

Socratic "Janis Joplin Hands"

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You used to look so alive.
In the last year you looked like you turned 35.
I used to hate you so I put you under my belt.
I'm so confused and cannot tell you how I felt.
They always try and bring me down but
I'm always so constantly high.
Remember when you were like puddles in the rain?
I stopped the water but you told me that you felt the
same.
You smoke a bit then you talked a revolution.
Well, I looked and saw there's no solution
It's spelled out in all of our pollution.
Will it come again?
Feeling like the 60s?
Hold out your Janis Joplin hands.
I'll give you my cold James Dean eyes.
Take a flower. soak it in gasoline.
Empty my pockets and show you exactly what I mean.
How can you stare and never really look at?
You watch T.V. eat and get a little fat.
I see your comfy and I'm not gonna deny that.
You lay around so it's easier to hear lies.
Compare the generation with a word like, "separation"
Separated? No, I feel we're constipated.
We can't get out what everybody wants to say.
We're educated but they tell us we're wrong anyway.
They always try and pull us down but
We're always so constantly high

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