

Kids These Days

Smartbomb

The apple rots far from family tree,
Unless you're the public enemy.
Kids these days, sing their praise.
When self expression is stranded,
Lost at sea, eyes transfixed on the tv.
Kids these days, we'll coin the phrase.
Maybe growing up too fast, yeah having too much fun,
Watch the world turn to shit.
I had a dream I elected myself president,
The problem is I'm a lunatic and now you're vulnerable.
Kids these days, come on sing their praise.
The year's 2005, the lucid minds of youth cannot strive.
The optimism we had has been withdrawn.
Erratic personalities exposed from the movies,
Which somehow turned black to white.
It's not all black and white, wrong or right.
From the day we're born, prepare for the day we die.
Death bed not the locale to lay and lie.
Lay and lie, lay and lie, devoted to verity till I die.
Lay and lie, lay and lie, devoted to verity till I die.
I had a dream about kids these days.