

## 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