

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?
What will it take to end the massacre?
What will it take to end the massacre?
What will it take to end the massacre?

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!)

What will it take to end the massacre?
What will it take to end the massacre?
What will it take to end the massacre?
What will it take to end the massacre?