

# Give a Hoot

## D.R.I.

I give a hoot  
But I still pollute  
I don't know what's the matter with me  
I won't kill  
But I think I'd shoot  
If it meant whether or not I'd be free  
Simulated sympathy  
In a world full of pain  
It's each for his own  
If there's something to gain  
I've got my own problems  
It's hard to care  
There's just more death  
Then I can bear  
So I fly my flag at half mast  
Big, black clouds hanging over me  
My days are always overcast  
Burnt out buildings return my stare  
But I must hang on  
Though the sea is dead  
I must hold on  
Someone said I must go on  
Though young men die  
I must push on  
But I can't remember why

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