

KillRadio, Raised On Whipped Cream

Politicians wasted our money for too long,
And religious leaders are raping our children.
So where are the poets? They're all at their slams,
And where are the leaders? Taken out by the man.
Where is my money? I know I had it somewhere.
Someone picked my pocket, probably was an old lady.
Where's my favorite rockstars?
They both shot themselves to death.
Well where the fuck's my daddy? Followed in the same footsteps.

So Where will we turn when we fall down?
Where will we turn when we fall?
[x4]

I can't trust the president, or anything that he says,
I can't even trust my own mother,
they were both raised the same way.
Well, what you gonna do, when they come knocking on your door?
Will you really pull that trigger or go run for shelter?

Where will we turn when we fall down?
Where will we turn when we fall?
[x4]