

## Sum 41 "March Of The Dogs"

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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  
Who walk a line that stretched so fine  
Is death or glory had in mind?

And here we go, I'll guess the Resolution  
No-one knows who'll lead this revolution now  
Attention grows the way to a conclusion

It's too late there's no time  
It's too late, there's no time  
All for none, none for one, two, three, four

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

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

And here we go, am I getting desperation?  
All we know is confusion and frustration  
Ditch your clothes, 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 one, two, three, four

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

Hey, hey, hey  
A-one, two, three, four

And now the President's dead  
Because I blew off his head  
No more neck to be red  
Guess to Heaven he fled

Was it something he said  
Because of who's in his bed?  
By who will we be led?  
From whose 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?

It's okay, alright

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