

## Armada

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And I-I won't be stupid  
State the obvious-pleasant platitudes  
Bad policies-mega magnitude  
Magnificent

And I-would not be surprises  
If next door's roses died  
And I-would not be overcome with grief  
When, in the shadow's cast  
The trees lose all their leaves

Two cheeks to the wind-three sheets to set sail  
Bow in the storm-we'll die in the water  
My armada-three sheets to set sail  
Bow in the storm-we'll die in the water  
Armada

And a head of wax-should not walk in the sun  
Pride goes before the fall-let's make feathers fly  
Two cheeks to the wind-three sheets to set sail  
Bow in the storm-we'll die on the water

My armada-led to the slaughter  
My armada-nothing but murder  
To conquer and blunder  
Led to the slaughter  
Nothing but murder  
My armada