

# 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