

Nothing For The Kids

The Holloways

I'm gonna pack up my troubles in my old kit-
bag, I'm gonna run a mile from here
'Cos the ASBO generation make this a terror nation full of loathing and fear
All the bleary-eyed boys getting high on the low street
While the girls lift clothes down the high street and they say,
"Yeah I know, I know it's wrong but I can't be bothered to pay,
I got the money but I need it for my dealer today."
And her friends are all the same and they know it's not right
But they were promised more from this life

And they will steal and they will fight
Because there's nothing for the kids to do today
And they will haunt the streets at night
Because there's nothing for the kids to do today

Shaun has an ASBO, he's only fourteen, he's tired and he's bored with the lo-
cal police
"They're pricks," he says, "I didn't get a second chance,
They didn't ask why I did it"
The pigs...
The paedophiles playing his neck of the woods,
He's got no safety numbers, his ASBO won't allow him to be hanging around in
gangs
What is he to do? He's been kicked out of school
What a way to fix a fool, we are failing our youth
Parents and governors can you handle the truth?

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Who's to blame? The mainstream media?
Our rulers and idols get greedier and seedier
They're an embarrassment, they should be shamed
For misguiding our youth, they're the ones to blame
They sit back and watch the evil grow from the youth club ruins where the ki-
ds used to go
Take parts of Salford in Manchester, dying on it's feet
While the players at United get a hundred grand a week
The kids love them anyway, it don't make sense
When you have a go at me for the sake of fifty pence
Especially when some of you so called "poor kids" have got the money for a di-
gital camcorder
And the time to film a girl whilst you spit-roast her
You hang about the park but you don't play football
You trouble me for money 'cos you've got to make a drug call (?)
You've got time, you've got money but you wrap it in a joint 'cos you don't
see the point in using your time for making your dreams come true
You're all too busy trying to lose our respect for you
Why're you proud to be rude?
You're just trying to be cool in front of your mates
That's all that really matters when you're living in hate

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Why do you wanna grow up, why do you wanna grow so fast and throw your youth
away?

Don't throw your youth away and don't let me hear you say

That there's nothing for the kids to do today

There's plenty for the kids to do today

There's so much for the kids to do