

D.R.I. "Karma"

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Hey punk, with that bottle in your hand
What makes you so sad?
Could life really be that bad?
Sure, you've got your reasons
But your alibis are lies

The story is an old one
It's been told a million times
You were glad to be alive
On life's journey, you were excited
But you were not in a hurry

For years, you walked up
And down each road
You had to try them all
Looking for your place, I guess
Where you could rest and feel at home

Now, tired of walking
You've started to run
Passing everything by
But at least you're having fun

Good karma, bad karma
You'll get what you deserve
There is good and evil
You've got a lot to learn

There is love, there is hate
You can't do as you please
Wash your face, take a bath
Your aura's still filthy
In someone's bathroom

Turning blue, puking green
You're senile, senile at seventeen
Scars on your brain from
Drinking beer and smoking weed
Another acid tab, another shot of speed

Good karma, bad karma
You'll get what you deserve

There is good and evil
You've got a lot to learn

There's no lie, only truth in reality
You hate love, you love to hate
Your soul is so diseased
You are just a fish in a sea of human beings
Lost in, caught up in, someone else's dream

Afraid to laugh 'cause you might drown
The true mad, sad clown sinking down
Into the darkness where no one
Would dare venture to save you

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