

The Silencers

"A Blues For Buddha"

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We're running guns to a holy war
For soldiers of the soul
Where right and wrong come apart at the seams
And fear is on patrol
In the mad mad world
Of a lost newsreel
Little children sing

A Blues For Buddha, Buddha
The dollar is our king
A Blues For Buddha, Buddha
The dollar is our king

We're making friends with a foreign power
Through telescopic sights
A quiet cocktail during happy hour
For the exploitation rights
In the mad mad world
Of a lost newsreel
Teach your kids to sing

A Blues For Buddha, Buddha
The dollar is our king
A Blues For Buddha, Buddha
The dollar is our king
The dollar is our king
The dollar is our king

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