

Eye of Destruction

(1970)

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](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 servì come base per L'ora del fucile, di Pino Masi, con un testo volutamente diverso.

Fonte