

# Karma

D.R.I.

Hey, punk, with that bottle in your hand  
What makes you so sad?  
Could life really be that bad?  
Sure, you've got your reasons  
But your alibis are lies  
The story is an old one  
It's been told a million times  
You were glad to be alive  
On life's journey  
You were excited  
But you were not in a hurry  
For years, you walked up and down each road

You had to try them all  
Looking for your place, I guess  
Where you could rest and feel at home

Now, tired of walking  
You've started to run  
Passing everything by  
But at least you're having fun  
Good karma, bad karma  
You'll get what you deserve  
There is good and evil  
You've got a lot to learn  
There is love, there is hate  
You can't do as you please  
Wash your face, take a bath  
Your aura's still filthy

In someone's bathroom, turning blue, puking green  
You're senile, senile at seventeen  
Scars on your brain from drinking beer and smoking weed  
Another acid tab, another shot of speed

Good karma, bad karma  
You'll get what you deserve  
There is good and evil  
You've got a lot to learn  
There's no lie, only truth

In reality  
You hate love, you love to hate  
Your soul is so diseased  
You are just a fish in a sea of human beings  
Lost in, caught up in, someone else's dream

Afraid to laugh 'cause you might drown  
The true mad, sad clown sinking down  
Into the darkness where no one  
Would dare venture to save you