Fitzgerald Patrik, Patrik Fitzgerald - Drifting Towa

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