

Slower Than Guns

Iron Butterfly

Can you feel the manmade mist
As it starts to twist your lungs?
Slower than guns

Breathe deep
As you enter sleep
Fell secure it's all around you

Can you see the golden brown
As it circles round your town
Town coming down

Smokin' stacks on industry's backs
In this land of a cigarette pack
Feel secure there all around you

Miles and miles of gasoline fumes
In the air like transparent tombs
Feel secure there all around you

DDT making bugs relax
There in your food like poison tacks
How about that

Eat well there all within you
Town coming down