

Cry For Help In A World Gone Mad

Agent Orange

Sometimes I think of old friends but they all seem the same
Then I see them and they can't remember my name
I guess I'm just like them, I guess I'm just a bore
I could hate them but I've never done that before
I've got lots of good friends, I don't need any more
And sometimes when you lie to me, sometimes I'll lie to you
And there isn't a thing you could possibly do
All these half destroyed lives aren't as bad as they seem
And then I see blood and I hear people scream
Then I wake up and it's just another bad dream
And I can't help myself by feeling sorry
Because I gave up every chance I had
It's not a movement, it's just another fad
Like a cry for help in a world gone mad

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