

I wouldn't wanna be a kid in Africa  
Where the sun has never shown  
For the child soldiers soldiering all day long  
Never knew the joys of being a kid  
Just a slit in the arm and a forced drug fix  
Then it's off with a gun to the torture, murder, death

And as I walk these modern streets looking into the future  
Yeah as I walk these modern streets looking into the future

Well now I wouldn't wanna be a kid in the USA  
Where the kids are disposable  
You're just a number on the docket of the selective service rol  
l  
Wouldn't wanna be a kid in one of many lands  
Working in a factory, a field, a mine  
A sweatshop worker on the production line

And as I walk these modern streets looking into the future  
Yeah as I walk these modern streets looking into the future

What will it take to end the massacre?  
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Well now I wouldn't wanna be a kid in the modern world  
Neurotic, full of fear, no control  
Hungry, empty, feeling worn and old  
Unable to make sense of the heads of state  
Unable to make sense of the wars they wage  
Feeling every second that I live I go closer to the grave  
I need to know...

What will it take oh no  
What will it take oh no

(1, 2, 3, 4!)

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