

# Hot Cross, Lend Me Your Brain (I'm Building An I

You can lead the punks to reason  
but you can't make them think  
and lifelong trouble with the burning fists  
and angry hearts of america's young is a fear of the new  
and the narrow outdated tunnels they see the world through  
And where to turn but up ones own ass  
where the answers are free but shit nonetheless  
We're used to the smell and content with the mess  
because a slogan's much easier than a second guess  
And still we water paper flowers  
thinking we've found the way for tomorrow  
lest we forget  
the empty heads will always be the first  
to try and kill what's already dead