

Bum Bum Bum

Cass McCombs

The white dog of the farm still breeds
She's off her leash
To tear flesh and teach
Bum bum bum

You think you've heard it all before
Well, here's once more
We're all at war
Bum bum bum

Blood in the streets, our eternal river
I know the killer
He counts my silver
Bum bum bum

They ambushed them behind the reeds
These are our seeds
White dog still breeds
Bum bum bum

They say, "Buy when there's blood in the streets
Even if the blood is your own"
So they employed men far away
To turn against their home
Centuries in the distant mist
But it's not a dream

No, it ain't no dream, it's all too real
How long until
This river of blood congeals?
Bum bum bum

And eulogies poured from the stage
But nothing changed
The dog was caged
Bum bum bum

And white bread artists won't even look at you
When they know it's true
What you gonna do?
Bum bum bum

Thought I heard some woman screaming
And I sat up in my bed
And I went over to the window
And I saw him in the cold street, lying dead
Oh, please tell me, you academics
How do you wake up from a non-dream?

No, it ain't no dream, it's all too real
How long until
This river of blood congeals?
Bum bum bum

Sent a letter to my congressman
The Ku Klux Klan
From my pierced hands

Bum bum bum

They sent me back an Apple phone
A fine-hair comb
And a bell tolled
Bum bum bum

The phone rang once and the line went dead
All blood runs red
White pups still bred
Bum bum bum