

# 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