

Straight A's

Dead Kennedys

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Brain death, blind desk, school damage, straight A'sSixteen, 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 thenPeople 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 hallSuicide, suicide

Read the paper, wonder why

Turn the light out then you cry

It's your fault you made me dieTouch 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 restHold my head wake me warm

Tell me I am loved give me hope

Let me cry and make me feel

Give me touchThe 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 demandsSuicide, 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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