

Dead Kennedys, III In The Head

In a desperate mind
Little gardens grow
They grow very wide
They grow very tall

Why am I alive
Urban Wonderland
By the fence I stand
In and out of hand

There are many paths
Dripping dark so dense
Do not enter here
Enter over there

People closing in
Barking at my mind
Shoving me to wine
I want all alone

I want my own home
I want my own girl
Help me hate the world
Own and love my life