

## Lex Zaleta "State Of The Union"

Visit "[State Of The Union](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The wheel's still in spin;  
Our world's being torn apart.  
Where do we begin  
To make a brand new start?

Nothing left to win;  
We thought we were so smart.  
Wouldn't let the truth in;  
Wouldn't open up our hearts.

Rain pounding on tin,  
Runaway shopping carts.  
Nothing left to win;  
The Doomsday countdown starts.

They believed in Santa,  
The Easter Bunny, and Love,  
Till Sherman burned Atlanta  
With a wave of his white glove.

We always had a remedy  
For any kind of malice,  
Till someone killed Kennedy  
That dark day in Dallas.

We polluted the soil;  
We polluted the sea.  
Soon, some space cowboy'll  
Pollute the whole galaxy.

That bright light ahead you see  
Is from that lonesome train.  
That train's bound for misery;  
The track runs through your brain.

"Wear your rue with a difference,"  
Said Claudia to the king.

"You know one hundred years hence,  
None of this will mean a thing."

They believed in Santa,

The Easter Bunny, and Love,  
Till Sherman burned Atlanta  
With a wave of his white glove.

Turn on the shiny spigot;  
The dirty water flows.  
Just like the boastful bigot  
In his best Sunday clothes.

Open up that window  
To let the fresh air in.  
See the dust particles glow  
With radioactive sarin.

Our world was packed with sparkling dreams  
All wrapped up in rainbows.  
Now, all of those once-bright dreams  
Lie scattered in the shadows.

Progress sure has slowed,  
And there's no going back.  
Every winding road  
Leads to a cul-de-sac.

"Wear your rue with a difference,"  
Said Claudia to the king.  
"You know one hundred years hence,  
None of this will mean a thing."

We believed in Santa,  
The Easter Bunny, and Love,  
But Sherman burned Atlanta  
With a wave of his white glove.

Visit [Lex Zaleta](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.