

## Fill in the gaps

| I've been walking through (1) streets                |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| Where all your money is earned                       |  |  |
| Where all your buildings are crying                  |  |  |
| And (2) neckties working                             |  |  |
| Revolving fake lawn houses                           |  |  |
| Housing all your fears                               |  |  |
| Desensitized by TV                                   |  |  |
| Over bearing advertising                             |  |  |
| God of consumers                                     |  |  |
| And all your crooked creatures looking good          |  |  |
| Mirrors filtering information through the public eye |  |  |
| Designed for profit sharing                          |  |  |
| Your neighbour 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 (3)                            | with     | а |
|---|----------|---|
| blinded flag                                  |          |   |
| Manufacturing consent is the name of the game |          |   |
| The bottom (4) is money and nobody give       | s a **** |   |
| 4,000 hungry children                         |          |   |
| Leave us per hour (5) starvation              |          |   |
| While billions are (6) creating death sho     | wers     |   |
| 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 (7) our own kind?                 |          |   |
| Boom, boom, boom                              |          |   |
| Everytime (8) drop the bomb                   |          |   |
| You kill the God                              |          |   |
| Your child is born                            |          |   |
| Boom, boom, boom                              |          |   |
| Boom, boom, boom                              |          |   |
| Every time you drop the bomb                  |          |   |



## 1. your

- 2. clueless
- 3. frustrations
- 4. line
- 5. from
- 6. spent
- 7. kill
- 8. your

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