

Bad Religion, Drastic Action

Heard a word, suicide
Not from one, but from thousands that tried
The lawyer's wife and the teenage brat
One thing in common, they all wanted out

And it's plain to see
It goes for you and it goes for me
And all the screwed up little girls and boys
All thrown in without a choice

But I heard him say
I want out
No complaints and no doubts
Just a chance to go on

I heard a word, suicide
And not from one, but from thousands that died
Want some attention and a little less regret
A teenage fluff, little threat and

And there are those, there are those who think
That drastic actions will make them unique
It's really all the same
That no one's happy and nobody's to blame

And the moral to this story is old
It's quite taboo, seldom told
The seed is reaped before it's sown
A bad choice was never resolved