

## Dangers

# "Shop Till You Drop Dead"

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You sang to me that "you are free,"  
The "music is boring you to death."  
But for me, you see,  
It's just the goddamn kids.  
Us boring, boring, boring, boring, spoiled-rotten kids.  
Take. Take, take, take.  
Don't give back shit.  
All spoils.  
All gains.  
Just dicks.  
No brains.  
More pills.  
Less pain.  
Just amber waves of grain.  
We stuff our mouths until we burst.  
This is consumerism at it's very worst.  
Our hands stuffed so deep into the cookie jar.

And no, we will not share.  
We all have too much.  
We haven't one desire.  
Us boring, boring self-righteous kids.  
Throw us to the fire.  
New sneakers, smaller cell phones, faster cars with  
Larger rims.  
We filthy, stinking, scholarship punks.  
We watch them struggle for what we're just given.  
I have nothing to complain about, but I know I'll still  
Complain.  
I'm so bored with us have-everything kids.  
Put a razor to our veins.

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