

# Eve of Destruction

by Steve Barri and P.F. Sloan (1965)

*D* The Eastern world it is explodin',  
*D D G A* violence flarin' and bullets loadin',  
*D D G A* You're old enough to kill, but not for votin',  
*D D G A* You don't believe in war, but's what's that gun you're totin'?  
*D D G A* And even the Jordan River has bodies floatin'  
*D D G A D D Bm Bm* But you tell me, over and over and over again my friend,  
*G G A A D D G A* 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 fear that I'm feelin' 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,  
But you tell me, over and over and over again my friend,  
Ah, you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction.

My blood's so mad feels like coagulatin',  
I'm sittin' here just contemplatin'  
You can't twist the truth it knows no regulation,  
and a handful of Senators don't pass legislation.  
Marches alone can't bring integration, when human respect is disintegratin'.  
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'.  
But 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,  
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 drums, the pride and disgrace,  
can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace,  
Hate your next door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace.  
But you tell me, over and over and over again my friend,  
Ah, you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction