

A Global Threat, Bury Your Parents

cocktail stains on your G.Q. slacks
you'll show you're clever
go blow some lingo out your ass
libido takes over all the shit you learned in school
techno bass beats in your brain
all thoughts turn to drool
mommy, daddy, look at me
you decided what i'm going to be
i'll pull together and slip through the cracks
'cause we all know grads are the last to get sacked
so i bought a pill that brings the joys
of unconscious girls and no conscience boys
impress them first with my expensive toys
they come and go on their corduroys
mommy, daddy, will you help me?
do I need psychotherapy?
am I worth the money spent?
or did I break your bank
on the rules I bent?
mommy, daddy, will you help me?
mommy, daddy, i'm out of money
mommy, daddy, don't know where it went
mommy, daddy, pay my rent