

Joey Cape, Tragic Vision

In this faltering nation
The future belongs
To the children in school
There's something wrong
Sixth grader on crack
Handgun overflowing in his hands
Now he is just further demand
We search for the source
And still that child is left watching
Inhumanity, bloodshed
As the tele-violence feeds his head
Only if he knew
The consequence of greed
A contious state of mind
T.V. is not reality
Never a victim the role model said
Bang bang, the bad guy is dead
Always a rockstar on empty T.V.
The lesson complete
Now the child has needs
Of competition they bleed
Oh beautiful for bills of green
Nevermind spacious skies overhead
Bleed the earth and butter your bread
Chils turns on T.V.
What dose he see?
Nature of man, dishonesty
That child grows old
Story be told
As he sits behind bars
And his soul grows cold