Eve of Destruction   (Barry McGuire) Hrmnca D

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         D          G       A7     D           G          A
V1 The Eastern world  it is explodin',  violence flarin' and bullets loadin',
         D             G          A
You're old enough to kill,  but not for votin',
         D                 G                    A
You don't believe in war,  but's what's that gun you're totin'?
         D               G          A
And even the Jordan River has  bodies floatin'

         D        G        A         D              Bm
Ch1 But you  tell me, over and over and over again my friend,
    G                           A             D        G  A   D
Ah, you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction.

      D                      G       A
V2 Don't you understand  what I'm tryin' to say?
   D                        G      A
Can't you feel the fears I'm  feelin' today?
       D               G          A
If the button is pushed  there's no running away,
          D                 G              A
There'll be no one to save  with the world in a grave.
D                         G                A
Take a look around you boy,  it's bound to scare you boy,

Ch2        G    A    D

       D                    G         A7       D            G        A
V3 Yea my blood's so mad feels like coagulatin', I'm sittin' here just contemplatin'
     D                 G                A
I can't twist the truth  it knows no regulation,
      D                   G        A
And a handful of Senators  don't pass legislation.
      D                   G        A          D              G      A
And marches alone can't bring integration, when human respect is disintegratin'.
      D               G       A
This whole crazy world  is just too frustratin'.

Ch3        G    A    D

      D                    G        A7
V4 Think of all the hate  there is in Red China,
        D                   G       A
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama!
      D                  G        A
Ah you may leave here  for four days in space,
         D               G        A
But when you return,  it's the same old place.
        D               G        A
The pounding drums,  the pride and disgrace,
         D                   G        A
You can bury your dead,  but don't leave a trace,
      D                      G             A
Hate your next door neighbor,  but don't forget to say grace and.

Ch4                      G  A  D
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