

## The The "Sweet Bird Of Truth"

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Arabia, Arabia, Arabia

6 o'clock in the mornin'  
I'm the last person in this plane still awake  
Y'know, I can almost smell the blood washin' against  
the shores  
Of this lands that can't forget it's past

Oh, the wind that carries this plane  
Is the wind of change, heavensent an' hellbent  
Over the mountain tops we go  
Just like all the other G.I. Joes, ee-ay-ee-ay-adios

This is your captain calling, with an urgent warning  
We're above the Gulf of Arabia, our altitude is falling  
An' I can't hold her up, there's no time for thinking  
All hands on deck, this bird is sinking

Across the beaches an' cranes, rivers an' trains  
All the money I've made, bodies I've maimed  
Time was when I seemed to know  
Just like any other G.I. Joe

Should I cry like a baby, die like a man?  
While all the planets go to war, start joining hands  
Oh, what a heaven, what a hell  
You know there's nothing can be done in the whole  
wide world

Arabia

I don't know what's wrong or right  
I'm just a regular guy with bottled up insides  
I ain't ever been to church or believed in Jesus Christ  
But I'm praying that God's with you when you die

This is your captain calling, with an urgent warning  
We're above the Gulf of Arabia, our altitude is falling  
And I can't hold her up, there's no time for thinking  
All hands on deck, this bird is sinking

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