

# Skrewdriver, Who Cares?

A phone is on the table, just down the short dark hall  
But due to lack of food and drink, you cannot move at all  
The pension that they gave you, can't stock you up for long  
And in your heart, the anger grows, you know they've done you wrong

(chorus)

The wars that you fought, for the peace that you sought  
But for you my old man, just see what peace has brought  
The peace has brought you nothing

The light around you darkens, as you weaken every hour  
And never in your long hard life, have you ever felt so sour  
You've got to see a doctor, or you're going to slide away  
You've got to see somebody, or you won't last another day

The pills, they will not dullen, the acheing in your head  
You try once more to reach the phone, but you cannot leave the bed  
Then you fall back, the pain is gone, and you see your life's last sight  
A bare stark wall, so very small, and you say your last goodnight.