

A Cry for Help in a World Gone Mad

Agent Orange

Sometimes I think of old friends
But they all seem the same
Then I see them and they can't remember my name
I guess I'm just like them
I guess I'm just a bore
I could hate them but I've never done that before
I've got lots of good friends
I don't need anymore

And sometimes when you lie to me
Sometimes I'll lie to you
And there isn't a thing you could possibly do
All these half-destroyed lives
Aren't as bad as they seem
But now I see blood and I hear people scream
Then I wake up
And it's just another bad dream

(chorus)

And I can't help myself by feeling sorry
Because I gave up every chance I had
Another movement
It's just another fad
Like a cry for help
In a world gone mad