

# Eye of Destruction

(1965)

di P.F. Sloan

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: antimilitaristi

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/eye-destruction>

The eastern world it is explodin',  
Violence flarin', bullets loadin',  
You're old enough to kill  
but not for votin',  
You don't believe in war,  
what's that gun you're totin',  
And even the Jordan river  
has bodies floatin',  
But you tell me over and over  
and over again my friend,  
Ah, you don't believe  
we're on the eve of destruction.

Don't you understand,  
what I'm trying to say?  
Can't you see the fear  
that I'm feeling today?  
If the button is pushed,  
there's no running away,  
There'll be no one to save  
with the world in a grave,  
Take a look around you, boy,  
it's bound to scare you, boy,  
And you tell me over and over  
and over again my friend,  
Ah, you don't believe  
we're on the eve of destruction.

Yeah, my blood's so mad,  
feels like coagulatin',  
I'm sittin' here, just contemplatin',  
I can't twist the truth,

it knows no regulation,  
Handful of Senators  
don't pass legislation,  
And marches alone  
can't bring integration,  
When human respect is disintegratin',  
This whole crazy world  
is just too frustratin',  
And you tell me over and over  
and over again my friend,  
Ah, you don't believe  
we're on the eve of destruction.

Think of all the hate  
there is in Red China!  
Then take a look around  
to Selma, Alabama!  
Ah, you may leave here,  
for four days in space,  
But when your return,  
it's the same old place,  
The poundin' of the drums,  
the pride and disgrace,  
You can bury your dead,  
but don't leave a trace,  
Hate your next-door-neighbour,  
but don't forget to say grace,  
And you tell me over and over  
and over and over again my friend,  
you don't believe  
we're on the eve of destruction.  
you don't believe  
we're on the eve of destruction.

## Informazioni

Uno degli inni della contestazione alla guerra in Vietnam, portato al successo da Barry Mc Guire. La melodia servi come base per *L'ora del fucile*, di Pino Masi, con un testo volutamente diverso.

[Fonte](#)