Eve Of Destruction
(P.F. Sloan)

D / / / / / / / / / / / (D, Dsus4, D2 riff x4)

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, but 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 tryin’ to say?
Can’t you feel the fears I’m feelin’ today?
If the button is pushed, there’s no runnin’ 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
a-You may leave here for four days in space
But when you 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 neighbor, but don’t forget to say grace

And tell me
Over and over and over and over again my friend
You don’t believe we’re on the eve of destruction

Mmm, no, no, you don’t believe we’re on the eve of destruction