

# Apathy Begins At Home

Sonic Boom Six

Well I see too much and I hear too much  
And I've said too much. It's in my head too much.  
Give me a flag to fly for something natural,  
Call it an act of God. I'll be charitable.  
Here we go again, they're talking about a new war.  
We forgot they never even gave an answer  
To why we had the last one, plenty more that we can blast on.  
(Switch off) I'm going the pub, I'm turning this off.

There's strangers to save in the airwaves.  
(Now they're in your home, pledge your money on the phone.)  
There's hands out to me on TV.  
(Tonight then we can leave the reasons all alone.)  
Another mass appeal, (It's another million dead.)  
Another frozen meal.  
Me, me, me, me.

Woah.  
But we only look down, down, down. (Look away and turn around.)  
If we stop to pause at the mess we've caused,  
We're talking a disaster.  
Woah.  
But we only look down, down, down. (Switch it off and turn around.)  
We're talking a disaster.  
It's the mess we make, when will we ever give what we take?

While we're reading about their health.  
Yeah, we're scheming about their wealth.  
Are we thinking about ourselves?  
Such a fashion for narcissistic compassion.

There's strangers to save in the airwaves.  
(Why the poorest ones contributing all the funds?)  
There's hands out to me on TV.  
(Powers that be are spending more than that on guns.)  
The latest tragedy (Such generosity)  
That's deemed to be worthy.  
Me, me, me...

Woah.  
But we only look down, down, down. (Look away and turn around.)  
If we stop to pause at the mess we've caused,  
We're talking a disaster.  
Woah.  
But we only look down, down, down. (Switch it off and turn around.)  
We're talking a disaster.  
It's the mess we make, when will we give what we take?

And ask ourselves why we only  
Do something if it's not tragedy we planned?  
So really we do nothing and there's blood on all our hands.  
If we just keep giving, questions to the back of our minds  
We'll live out our life in the kingdom of the blind.

Ten years flew by with the world still out of sight and out of mind.  
Pushing death aside, half a million black faces hide  
Under every tear we ever cried over our princess when she died.

Guess genocide was never priority for our modern media  
When they were fuelling the fire for this schizophrenia  
So we don't blame it upon ourselves, upon ourselves.  
Self, self, self...

Woah.

But we only look down, down, down. (Look away and turn around.)  
If we stop to pause at the mess we've caused,  
We're talking a disaster.

Woah.

But we only look down, down, down. (Switch it off and turn around.)  
We're talking a disaster.  
It's the mess we make, when will we ever give what we take?  
We're talking a disaster.  
We hold the reigns. We're talking a disaster.  
We're talking a disaster.