

Fitzgerald Patrik, Patrik Fitzgerald - Drifting Towards Violence

Dear mother. Dear father.
Can you answer some questions
They're stealing my friends
Like they broke all my toys
Taking my freedom. Crushing my hope.
I asked for some string
And they gave me some rope
and now I'm drifting towards violence
Drifting towards violence again
Drifting towards violence
Drifting towards violence
Dear mother. Dear father
Can you answer some questions
I've tried to find freedom
And I've tried to find truth
But I cannot see reason
I cannot see logic
And I cannot break away
From the turmoil of my youth
And now I'm drifting towards violence
Drifting towards violence again
Drifting towards violence
Drifting towards violence
Dear mother. Dear father
Many thanks for your present
Though I couldn't but resent
When I removed the wrapping
It wasn't what I wanted
Though he worked
For a short time
To take my mind away
From the production line
Dear mother. Dear father
Can you answer some questions
I've tried to find reason
And I've tried to find truth
But I cannot see reason
I cannot see logic
And I cannot break away
From the turmoil of my youth
And now I'm
Drifting towards violence
Drifting towards violence again
Drifting towards violence
Drifting towards violence