Straight A's

Dead Kennedys

Brain death, blind desk, school damage, straight A's
Sixteen, on the honor roll, I wish that I was dead
Hate my Parents, I got zits and bruises round my head
Pressure's on to get good grades so I can be like them
I do my homework all the time I can't go out just then
People they ain't friends at all, they tease and suck me dry
They yell at me when I fuck up and party while I cry
I look so big on paper, I feel so very small
Wanna die and you don't care, just stride on down the hall
Suicide, suicide
Read the paper, wonder why
Turn the light out then you cry
It's you fault you made me die
Touch me won't, you touch me now so frozen I can't love
When I was born my mama cried and picked me up with gloves
Girls, they kick me in the eye, want answers to the tests
When they get them they drive off and leave me home to rest
Hold my head wake me warm
Tell me I am loved give me hope
Let me cry and make me feel
Give me touch
The window's broken, bleeding, screaming, lying in the hall
I'm gone no one remembers me, a picture on the wall
He was such a bright boy, the future in his hands
Or a spineless human pinball shot around by your demands
Suicide, suicide goin' to sleep and when I die
You'll look up and realize
Then look down and wipe your eyes
Then go back to your stupid lives, aw shit

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