Hypersonic Missiles

Sam Fender

Dutch kids huff balloons in the parking lot The golden arches illuminate the business park I eat myself to death, feed the corporate machine I watch the movies, recite every line and scene God bless America and all of its allies I'm not the first to live with wool over my eyes

I am so blissfully unaware of everything Kids in Gaza are bombed and I'm just out of it The tensions of the world are rising higher We're probably due another war with all this ire I'm not smart enough to change a thing I have no answers, only questions Don't you ask a thing

Oh, silver-tongue suits and cartoons They rule my world Singin' it's a high time for hypersonic missiles And when the bombs drop, darling Can you say that you've lived your life? Oh, this is a high time for hypersonic missiles

The cities lie like tumours all across the world A cancer eating mankind, hitting in our blindside They say I'm a nihilist 'cause I can't see Any decent rhyme or reason for the life of you and me But I believe in what I'm feeling and I'm falling for you This world is gonna end, but till then I'll give you everything I have I'll give you everything I have

Oh, oh, oh, oh Oh, oh (C'mon)

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They all do the same, only their names change, honey You can join their club if you're born into money It's a high time for hypersonic missiles And oh, this is a high time for hypersonic missiles And oh, this is a high time for hypersonic missiles Oh, this is a high time for hypersonic missiles