

Crass, Tired

What do you want? What do you want?
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I'm tired of adrenalin soaked fools,
Tired of idiots playing with the rules,
Know it's not a thing that a man would do,
But you get the same rush by jumping a bus queue.
Tired of bully boys looking for a fight,
I'm not a hard nut, so stuff it, right?
They really got you in a down trodden state,
Hopelessly, endlessly, heavily, totally straight.

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I'm tired of playing with vice,
Tired of hash heads trying to be nice.
Do you feel insulted when they pull out the dope?
Synthetic togetherness, token for a toke.
Do you get a buzz when you reminisce?
"Too much man, it was better than this,"
I don't want a relativity talk,
If that's the bus ride, I'd think I'd rather walk.

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I don't want it, you can take it back,
I don't want to face another attack,
Shits all running round looking for a crack,
Wannanother corpse to put on the stack?

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