

## Undead "Eve Of Destruction"

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(P.F. Sloan)

The eastern world  
It is explodin'  
Violence flaring, bullets loading  
You're old enough to kill  
But not for votin'  
You don't believe in war  
Then what's that gun you're totin'  
When even the Jordan River has bodies floating  
But you tell me  
Over and over and over again my friend  
You don't believe we're on  
The Eve of Destruction  
Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say  
Can't you feel the fear that I feel today  
If the button i's pushed there's no running away  
There'll be no one to save  
With the world in a grave  
Take a look around you boy  
It's bound to scare you boy  
But you tell me  
Over and over and over again my friend  
You don't believe we're on  
The Eve of Destruction  
My blood's so mad  
Feels like coagulating  
And I'm just sitting here  
Contemplating  
I can't change the truth  
It has no regulation  
A handful of senators  
Won't pass legislation  
And marchers alone  
Can't bring integration  
When human respect  
Is disintegrating  
This whole damn world  
Is too frustrating  
But you tell me  
Over and over and over again my friend  
You don't believe we're on

The Eve of Destruction  
Think of all the hate  
There is in Red China  
Then take a look around  
To Selma, Alabama  
You might leave here  
For four days in space  
But when you return  
It's the same bloody place  
The beating of the drums  
And the pride and disgrace  
You can bury your dead  
But don't leave a trace  
And hate your next-door-neighbor  
But don't forget to say grace  
But you tell me  
Over and over and over again my friend  
You don't believe we're on  
The Eve of Destruction  
Yeah, you don't believe we're on  
The Eve of Destruction

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