

Bag Drag

Cactus

Oh, what a drag, living from a plastic bag
Oh, what a drag, breathing in the burning rag

Riding, flying in the blue
Shooting, killing, sirens too
Stretching, healing all come true
Looks like death except you lied. I have to prove

Oh, you're so satisfied. You don't care how many died
As the world spins and people die
There's debris and smoke-filled skies

Chained down, struggling, what's the use?
Captured on a robot world so nixed and unexcused
Led by hatred and the news
So many rules and regulations that you lose!

Oh, what a drag, breathing in a burning rag
The sky's filled with kerosene, the sunset rays are burning me

Turnin', tossin', cannot sleep
Feel the need of breeze on me
Begging, pleading at my door
Mad dog drooling on my floor
Stone-faced general filled with rage
As they throw a fast grenade!
My child screams of generals near!!!
1971, and the war's still here!!!

Oh, what a drag, breathing in the burning rag!
Oh, what a drag, living in this plastic bag!
Oh, you're so satisfied! You're the reason soldiers die!
When you finally realize, it will be defeat that is the prize!

Oh! Oh, what a drag!
Oh, what a- What a drag