

# 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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