

Deadsy, Teenage Wildlife

Well, how come you only want tomorrow
With its promise of something hard to do
A real life adventure worth more than pieces of gold

Blue skies above and sun on your arms
Strength in your stride
And hope in those squeaky clean eyes
You'll get chilly receptions everywhere you go
Blinded with desire
I guess the season is on

So you train by shadow boxing, search for the truth
But it's all, but it's all used up
Break open your million dollar weapon
And push your luck, still you push, still you push your luck
A broken nosed mogul are you
One of the new wave boys

Same old thing in brand new drag
Comes sweeping into view
As ugly as a teenage millionaire
Pretending it's a whizz kid world

You'll take me aside, and say
Well, David, what shall I do? They wait for me in the hallway
I'll say Don't ask me, I don't know any hallways
But they move in numbers and they've got me in a corner
I feel like a group of one, no no
They can't do this to me
I'm not some piece of teenage wildlife

Those midwives to history put on their bloody robes
The word is that the hunted one is out there on his own
You're alone for maybe the last time
And you breathe for a long time
Then you howl like a wolf in a trap
And you daren't look behind

You fall to the ground like a leaf from a tree
And look up one time at that vast blue sky
Scream out loud as they shoot you down
No no, I'm not a piece of teenage wildlife
I'm not a piece of teenage wildlife

And noone will have seen and noone will confess
The fingerprints will prove that you couldn't pass the test
There'll be others on the line filing past, who'll whisper low
I miss you, He really had to go
Well each to his own
He was another piece of teenage wildlife