

# Fitzgerald Patrik, Drifting Towards Violence

Dear mother. Dear father.  
Can you answer some questions  
They're stealing my friends  
Like they broke all my toys  
Taking my freedom. Crushing my hope.  
I asked for some string  
And they gave me some rope  
and now I'm drifting towards violence  
Drifting towards violence again  
Drifting towards violence  
Drifting towards violence  
Dear mother. Dear father  
Can you answer some questions  
I've tried to find freedom  
And I've tried to find truth  
But I cannot see reason  
I cannot see logic  
And I cannot break away  
From the turmoil of my youth  
And now I'm drifting towards violence  
Drifting towards violence again  
Drifting towards violence  
Drifting towards violence  
Dear mother. Dear father  
Many thanks for your present  
Though I couldn't but resent  
When I removed the wrapping  
It wasn't what I wanted  
Though he worked  
For a short time  
To take my mind away  
From the production line  
Dear mother. Dear father  
Can you answer some questions  
I've tried to find reason  
And I've tried to find truth  
But I cannot see reason  
I cannot see logic  
And I cannot break away  
From the turmoil of my youth  
And now I'm  
Drifting towards violence  
Drifting towards violence again  
Drifting towards violence  
Drifting towards violence