

Kennedys Dead

"Straight A's"

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Sixteen, on the honor roll
I wish that I was dead
Parents hate me, I got zits
And bruises round my head

Pressure's on to get good grades
So I can be like them
Do my homework all the time
I can't go out just then

People they ain;t friends at all
They tease and suck me dry
Yell at me when I fuck up
And party while I cry
I look so big on paper
I feel so fucking small
Wanna die and you don't care
Just stride on down the hall

Suicide suicide
Read the paper, wonder why
Turn the light out, then you cry
It's you fault, you made me die

Touch me won't you touch me now
So frozen I can't love
When I was born my mama cried
And picked me up with gloves

Girls, they kick me in the eye
Want answers to the tests
When they get them they drive off
And leave me home to rest

Hold my head
Make me warm
Tell me I am loved
Give me hope
Let me cry
Make me feel
Give me touch

The window's broken bleeding screaming
Lying in the hall
I'm gone no one remembers me
A picture on the wall
'He was such a bright boy
The future in his hands...'
- Or a spineless human pinball
Shot around by your demands

Suicide suicide
Goin' to sleep and when I die
You'll look up and realize
Then look down and wipe your eyes
Then go back to your stupid lives
Aw shit

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