

Complicated Situation

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

Everything's so different now
A scream which fills the air
And haunts the smallest children's sleep upon the floor
Where have they gone you'll hear them say
With smiles meant to cry
As they wind a watch wrapped on a wrist
And quickly look away
Four and six have come and gone
Five times before they're seen
And upon the lips of everyone a curse they've never dreamed
Yah upon the lips of everyone a curse they've never dreamed

The young must be our sacrifice
They say with crippled grins
The eyes of youth must lose their way
And stumble here within
So the sleeping children were awoke
In time to haze their eyes
So was never known on which they choked where books of old and
time
So was never known on which they choked where books of old and
time

It's a complicated situation
It's a complicated situation mama
I'm a complicated situation