

Think About It

Flight of the Conchords

There's children on the streets using guns and knives
They're taking drugs and each other's lives
Killing each other with knives and forks
And calling each other names like dork
There's people on the street
Getting diseases from monkeys
Yeah, that's what I said
They're getting diseases from monkeys
Now, there's junkies with monkey disease
Who's touching these monkeys?
Please, leave these poor sick monkeys alone
They've got problems enough as it is
A man is lying on the street
Some punk's chopped off his head
And I'm the only one who stops to see if he's dead
Turns out he's dead
And that's why I'm singing
What, what is wrong with the world today?
What's wrong with the world today?
What, what is wrong with the world today?
You gotta think about it, think, think about it
Good cops been framed, put into a can
All the money that we're making
It's going to the man
What man? Which man? Who's the man?
When's a man a man? What makes a man a man?
Am I a man? Yes, technically I am
They're turning kids into slaves
Just to make cheaper sneakers
But what's the real cost?
'Cause the sneakers don't seem that much cheaper
Why are we still paying so much for sneakers?
When you got them made by little slaves kids
What are your overheads?
At the end of your life, you're lucky if you die
Sometimes I wonder why we would even try
I saw a man lying on the street half dead
With knives and forks sticking out of his leg
And he said, "Can somebody
Get the knife and fork out of my leg, please"
"Can somebody please remove
These cutleries from my knees"
And then we break it down
Acappella jams
Breaking it down, let me break it down
Jamin' out, just jamin' out, yeah, yeah

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