

Sweet Bird Of Truth

The The

6 o'clock in the morning
And I'm the last person in this plane still awake
Y'know I can almost smell the blood
Washing against the shores
Of this land that can't forget its past
Oh, the wind that carries this plane
Is the wind of change
Heaven sent and hell bent
Over the mountain tops we go
Just like all the other G.I. Joe's
Ee aye ee aye adios!

This is your captain calling
With an urgent warning
We're above the Gulf of Arabia
Our altitude is falling
And I can't hold her up
There's no time for thinking
All hands on deck
This bird is sinking

Across the beaches and cranes
Rivers and trains
All the money I've made
Bodies I've maimed
Time was when I seemed to know
Just like any other G.I. Joe
Should I cry like a baby
Or die like a man?
While all the planets little wars
Start joining hands
Oh, what a heaven what a hell
Y'know there's nothing can be done
In this whole wide world

I don't know what's wrong or right
I'm just a regular guy
With bottled up insides
I ain't ever been to church
Or believed in Jesus Christ
But I'm praying
That God's with you when you die

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