

Babylon

Motorpsycho

Your son's wasted, mama
And he don't care if you don't
He's hurting when he's conscious,
And forgetting when he's stoned
There's too much confusion
And too much pain
Your bastard son blew it again

Disillusion is the name of the game
Try playing wounded when there's no one to blame
Pride is the mouse and pride is the cat
Why do you all have to be like that?

Babylon, oh Babylon
Your gardens have pools in them now
Babylon, oh Babylon
The TV-set's your holy cow

The neighbours kid, mama
He OD'd last night
I guess something here just ain't quite right

Babylon!