David Wilcox "Reaper Sweepstakes"

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All the horses out of the gate and right away It's bio-terror coming on with smallpox Running third is mass murder and behind him It's airline crashing and random gunshot

I know the odds are with the fate I'm under But now and then I can't help but wonder Place your bets on the reaper sweepstakes

It's gonna be quick, it's gonna be fast A ball of flame, a quick flash An atom bomb and I'm just a cinder Or maybe everybody freezes all of a sudden

When the weather changes into global winter 'Cause what if Yellowstone Park exploded So much that everything was covered over Place your bets in the reaper sweepstakes

I could slip in the shower or get mad cow disease I could stop and smell the flowers And stung by a swarm of killer bees

I read the paper and the headline said Only thirteen shopping days 'till Armageddon I got duct tape hanging at my neck because The terrorist attack could happen any second

This could be worldwide destruction
Or alien abduction
Place your bets on the reaper sweepstakes

I tried to move away to somewhere safe So I flew to an island but the plane got hijacked So I decided I would fortify my home but then I open up a letter and it's filled with anthrax

How on earth can we all avoid Colliding with that asteroid Place your bets on the reaper sweepstakes

I could live to a hundred and die peacefully

Of natural causes
Think how boring that would be

Out of the turn and down to the wire It's exploding tire, poison apple and falling boulder Out around 'em, out of nowhere and looking strong It's the long shot growing older

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Bird flu

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