Bad Religion, Drastic Actions

Heard a word, suicide Not from one, but from thousands that tried The lawyer's wife and the teenage brat One thing in common, they all wanted out And it's plain to see It goes for you and it goes for me And all the screwed up little girls and boys All thrown in without a choice But I heard him say "I want out" No complaints and no doubts Just a chance to go on I heard a word, suicide And not from one, but from thousands that tried Want some attention and a little less regret A teenage fluff, little threat And, and there are those, there're those who think That drastic actions will make them unique It's really all the same That no one's happy and nobody's to blame And the moral to this story is old It's quite taboo, seldom told The seed is reaped before it's sown A bad choice was never resolved