

# Sum 41, March Of The Dogs

Ladies and gentlemen of the underclass: The President of the United States of America is Dead!

I don't believe in the politics  
of chosen fools and hypocrites  
To walk a line that's stretched so fine  
Is death all glory had in mind?  
Here we go, again there's mixed illusion  
No one knows to sink revolution  
Attention grows, the way the world's conclusion

It's too late, there's no time  
(It's too late, there's no time)  
All for none, none for 1,2,3,4

March of the dogs  
to a beat of disillusion  
Sworn under God bringing panic and confusion  
The white flag is down  
Send in the clowns  
The carnival of sins is now about to begin

It may be i'm a pessimist  
But I say we need an exorcist  
The root of all evil standing tall  
Under God and above us all

Here we go, again in desperation  
All we know is tension and frustration  
Attention blooms no vision of salvation

It's too late, there's no time  
(It's too late, there's no time)  
All for none, none for 1,2,3,4

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1,2,3,4

And now the president's dead  
Because They blew off his head  
No more neck to be red  
yes to heaven he fled  
Was it something he said  
Because of who's in his bed  
By whom will we be lead  
From who's hand will we be fed  
All the lies by the lying liars  
Who said, we'll be fine, it's okay  
Hey look mom, no head!

blah blah blah, blah blah blah  
blah blah blah blah blah blah

ahahah