

Sylvia Juncosa, Want It Bad

I gotta move, man, something's gotta change
Try anything just to kill the pain
I got to nail it before it nails me
Here I am, trapped, in the "land of the free"
How come they make it so hard for people like us
We don't know what it is, but it's never enough
I'm young, fresh, female flesh
With the lonely that kills
What a waste not to cure this heart before it spills
Screaming cars, sunshine, money, TV -
All the things that are supposed to make you happy
Not enough for me
Around the world in 80 ways
Stil stuck down in this dark cave - save me