

Brandon Jenkins**"The Whole World's Gone Crazy"**

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I've got a computer, fits the palm of my hand
Somehow the satellites know just where I am
I must be paranoid or crazy I guess
To tell you the truth it scares me to death
I don't leave the ground 'cause I'm too scared to fly
I don't check the mail 'cause I don't wanna die
I'm sinkin' fast and I don't mean maybe
Lord help us please, the whole world's gone crazy
The whole world's gone crazy

I wake up in the morning, turn on the TV
I got's to get my daily dose of misery
Ignore my family before I head off to work
I hate my job 'cause my boss is a jerk
There's a man on the corner and he's carrying a sign
He's there everyday so I don't pay him no mind
He's got a wife and a new born baby
Lord help us please, the whole world's gone crazy
The whole world's gone crazy

There's preacher on TV on a set made of gold
He said send some money and he'll pray for my soul
If I send enough then God might save me
Lord help us please, the whole world's gone crazy
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