

## **Indk**

# **"Sunday Bombs"**

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Travel into another country and you'll find  
Americans aren't looked on so kind  
This country was founded upon common need  
Now the foundation is common greed  
And as the book gets filled  
Our neighbors around the world are killed  
And we're looked upon with hate  
As we make the world our police state  
Sunday Bombs  
We're up in arms  
Dinner's done  
Apple pie has won  
The idea that Americans are banned from other  
nations  
Seems to me a clear indication  
We're spoiled to death in this land

Death is the deck and we're dealing out hands  
There's no need to bluff because everyone sees:  
We've got cards up our sleeves  
I wish I could say we had not gone astray  
From the term that was coined the American Way  
But now Freedom and Liberty are just a catch phrase  
To sell products endorsing our wars underway  
Sunday Bombs  
We're up in arms  
Dinner's done  
Apple pie has won  
The idea that America was founded on revolution  
Seems to me a clear delusion

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