

Give A Hoot

D.R.I.

I give a hoot
But I still pollute
I don't know what's the matter with me
I won't kill
But I think I'd shoot
If it meant whether or not I'd be free

Simulated sympathy
In a world full of pain
It's each for his own
If there's something to gain

I've got my own problems
It's hard to care
There's just more death
Then I can bear

So I fly my flag at half mast
Big, black clouds hanging over me
My days are always overcast
Burnt out buildings return my stare

But I must hang on
Though the sea is dead
I must hold on
Someone said

I must go on
Though young men die
I must push on
But I can't remember why