

Ain't ashamed to cry  
Sometimes it feels just good enough  
To feel something  
Ain't afraid to try  
Well I fail as good as anybody else  
Lost interest in politics  
When they talk it bores me to the brain  
So this is modern living?  
The more the choice  
The more things stay the same

But, when it comes to you  
I must admit I'm at a lost  
I'm so confused  
And when it comes to you  
I don't know how you do what you do  
But I like it  
Offer up the fantastic  
I'm sick from all this plastic glamour  
Become a social spastic  
No need to walk through your front door no more  
Market youth their uniform  
If it's so wicked why don't you wear it too  
I'm a mass media casualty  
From taking advice  
From people that don't have a clue

Sometimes it feels just good enough  
To feel something  
You make me feel good enough to scream