

Sitting in my room painting the world
And the kids are not alright
Good England thrown to the wolves
And the lunatics taking over
Heaven I found under my demons
And the smoking gun
That you found
Lying on the ground

I'm just sitting painting the world
And the kids are not alright

When I don't have a choice
That's when I find my voice
I'm not trying to be
What you want me to be
I'm not your friend I'm your queen
You're quickly losing your scene
I'm not trying to be what you want me to be

Woah woah woah
Woah woah woah
Woah woah woah
Woah woah woah
The kids are not alright

Standing up in front of a mountain
And I don't want to fight
The clouds answer to no one
They don't need the sun
The streets are dark and the gas light leads me
Soon I'm out of sight
Howling back
Back at the moon

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And the kids are not alright

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