

Drastic Actions

Bad Religion

Heard a word, suicide,
Not from one, but from thousands that tried.
The lawyer's wife and the teenage brat,
One thing in common, they all wanted out.
And it's plain to see.
It goes for you and it goes for me,
And all the screwed up little girls and boys
All thrown in without a choice.
But I heard him say,
"I want out,
No complaints and no doubts,
Just a chance to go on."
I heard a word, suicide,
And not from one, but from thousands that died.
Want some attention and a little less regret,
A teenage fluff, little threat.
And there are those, there are those who think
That drastic actions will make them unique.
It's really all the same,
That no one's happy and nobody's to blame.
And the moral to this story is old.
It's quite taboo, seldom told.
The seed is reaped before it's sown,
A bad choice was never resolved.