

Zornik**"Did He Jump/unfree Child/mommy's Gone"**

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Who was that on the window ledge?
Did he jump or was he pushed?
He left a note which no one read
In desperate hand the note just said:
"Never turn my back on society
Society turn is back on me.
Never tried once to drop out,
I just couldn't get in from the start."

The children all played clever games
The grown-ups gave them clever names
Turned them all from very young
On to the drug competition
Feed them T.V. everyday
Teach them just how they should play
For the ones that start to stray
Cut them off till they obey

Our little friend was not the type
To want to have to stand and fight
Bully boys all could pick
Upon the lonely little kid
The grown ups all looked hard and long
Said "He's got two feet he can stand on"
We never like the sickly ones
The boisterous ones are much more fun

He found it hard to socialize
Cause when he laughed or want he cried
In the wrong place he'd be chastised
An idiot to be despised
Never learnt to play the game the way
That your supposed to play
Never learnt the things to say
Or lock emotion safe away

Who was that on the window ledge?
Did he jump or was he pushed?
He left a note which no one read
In desperate hand the note just said:
"Never turn my back on society

Society turn is back on me.
All the world can not be wrong
It must be me I don't belong."
"All the world can not be wrong
It must be me I don't belong"
"All the world can not be wrong
It must be me I don't belong"
"All the world can not be wrong
It must be me I don't belong"
"All the world can not be wrong
It must be me I don't belong"

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The unfree child is full of woe
Into the unfree adult he will grow
Have unfree children of is own
On and on and so it goes

Take your hands from off your genitals
Eat those greens and grow up strong
Don't piss yourself it's very naughty
Stephen, Stephen don't you shine
Don't speak now we are talking
Not a word less you disgrace
There's people listening
Don't embarrass us
And never let us catch you masturbate

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When I was a baby my mummy told me
If I was a bad boy daddy would scold me
When I was a baby my mummy lectured
If I was a good boy I would be rewarded

Mummy, daddy, what more would you expected
In your eyes I'm not to be respected
Take you on but I'm just one reflection
Of the values that you hold and the way you see them

My mummy's gone
To a place where I can't go
A place that's cloaked in thy mystery
Of corporate identity
Supermarkets and three pike suits
My mummy's gone
My mummy's gone

When I was a little girl my mummy told me
Had to make an effort to make myself pretty

Got to get a husband, got to have a baby
Got to be a credit to the rest of the family

Mummy, daddy, what more would you expected
In your eyes I'm not to be respected
Take you on but I'm just one reflection
Of the values that you hold and the way you see them

My mummy's gone
To a place where I can't go
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Now that I'm older, I know that you scared me
But I don't hold it against you, though it damage me
sorley
I know you're a victim just just like me
You can feel the pressure just just like me

Mummy, daddy, what more would you expected
In your eyes I'm not to be respected
Take you on but I'm just one reflection
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