

# 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