

Dillinger Four, Shut Your Little Trap, Inc.

I know it's hard to believe
But half of me was scared to leave
They were so concerned about what I deserved
They never thought about what I'd need
And I know my friends from high school
Are dropping my name 'cause they think it's so cool
That I'm caught in a cage match run by the state
Where middle-aged men whisper softly 'bout rape

Where does this leave me, where should I go?
Trapped with worse evils than I've ever known
Think of what you had seen when you were sixteen
Then think of me

Now I'm just a guy who's got half his time to go
If good behavior means a two-year show
Other cons are talking about me -
Now they call me "the kid";
And the judge who sent me up
Made a good impression for the next election
But what the media won't say is even with my freedom
I still wouldn't be old enough to vote against him

Some nights all I could do is sit and cry
Is this what they want, do they want me to die?

If that's the case
Spark up the chair
Tape up my face
Kill me right here
'Cause I can't take living in fear
What I'm getting out of this has never made itself clear

As a free man, I've had to fight what it taught me
Paranoia and constant bigotry
A mind-set designed and provided just to hold me down
Where respect came only through intimidation
So I'm always expecting a confrontation
Apparently this is what they call rehabilitation