard-North-Patterson/dp/0345300203>)  
A business woman had to sue for the correct spelling of her name  
A skinhead who lead a fierce biker gang  
Involved in white slavery and Mr. Avery was never neighborly  
romancing a jackpot  
He killed his wife and drove to Vegas with her head in a hatbox

(Chorus 4X: Holocaust)

One candy apple, two white chocolates, three blueberries

(Holocaust)

She had rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
She who heard music wherever she goes  
Seven ladybugs on a honeydew, for crummy you  
Mr. Grimes screams from candy house with a gummy roof:  
I've got a Tommy Gun that shoots eggs, and I'll put it down  
Pop you in the shoulder with a large revolver and laugh  
Warcloud's warpath is a conk to who ever last  
Like tea cakes and crumpets, shiny, bright, turquoise trumpets  
Gold in the compass, piloting an airship  
One sea of clouds, I drop an axe on you now  
Shadow on the barn wall, float a newspaper boat  
Juice bars and fudge sticks, roller coasters and Ferris wheels

(Chorus 4X)

(Holocaust)

There was a young lady, my wife, who disrespect  
And the first day I met her she had a ribbon around her neck  
And she wore that ribbon for years and hear the flutes  
When I'd ask her to remove it, she'd always have an excuse  
One stormy night while we were in bed  
I snatched the ribbon off and off rolled her head  
I laughed myself to sleep, the room spun around like a record

(Chorus 4X)