

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 any more

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
And then 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
It's not a movement, it's just another fad
Like a cry for help in a world gone mad!