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Flight Of The Conchords "Think About It"

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There's children on the streets using guns and knives They're taking drugs and each other's lives Killing each other with knives and forks And calling each other names like dork

There's people on the street Getting diseases from monkeys Yeah, that's what I said They're getting diseases from monkeys

Now, there's junkies with monkey disease Who's touching these monkeys? Please, leave these poor sick monkeys alone They've got problems enough as it is

A man is lying on the street Some punk's chopped off his head And I'm the only one who stops to see if he's dead Turns out he's dead

And that's why I'm singing What, what is wrong with the world today? What's wrong with the world today? What, what is wrong with the world today? You gotta think about it, think, think about it

Good cops been framed, put into a can All the money that we're making It's going to the man

What man? Which man? Whose the man? When's a man a man? What makes a man a man? Am I a man? Yes, technically I am

They're turning kids into slaves Just to make cheaper sneakers But what's the real cost? 'Cause the sneakers don't seem that much cheaper

Why are we still paying so much for sneakers ? When you got them made by little slaves kids What are your overheads? At the end of your life, you're lucky if you die Sometimes I wonder why we would even try I saw a man lying on the street half dead With knives and forks sticking out of his leg

And he said, "Can somebody Get the knife and fork out of my leg, please" "Can somebody please remove These cutleries from my knees"

And then we break it down Acappella jams Breaking it down, let me break it down Jamin' out, just jamin' out, yeah, yeah

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