

Social Flop

Mad Sin

your father is a wino and your mummy is on pills
your sister sells her body to men who need cheap thrills
mum lives in a madhouse and daddy's got no job
your brother is a junkie, just another flop
you're on the highway to hell thousand miles per hour
straight into your grave, it couldn't get rawer
you're on the highway to hell thousand miles per hour
society calls you: social flop - mad boys, mad girls

you're under a curse that's what you think
to escape the fucking problems you cut a few more lines
they gave you a set of rules that you cant take
your life turned into a horror flic, too late to use the brake