

The Perfect Bomb
Words and Music by 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.

[Cho:]

The bomb, the bomb, we finally built the perfect bomb.
It's impossible to stop, I can hardly wait for it 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.

[Cho:]

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.

[Cho:]

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.

[Cho:]