Naive Children

Victims Family

Well you've got everthing that you could possilby need. You've got your fast red car. You've got your lines of speed. You've got an office of your own and your fax machine and lots of tacky clothes for when you make that scene. You've got some famous friends that owe you lots of bucks. You know you've got your complaints about how it's all such a rut and when you go to sleep, down in your big round bed, you've got your visions of dollar signs dancing in your head.
Cruising the clubs with the label man, you've got the CMJ in your sweaty little hands and we'll go round and round searching for the latest thing to make the little girls wet and the cash registers ring and we got lots of bands and we got lots of friends and we got lots of power to shape the latest trends so won't you come on down and sell your soul to me "cause though I know you're naive you didn't think this was free, did you?
"You've got, what I want, it's blood."

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