

## **Roland Bowman**

### **"911"**

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(Intro) It was a Tuesday mornin'. Eleventh of September, Two Thousand and One. When I got the news. 9 1 1 0 1 0 8 4 5. About Eight Forty Five. A plane crashed in America.

It was so sad. I was so mad. Who is to blame? So insane.

It's not easy to talk about, such a tragedy. Who will be next? Make no mistake, we will show the world, that we will past this test.

instrumental break

Twas the South side of Manhattan. High above the city in Twin Towers of steel. Explosions in the sky. 9 1 1 0 1 0 8 4 5. There was chaos and destruction, such a massive execution. 9 1 1 0 1 0 8 4 5, I heard them scream. Like a bad dream. The walls came tum-bl-ing down. In scattered graves on the ground.

It's not easy to talk about, such a tragedy. Who will be next? Make no mistake, we will show the world, that we will past this test.

Ending...

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