## **Nothing For The Kids**

The Holloways

I'm gonna pack up my troubles in my old kitbag, I'm gonna run a mile from here 'Cos the ASBO generation make this a terror nation full of loathing and fear All the bleary-eyed boys getting high on the low street While the girls lift clothes down the high street and they say, "Yeah I know, I know it's wrong but I can't be bothered to pay, I got the money but I need it for my dealer today." And her friends are all the same and they know it's not right But they were promised more from this life And they will steal and they will fight Because there's nothing for the kids to do today And they will haunt the streets at night Because there's nothing for the kids to do today Shaun has an ASBO, he's only fourteen, he's tired and he's bored with the lo cal police "They're pricks," he says, "I didn't get a second chance, They didn't ask why I did it" The pigs... The paedophiles playing his neck of the woods, He's got no safety numbers, his ASBO won't allow him to be hanging around in gangs What is he to do? He's been kicked out of school What a way to fix a fool, we are failing our youth Parents and governors can you handle the truth? And they will steal and they will fight Because there's nothing for the kids to do today And they will haunt the streets at night Because there's nothing for the kids to do today There's nothing for the kids to do Who's to blame? The mainstream media? Our rulers and idols get greedier and seedier They're an embarrassment, they should be shamed For misguiding our youth, they're the ones to blame They sit back and watch the evil grow from the youth club ruins where the ki ds used to go Take parts of Salford in Manchester, dying on it's feet While the players at United get a hundred grand a week The kids love them anyway, it don't make sense When you have a go at me for the sake of fifty pence Especially when some of you so called "poor kids" have got the money for a d igital camcorder And the time to film a girl whilst you spit-roast her You hang about the park but you don't play football You trouble me for money 'cos you've got to make a drug call (?) You've got time, you've got money but you wrap it in a joint 'cos you don't see the point in using your time for making your dreams come true You're all too busy trying to lose our respect for you Why're you proud to be rude? You're just trying to be cool in front of your mates That's all that really matters when you're living in hate

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Why do you wanna grow up, why do you wanna grow so fast and throw your youth away? Don't throw your youth away and don't let me hear you say That there's nothing for the kids to do today There's plenty for the kids to do today There's so much for the kids to do