

# All Of Us Kids

Hawksley Workman

These initial shock waves can't last  
They're gonna want to see the real love soon  
They're gonna want to see the real bombs in the air  
They're gonna want to hear the real songs in their ears

They're gonna burn the flag poles when they find out  
They're gonna cry with salty tears  
They're gonna call themselves witnesses for the truth  
They're gonna speak the broken language of love

And all of us kids want  
The same thing from our lives  
So come on out now  
With your hands up  
Before we start shooting

We're gonna tear the bars off the windows  
And our voices will be instruments for the truth  
And then we'll probably migrate to the coast line  
To tangle with the salt in the air

Listen to the hush of our babies  
After all the fighting is through  
And the evening will come true to all who suffer  
And the morning come a chance to renew

And all of us kids want  
The same thing from our lives  
So come on out now  
With your hands up  
Before we start shooting  
(6x)