

Bury Your Parents

A Global Threat

Cocktail stains on your G.Q. slacks
You'll show you're clever
Go blow some lingo out your ass
Libido takes over
All the shit you learned in school
Techno bass beats in your brain
All thoughts turn to drool

Mommy, daddy, look at me
You decided what I'm going to be
I'll pull together and slip through the cracks
Cause we all know grads are the last to get sacked

So I bought a pill that brings the joys
Of unconscious girls and no conscience boys
Impress them first with my expensive toys
They come and go on their corduroys

Mommy, daddy, will you help me?
Do I need psychotherapy?
Am I worth the money spent?
Or did I break your bank on the rules I bent?

Mommy, daddy, will you help me?
Mommy, daddy, I'm out of money
Mommy, daddy, don't know where it went
Mommy, daddy, pay my rent