

Matisyahu, Youth

Some of them come now
Some of the running
Some of them looking for fun
Some of them looking for away out of confusion
Some of them don't know where to be
Some of them don't know where to go
Some of them trust their instincts
That somethings missing from the show
Some don't fit society
Their insides are crying low
Some of them teachers squashed the flame
'fore it had a chance to grow
Some of them embers still glow
Them charcoal hushed and low
Some of them come with hunger supressed
Not fed them feel the death blow, yo

(CHORUS:)

Young man control in your hand
Slam your fist on the table
And make your demand
Take a stand
Fan a fire for the flame of the youth
Got the freedom to choose
You better make the right move
Young man, the power's in your hand
Slam your fist on the table and make your demand
You better make the right move
"youth is the engine of the world"
Storm the halls of vanity
Focus your energy
Into a laser beam
Streaming shattered light
Unites to pierce between the seams
And it seems
The world open peering
The children see
Rapid fire for your mind
Half a truth is just a lie
They rub me the wrong way
They say their way or fall behind
Seventeen disconnect left out
The concept as to why
There's a spiritual emptiness
So the youth them get vexed
Skip class and get wrecked
Feel with beer and cigarettes
To fill the hole in their chest!

(CHORUS)