

Sad But True

Youth Brigade

Used to think there'd come a day,
when all the problems would disappear.
Working at a dead end job saving up to fly away.
Drunken weekends, forgotten names.
The faces start to look the same.
Got no reason just got time.
Slipping tripping down the line.

Sad but true, this could be you.
Why don't we try to do more than get by.

Sit at home and contemplate.
TV, music, sex and drinking.
Little choice and little cares,
to be a famous millionaire.
No sense, no motivation.
Battered souls of smashed emotions.
Get that money, drive that car.
Anyone can be a star.

Every day in every way.
We plan, we scam, we damn the forces.
A thousand plans to anticipate,
more excuses to procrastinate.
Faith, hope, belief mean nothing.
Thinking is not condoned.
Consume work and obey.
Your future is assured as empty.