

Motörhead

"Eve Of Destruction"

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The eastern world
It is explodin'.
Violence flarin'
Bullets loadin'.
You're old enough to kill,
But not for votin'.
You don't beleive in war,
But what's that gun you're totin'?
And even the Jordan River
Has bodies floatin'.

But ya tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend,
Ah, you don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

And don't you understand
What I'm tryin' to say
And can't you feel the fears
That I'm feelin' today?
If the button is pushed,
There's no runnin' away.
There'll be no one to save
With the world in a grave.
Take a look aroun you, boy.
It's bound to scare you, boy

And ya tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend,
Ah, you don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

But think of all the hate
There is in red China.
Then take a look around
To Selma, Alabama.
You may leave here
For four days in space,
But when you return
It's the same old place.
The poundin' of the drums,

The pride and disgrace.
You can bury it dead,
But don't leave a trace.
Hate your next door neighbor,
But don't forget to say grace.

And tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend,
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction
Ah, no, no, you don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction.

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