

Nuclear War

Ryan Adams

Walking down the street to your house
Thinkin bout nuclear war
Gas mask and sirens and lights
You didn't [?] me much before this
We interrupt an episode of Cheers for emergency texts

Sometimes the distance feels like a kiss from afar
Radiation, mind-control, nuclear war
Nuclear war

You take the pen from your purse
And you drew between his eyes
A fucking swastika
Just as the train rushed by
I hate that poster of his face
I see it in the subway all the time
He's laughing, we're crying
He's smiling and we're dying

Sometimes the distance feels like a kiss from afar
Radiation, mind-control, nuclear war
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Walking down the street to your house
Thinkin bout nuclear war
And something that you said last night
You've never said before
We don't want to live in a world controlled by the police and b
y hate
We're running out of time
It's over, it's too late
It's over, it's too late