

# Nothing For The Kids

The Holloways

I'm gonna pack up my troubles in my old kit-  
bag, 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?

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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 di-  
gital 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