

## Fill in the gaps

Every time you drop the bomb

| I've been walking (1)                         | your streets |  |
|---|--------------|--|
| Where all your money is earned                |              |  |
| Where all your buildings are crying           |              |  |
| And clueless neckties working                 |              |  |
| Revolving (2) lawn houses                     |              |  |
| Housing all your fears                        |              |  |
| Desensitized by TV                            |              |  |
| Over bearing advertising                      |              |  |
| God of consumers                              |              |  |
| And all (3) crooked creatures (4)             |              |  |
| good  |              |  |
| Mirrors filtering information through the (5) |              |  |
| eye   |              |  |
| Designed for profit sharing                   |              |  |
| Your (6)                                      | what a guy   |  |
| Boom, boom, boom                              |              |  |
| Everytime your drop the bomb                  |              |  |
| You kill the God                              |              |  |
| Your child is born                            |              |  |
| Boom, boom, boom                              |              |  |
| Modern globalization                          |              |  |
| Coupled with condemnations                    |              |  |
| Unnecessary death                             |              |  |

Matador corporations

| Puppeting your frustrations with a blinded flag |              |  |
|---|--------------|--|
| Manufacturing consent is the name of the game   |              |  |
| The bottom line is money and (7)                | gives a **** |  |
| 4,000 hungry children                           |              |  |
| Leave us per hour (8) starvation                |              |  |
| While (9) are (10)                              | creating     |  |
| death showers                                   |              |  |
| Boom, boom, boom                                |              |  |
| Everytime your drop the bomb                    |              |  |
| You kill the God                                |              |  |
| Your child is born                              |              |  |
| Boom, boom, boom                                |              |  |
| Boom, boom, boom                                |              |  |
|   |              |  |
| Why must we kill our own kind?                  |              |  |
| Boom, boom, boom                                |              |  |
| Everytime your drop the bomb                    |              |  |
| You kill the God                                |              |  |
| Your child is born                              |              |  |
| Boom, boom, boom                                |              |  |
| Boom, boom, boom                                |              |  |



- 1. through
- 2. fake
- 3. your
- 4. looking
- 5. public
- 6. neighbour
- 7. nobody
- 8. from
- 9. billions
- 10. spent

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