

Byrds, The

"Eve Of Destruction"

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The eastern world, it is explodin'.
Violence flarin', bullets loadin'.
Your old enough to kill, but not for votin'.
You don't believe in war, but what's that gun your
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.

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 around ya boy, it's bound to scare ya 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 your dead, but don't leave a trace.
Hate your next door neighbour, but don't forget to say
grace.

And, tell me over and 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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