

# Against Me!, Bastards Of Young

God, what a mess, on the ladder of success  
Where you take one step and miss the whole first rung  
Dreams unfulfilled, graduate unskilled  
It beats pickin' cotton and waitin' to be forgotten

We are the sons of no one, bastards of young  
We are the sons of no one, bastards of young  
The daughters and the sons

Clean your baby womb, trash that baby boom  
Elvis in the ground, there'll ain't no beer tonight  
Income tax deduction, what a hell of a function  
It beats pickin' cotton and waitin' to be forgotten

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We are the sons of no one, bastards of young  
The daughters and the sons

Unwillingness to claim us, ya got no word (war? no one?) to name us

The ones who love us best are the ones we'll lay to rest  
And visit their graves on holidays at best  
The ones who love us least are the ones we'll die to please  
If it's any consolation, I don't begin to understand them

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Young... take it, it's yours...