

T.S.O.L. "Terrible People"

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you'll come undone, loving all the
terrible people

Hey, read the news, what's it say
did your boy up in heaven
go golfing that day?
they slaughtered a thousand
most innocent victims
they cut off the heads
so the bodies won't listen

you'll come undone, loving all the
terrible people

Hey, Mrs. Jones what do you know
off a building you go
with your children in tow
you saved them from hurting
you saved them from distance
you saved them from learning
they're rats in the system
and still you won't listen

we generate monsters
we generate victims
we generate islands
adrift in the system

you'll come undone, loving all the
terrible people

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