

“Handheld And Helpless”

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Everywhere you look these days our heads are in a downward gaze I guess we got the whole
world in our hands
Got mail and text and messaging and Facebook friends on Instagram where everybody's
posting everything
We tweet and post and snap and chat and Hey!, did you see that dancin' cat video, my friend
shared with the world?
Distracted, dull and disconnected, I think I've become affected to the crazy shit that's on my
phone

My hand-held has gotten out of hand, got to turn this thing off before it rings again

'Cause I'm handheld and helpless
Missing life just staring at my screen
Connected but, clueless
It's an anti-social media disease

Hey pretty girl walkin' down the street, got your head lookin' down typing furiously, if you don't
look up I think we're 'bout to meet
And hey you in that car behind me! I hope that you will brake in time, 'cause I see you
typin', typin' on your little screen
Lost my wallet, keys and credit cards, the cash is gone and so's the car, but the worst thing is I
can't find my phone
Now, I can't Uber, Lyft or taxi, I don't recall my address exactly, I guess I'll have to find my own
way home

Now, I feel quite at liberty, since my battery ran out, I'm finally breakin' free

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It's my anti-social media disease