

Out of Reach

Vice Squad

Humiliate and torture
Till i wish i were dead
You say i'm the idiot
Your ignorance is bliss

Apathy is all you preach
The strings of the puppet are out of reach
Ignore it, it might go away
Your at the bottom, that's where you'll stay
You just sit around and get stoned
There's no action, you only moan
Happily waving your white flag
Giving your leaders the last laugh

Left me at the bottom
You thought i'd work for them
Thought i was a joke
I got them in the end
Clawing from the outside
I couldn't leave my mark
Your inside hurts much more
The blood's under my nails

With ego-tripping acid punks
I giggled in a corner
A funeral in '78
I was the only mourner