

Autopassion, Youths

Has a faint and despondent mom who says that
Baby, you do whatever you want
You know that it just what he had been taught
I can't believe all the things he was told
Oh, all the things that he thought

His jealous and only son
Whose daddy give him whatever he wants
You know he'd hold his breathe until he turned blue
I can't believe all the lengths he would go to get a new toy too

And when he's through with it
Throw it away or trade it in
Oh, what is left when all his care is spent
He'll push himself up, but guess what happens next

Can't decide
If it's better to rely or better to deny
His hands are tied
When you've only got the one provider

Can't you tell that the kid is strong
You know to, you know to him, he kicks in fun
Oh yea, oh, the cold blueness of his blood
Is where the fool is stuffin' the funds
And he'll end it with a gun

And when he's through with it
Throw it away or trade it in
Oh, where's the fix to fill all of his demands
He's pushed outside, and has to play his own hand
What is left when all his care is spent
He'll push himself up, but guess what is left

Can't decide
If it's better to rely or better to deny
He's pushed aside
Where you gonna come and break for money
His hands are tied
When you've only got the one supplier
Your foolish pride
All you're gonna do is cry and cry and cry and cry and cry, yea