

Oxymoron, Bored And Violent

There's violence coming up, trouble on the streets.
Gangs are taking over, but where will this lead?
Do you care for their frustration, no you don't!
The kids have no relation to your mode.

[Chorus:]

The same like back in '76,
bored and full of violence,
can't you see in fact what's going on.
It started off in '77,
when the kids got up together.
Discipline gets nowhere but to hatred.

Yellow press rack their brains over who's to blame.
Ain't the message obvious, what do you mean?
Or is all the increasing outrage just a joke?
But how come your prisons are packed, ain't this odd?

There's writings on the wall and broken panes.
The youth don't put up with your silly games.
Do you care for their frustrations, no you don't!
The kids have no relation to your mode.