

Korova, Who's To Blame?

"I got 40 oz. and a pack of Lucky Strikes
And I hope to God it'll get me through the night
This ain't about teenage rebellion
Don't buy that story that they're selling
It's not about putting up a fight
The kids today aren't all right
And I blame you

"Sit your ass down and listen to what they have to say"
You're taught to nothing but listen and obey
What do you teach me except how to submit?
To not stand up and to take their shit?
The jocks aren't king, so don't treat 'em like they are
But you'd rather praise the football star...
That's just like you...

A kid buys a gun and swears they're gonna' pay
He heart can't until that fatefull day
He puts them down, one by one
Stops and laughs as he re-loads his gun
This kid been driven insane
By your stupid social games...
So who's to blame?

The kid dies in crossfire, just one of 22
And the story is told all over the evening news
What do they say on the TV at night?
They blame his records, but not his plight
They say TV brought his mind to melt
But not one word is spoken about how he felt
So how the fuck DID he feel.....?
Blame everyone but yourselves!"