

## Ballads

GBH

Young kids shouldn't sing ballads  
Where is all your teenage angst?  
Stand up for what you believe in  
Show 'em what they're up against

Managers do the managing  
So stick to the music son  
No one knows your name now  
And won't remember when you're gone

You've gotta - enrage them but engage them  
Do anything but explain to them  
Sedate them frustrate them  
And do what you gotta do to survive

You got your corporation logo  
You're sponsored by the best  
Number one with a bullet  
But you still isn't passed the test  
Direction is the problem  
And all the history before  
You don't know where you're going  
Or what dangers lie in store

So you're burnt out when you're 20  
It seems the die is cast  
A production line of hopefuls  
And a waiting list so vast  
Making money for other people  
Who take advantage of your age  
Are you an independent artist?  
Or just a puppet on a stage