

Feeling Left Out "Drug War"

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Once again the price is paid
not by use but in the countries where it's made
Thank god for the third world labor force:
They keep us high, we keep them poor of course
Everyone knows the drug war is insane
The CIA is the one selling cocaine
Even the president can't just say no
That one that didn't inhale, and this one just blows

So I say we spend a trillion dollars (or ten)
Buy a fence and some helicopters
Save the whole world from doing junk (and then)
Raise our classes and get drunk

Here at home the policy has failed
We won't be safe until we put everyone in jail
Maybe it's time to take a different direction
Treatment makes sense, not the department of
corrections
Poverty's the crime, that's where is all beings
The man takes away the hope, then pushes the crack in
Solutions are clear, everyone knows
but this revolution sounds too much like work

I see it out there all the time
These problems are on the rise
You know it's bad
when the straight edge kid is the one saying legalize

You gave up the whole dream, you switched teams
You became an adult and you forget what it means
To be a kid in this world, who wants to make a change
I know I'll always remain drug free

Does it make your high any less thrilling
To know around the world there are people we are
killing
Let's think about the money we spend
I say it's time to end this drug war

