

## Hot Sand

Cobra Skulls

Still fighting  
Still dying  
In the white hot sand  
And we can't let go  
Of the old black gold

So comfortable (2x)  
Can't see  
A star-spangled coffin on TV  
So parents won't care who's got the remote control to  
airborne drones  
Kinda makes me feel like bringing the war home

They put the panthers in a pen (5x)  
Silenced the weather men  
Won't feel the draft again

'Cuz the rich kids are always complaining  
And there's an army in the ghetto that's waiting  
To trade-in hand guns for rifles and grenades  
Singing we shall overcome  
And get 'r done  
In the white hot sand

Easy to see that it's gone so wrong  
Hard to believe that it's still going on  
Mad for a minute when there was nothing to find  
Mad for a minute, but out of sight... out of mind

So comfortable (2x)  
Can't see  
The damage done on a suburban street  
And people worry more about supply and demand  
And so we remain - so we remain  
In the white hot sand