

## 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