

The Kids

Strung Out

Don't pack your bags
don't bring your things
just leave them all behind
Don't you worry about a letter
left for someone else to find
No explanation needed
to define what we have done
We've mapped our course
we've set our sights
crossed hairs on everyone

Today it's you and me
and we're blowin up the world
We'll climb it's highest peak
and watch it fall apart
We are the end result
we've forged our destiny
to rebuild it all again

Spray paint begins to dry
the message soon becomes
So obvious that this
walking adolescent death trips tired of doin time
They are the reversal
they are silent
they are one
They are everything you made them
assassination of the young

Today it's you and me
and we're blowin up the world
They'll write about us all
if they get out alive
We are the end result
we've forged our destiny
to rebuild it all again

You medicate into submission
A sleeping monster needs no attention
You bring me up to bring me down
You knew one day I'd come around
This wasteland be our playground
be our temple
be our salvation

We'll fill the seas with gasoline
and shoot the sun right out the sky
The spark of our imagination
will keep all hope from running dry
They'll write about us all
if anyone gets out alive
to build it all again