

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, Complicated Situation

Everything is so different now with screamers fill the air
And haunts small his children sleep upon the floor
Where have they gone you will hear them say with smiles meant to cry
And as they whined a watch wrapped on the wrist and quickly look away
Four and six have come and gone five times before this seems
Upon the lips of everyone of a curse they never dreamed
Upon the lips of everyone of a curse they never dreamed

Its a complicated situation
Its a complicated situation momma
I'm a complicated situation momma

The young must be our sacrafice they say with cripple grins
The eyes of youth must lose their ways and stumbe here with them
So the sleepin children were awake in time to haze their eyes
So it was never known on which the choked with books of old in time
So it was never known on which the choked with books of old in time

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Its a complicated situation momma
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