

There's kids with sticks
And they're chasing birds, a summer picnic
Would they be happy if they hit one
I hope their clumsy swings forgive the bird with the broken wing
The laughing parents shake their heads and say

(Chorus)

Boys will be boys
They never really have a choice
The building blocks are built before they play
Boys will be boys
There's no use being paranoid
Don't you know that they'll be men one day

Are these the same
Enemies that called us dirty names
When the bell was rung the fight was on
But they're so small
Maybe we could take them after all
The principal would shake his head and say

(Chorus)

Greasy hair on the witness stand
Empty bottle stare
Never cared much for the abattoir
Was he the stick
Or the broken bird that no one knew to fix
I guess the answer's in the DNA