

Could Be Worse

Cryptic Slaughter

You say how life is treating you bad
But some would kill for what you have
With a place to sleep
And a roof over your head
You haven't seen how tough life can get
Why should you complain
With all of your advantages?
When people out there can barely manage
With a free education and no bills to pay
But you'll have to face reality someday
You say your life isn't worth living
But you're always taking, never giving
There's always pressures in life
But why not deal with them one at a time?
You think life is tough for you
But everyone has to pay there dues
Why must you always complain?
When you have so much to gain
You're always telling your parents
But you should realize how much you've got
You're always asking for something to borrow
When an innocent kid could die tomorrow
Now you're on the streets and on your own
Don't you wish that you were home?
So you think you've done all that you can
And now you're life seems at an end
If that's the way it's gonna be
Then put a bullet through your head
So now that all your problems are solved
Tell me what it's like to be dead