

# Can't Find My Dear Wife

The ran and they cried from the rise of the tide  
But nothing inside told them they might die that day.

Ocean snuck up on man chasing life to high land  
Drank you up while you sipped your treat in the sand.

As Aftershocks shook, crumbled buildings lye in tatter,  
Rescue mission on, as life remains trapped and scattered.

(Chorus)

What you got, not a lot, but my life.  
cry for my children but can't find my dear wife.

(Run you gotta run you gotta run...)

The Vatican sent 1/4 million condoms with holes  
Bending and lending, 1 for each lost soul

(Chorus)

What you got, not a lot, but my life.  
cry for my children but can't find my dear wife.

The earth opened right up and swallowed thousands whole  
Pat Roberts said they made a pact with the devil and traded their soul

A tsunami for Christmas and an Earthquake for the New Year.  
Perhaps if they prayed harder, GOD would have heard their fears?

Stealing little island children isn't that nice  
Shot in the back for a free bag of rice, lying in the streets dying on TV.

(Chorus)

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cry for my children but can't find my dear wife.  
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