

Sunday Bombs

INDK

Travel into another country and you'll find
Americans aren't looked on so kind
This country was founded upon common need
Now the foundation is common greed
And as the book gets filled
Our neighbors around the world are killed
And we're looked upon with hate
As we make the world our police state
Sunday Bombs
We're up in arms
Dinner's done
Apple pie has won
The idea that Americans are banned from other nations
Seems to me a clear indication
We're spoiled to death in this land
Death is the deck and we're dealing out hands
There's no need to bluff because everyone sees:
We've got cards up our sleeves
I wish I could say we had not gone astray
From the term that was coined the American Way
But now Freedom and Liberty are just a catch phrase
To sell products endorsing our wars underway
Sunday Bombs
We're up in arms
Dinner's done
Apple pie has won
The idea that America was founded on revolution
Seems to me a clear delusion