

"Eve Of Destruction" written by P. F. Sloan in mid-1964.

The eastern world it is exploding  
Violence flarin', bullets loadin'  
You're old enough to kill but not for votin'  
You don't believe in war but whats 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 coagulating  
I'm sitting 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  
You may leave here for four days in space  
But when you return it's the same old place  
The pounding 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