Pig Bop

Shihad

Ain't ashamed to cry
Sometimes it feels just good enough
To feel something
Ain't afraid to try
Well I fail as good as anybody else
Lost interest in politics
When they talk it bores me to the brain
So this is modern living?
The more the choice
The more things stay the same

But, when it comes to you
I must admit I'm at a lost
I'm so confused
And when it comes to you
I don't know how you do what you do
But I like it
Offer up the fantastic
I'm sick from all this plastic glamour
Become a social spastic
No need to walk through your front door no more
Market youth their uniform
If it's so wicked why don't you wear it too
I'm a mass media casualty
From taking advice
From people that don't have a clue

Sometimes it feels just good enough
To feel something
You make me feel good enough to scream

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