

Hypersonic Missiles

Sam Fender

Dutch kids huff balloons in the parking lot
The golden arches illuminate the business park
I eat myself to death, feed the corporate machine
I watch the movies, recite every line and scene
God bless America and all of its allies
I'm not the first to live with wool over my eyes

I am so blissfully unaware of everything
Kids in Gaza are bombed and I'm just out of it
The tensions of the world are rising higher
We're probably due another war with all this ire
I'm not smart enough to change a thing
I have no answers, only questions
Don't you ask a thing

Oh, silver-tongue suits and cartoons
They rule my world
Singin' it's a high time for hypersonic missiles
And when the bombs drop, darling
Can you say that you've lived your life?
Oh, this is a high time for hypersonic missiles

The cities lie like tumours all across the world
A cancer eating mankind, hitting in our blindside
They say I'm a nihilist 'cause I can't see
Any decent rhyme or reason for the life of you and me
But I believe in what I'm feeling and I'm falling for you
This world is gonna end, but till then
I'll give you everything I have
I'll give you everything I have

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh
(C'mon)

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They all do the same, only their names change, honey
You can join their club if you're born into money
It's a high time for hypersonic missiles
And oh, this is a high time for hypersonic missiles
And oh, this is a high time for hypersonic missiles
Oh, this is a high time for hypersonic missiles