

THE BOMB

Tom Paxton

Some friends and I have worked for years in deepest secrecy
The work went on around the clock and I look for a treat
We've built the perfect weapon, we're unveiling it today
It turns the tanks to butter, but the people walk away.

The bomb, the bomb, we finally built the perfect bomb
It's impossible to stop, I can hardly wait to drop
The bomb, the bomb, we finally built the perfect bomb
I'll tell you what I'm counting on, the bomb, the bomb

The blast extends for miles and it doesn't harm a soul
Every missile warhead turns into a lump of coal
The guns all turn to licorice, the knives all break in two
The grenades are filled with flowers, colored red and white and blue.

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The wonders of our perfect bomb are very strange to tell
It doesn't only change the guns, it changes hearts as well
An instant of exposure to its penetrating ray
Will turn a Yassar Arafat into a Danny Kay

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But perhaps its greatest feature, its happiest surprise
Is the way our perfect weapon searches out the meanest lies
It captures them completely, and before the bomb is through
Every word a politician says is absolutely true

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