

## Hypersonic Missiles

Sam Fender

♩ = 130



Dutch kids huff bal-loons\_\_ in the par-king lot,\_ the gol-den ar-ches il-



lu-mi-nate the busi-ness park, I\_\_eat my-self to death, feed the cor-po-rate ma-chine,



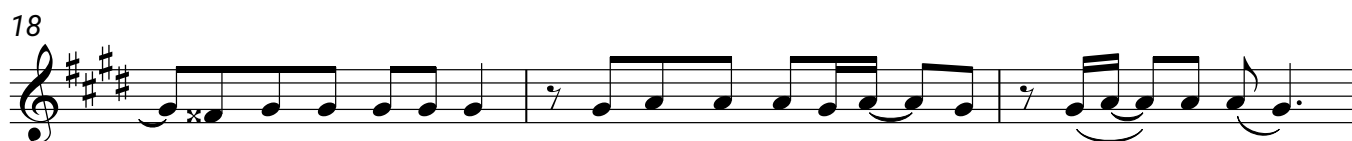
I watch the mo-vies, re-cite e-very line and scene, God bless A-me-ri-ca\_\_and



of its al-lies,\_\_\_I'm not the first to live with wool o-ver my eyes.



I\_\_am so bliss-ful-ly u-na-ware of eve-ry-thing, kids in Ga-za are bombed,



— and I'm just out of it, the ten-sions of the world are ri - sing higher,



we're pro-bably due a-no-ther war\_\_with all this ire,\_ I'm not smart e-nough to



change a thing, I've no ans-wers, on - ly ques-tions, don't you