

# Dead Kennedys, Straight A's

Sixteen, on the honor roll  
I wish that I was dead  
Parents hate me, I got zits  
And bruises 'round my head

Pressure's on to get good grades  
So I can be like them  
Do my homework all the time  
I can't go out just then

People they ain't friends at all  
They tease and suck me dry  
Yell at me when I fuck up  
And party while I cry  
I look so big on paper  
I feel so fucking small  
Wanna die and you don't care  
Just stride on down the hall

Suicide suicide  
Read the paper, wonder why  
Turn the light out, then you cry  
It's your fault, you made me die

Touch me won't you touch me now  
So frozen I can't love  
When I was born my mama cried  
And picked me up with gloves

Girls, they kick me in the eye  
Want answers to the tests  
When they get them they drive off  
And leave me home to rest

Hold my head  
Make me warm  
Tell me I am loved  
Give me hope  
Let me cry  
Make me feel  
Give me touch

The window's broken bleeding screaming  
Lying in the hall  
I'm gone no one remembers me  
A picture on the wall  
"He was such a bright boy  
The future in his hands  
Or a spineless human pinball  
Shot around by your demands

Suicide suicide  
Goin' to sleep and when I die  
You'll look up and realize  
Then look down and wipe your eyes  
Then go back to your stupid lives  
Aw shit