Karma

Hey, punk, with that bottle in your hand What makes you so sad? Could life really be that bad? Sure, you've got your reasons But your alibis are lies The story is an old one It's been told a million times You were glad to be alive On life's journey You were excited But you were not in a hurry For years, you walked up and down each road

You had to try them all Looking for your place, I guess Where you could rest and feel at home

Now, tired of walking You've started to run Passing everything by But at least you're having fun Good karma, bad karma You'll get what you deserve There is good and evil You've got a lot to learn There is love, there is hate You can't do as you please Wash your face, take a bath Your aura's still filthy

In someone's bathroom, turning blue, puking green You're senile, senile at seventeen Scars on your brain from drinking beer and smoking weed Another acid tab, another shot of speed

Good karma, bad karma You'll get what you deserve There is good and evil You've got a lot to learn There's no lie, only truth

In reality You hat love, you love to hate Your soul is so diseased You are just a fish in a sea of human beings Lost in, caught up in, someone else's dream

Afraid to laugh 'cause you might drown The true mad, sad clown sinking down Into the darkness where no one Would dare venture to save you D.R.I.