

Probation

D.R.I.

They set the rules
They want me to break
Take all my money
Set me straight
Then they confine me
Make me check in
Analyze my piss
Ask me where I've been

They send me to classes
That say I've been bad
Take some more money
Prove to me I've been had

And they'll keep on trying
To straighten me out
And the more that they try
The more I doubt
This system of corrections
That they put me through
Hasn't brought about change
But, this is nothing new