

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Kids On The Street

It's time for a new understanding, if you're one of the many the family has let go
Hold on stay together when crashin' selling fake hits of acid to a college asshole

I can tell I disgust ugly old faces I see
You call us mallrats; the town is callous to the kids on the street

I know like an animal's knowledge, what you never acknowledge, and prefer to ignore
I go like a brick through a window, there may be no tomorrow, I don't care anymore

Here I am, I ruined your wall, talk responsibility, ugliness, mallrats
The town is callous to the kids on the street

Smarmy people, I'd like to blow them all away, vacant faces and a language of cliches
Hypocrites aspiring to be all the same, I will act on all my dreams and take things to extremes

I this time of new understanding, with the darkness descending and your money all gone
I will hang tough making weirdness a virtue; I will never desert you in your quest for the dawn