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 freeSimulated sympathy
In a world full of pain
It's each for his own
If there's something to gainI've got my own problems
It's hard to care
There's just more death
Then I can bearSo I fly my flag at half mast
Big, black clouds hanging over me
My days are always overcast
Burnt out buildings return my stareBut I must hang on
Though the sea is dead
I must hold on
Someone saidI must go on
Though young men die
I must push on
But I can't rember why

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