

## Nuclear Apathy

Crack the Sky

Something's wrong from the moon, my friends  
Something's wrong from the moon  
As I look down at you my friends  
Something's wrong from the moon  
Poor little man  
You been run down  
Poor little man  
You're all run down  
I can see right through your eyes  
I can see right through your weary eyes  
I can hear right through your cries  
I can hear right through your drunken cries  
When they spit, do you wash their floors  
And pray that they don't spit no more  
Or, rise up children, life goes on and on  
Wise up children, life goes on and on

In the dark you cannot see  
In the dark the victory is fear  
Like a fool you follow fools  
Like a fool you follow what you hear  
Will they blow us all apart  
Or kill us all with virus darts  
Or, rise up children, life goes on and on  
Wise up children, life goes on and on

On the moon they're laughing hard  
On the moon they're falling off their seats  
From the moon we're comedy  
From the moon we're really quite a treat  
Shall we have another beer  
And slobber through another year  
Or rise up children, life goes on and on  
Wise up children, life goes on and on  
Rise up children, life goes on and on  
Wise up

Something's wrong from the moon my friend  
Something's wrong from the moon  
As I look down at you my friends  
Something's wrong from the moon