

Youth

The Mob

Left in the cafe, he sits all alone
This person with hopes that are so like my own
And nobody tells him as he's sitting there
He's dead long ago and nobody cares

Disgusted, demented, disillusioned, deranged
Mixed up, frustrated, you, youth

But I see a strange look on that face that's uncleaned
Its white bloodless color, now dull, once gleamed
And I know where I've seen that expression before
He's stood in the place where my feet touch the ground

The clock strikes 6 as I drink the last drop
Of the tea that's been sitting for hours in my cup
I think where to go now, the town has gone dead
And I realize I'm living this death

Disgusted, demented, disillusioned, deranged
Mixed up, frustrated, you, youth