

# March Of The Dogs

Sum 41

Ladies and gentlemen of the underclass,  
The president of the United States of America,  
Is Dead!

I don't believe in the politics,  
Of chosen fools and hypocrites,  
Who walk a line that stretched so fine,  
Is death or glory had in mind?

And here we go,  
I guess the resolution,  
No-one knows,  
Who'll lead this revolution now,  
attention grows,  
the way to a conclusion,

It's too late there's no time, (its too late there's no time)  
All for none, never was two, three, four

March of the dogs,  
to a beat of disillusion  
sworn under god,  
breeding panic and confusion,  
the white flag is down,  
send in the clowns,  
the carnival of sins is now going to begin,

It may be I'm a pessimist,  
but I say we need an exorcist,  
the root of all evil standing tall,  
Under god and above us all,

And here we go,  
I'm getting desperation,  
all we know,  
Is confusion and frustration,  
Ditch your clothes,  
no vision of salvation

It's too late there's no time, (it's too late there's no time)  
All for none, never was two, three, four

March of the dogs,  
to a beat of disillusion  
sworn under God,  
breeding panic and confusion,  
the white flag is down,  
send in the clowns,  
the carnival of sins is now going to begin,

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!  
A-one, two, three, four

Another president dead,  
because they blew off his head,  
no more kids to be led,  
yes to heaven he fled,

was it something he said,  
cause of who's in his bed,  
by who will we be led?  
by whose hand will we be fed?  
all the lies by the lying liars who said  
we'll be fine,  
it's OK,  
hey look mom no head

la la la la la la la  
(random shit)  
It's OK, it's alright.