

Ballads

GBH

Young kids shouldn't sing ballads
Where is all your teenage angst?
Stand up for what you believe in
Show 'em what they're up against

Managers do the managing
So stick to the music son
No one knows your name now
And won't remember when you're gone

You've gotta - enrage them but engage them
Do anything but explain to them
Sedate them frustrate them
And do what you gotta do to survive

You got your corporation logo
You're sponsored by the best
Number one with a bullet
But you still isn't passed the test
Direction is the problem
And all the history before
You don't know where you're going
Or what dangers lie in store

So you're burnt out when you're 20
It seems the die is cast
A production line of hopefuls
And a waiting list so vast
Making money for other people
Who take advantage of your age
Are you an independent artist?
Or just a puppet on a stage