

Passage

"Duck 'n' Cover"

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Push the button at night, trying to reproduce sunshine,
The sixties were peanuts, back then people had
recourse.

"There is no such thing as a five percent nuclear war."
"There is no such thing as a five percent nuclear war."
"Now this is a very strange argument that, uh, says,
If
Two hundred warheads get through the defense that's
going to destroy
Everything."

Duck and cover
Duck and cover

"Ballistic missile launches..."
"When they launch, where they launch..."
"When they launch, where they launch..."
"When they launch, where they launch..."
"When they launch, where they launch..."

What's up with missile shield monkeys trying to white
boy the planet.
I hear the music of rockets between the radio stations,
Hey look it's poison boy yapping and he looks awfully
mechanical.
Keep your nose in the air and your dick in the book.
Make a baby in the fallout and maybe if your lucky
It'll look a little like an et jack in the box
With the googly eyes of a control group hooker.
ICBM six guns, uranium belt buckle,
You're all liquored up for the old testament barbeque.
It's you and your girlfriend getting licked by the clock
And your nursery's finished, every last sick little flower.

There's dirt on your date, don't even bother to keep it.
Say that's a nice looking famine, let's start dividing the
ocean.
Our burning cities are tacky, yeah but they're still
fucking burning,
The ghastly cowboy in office I think is knocking off

early.
Emergency broadcast's a grim informercial,
But listen closely for the great, big, final school
cancellation.
We're talking big old decisions that leave the earth to
the roaches,
Flaming swords of whomever and all that other good
bullshit.
The order of knick knacks thinking trading will continue
Has another thing coming, their kids are glowing in the
dark.

It was a hell of blast,
The cowbell never came back.
It ain't a blow to the market,
It's a hole in the cosmos
It was a hell of blast,
The cowbell never came back.
It ain't a blow to the market,
It's a hole in the cosmos
To leave ears ringing and the anglos singing
"There ain't no shield..."
"There ain't no shield..."
"There ain't no shield..."

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