Just because we're kids
Because we're sort of small
Because we're closer to the ground
And you are bigger by the pound
You have no right
You have no right
To push and shove us little kids around

Just because your throat
Has got a deeper voice
And lots of wind to blow it out
At little kids who don't dare shout
You have no right
You have no right
To force and beat us little kids about

Just because you've got whiskers on your face to shave You treat us like a slave So what? It's only hair And because you got a wallet near your heart You think you're twice as smart You know, that isn't fair

We'll grow up some day
And when we do, I pray
We won't just grow in size and sound
Or just get bigger by the pound
I'd hate to grow
Like some I know
Who push and shove us little kids around

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