

Schleprock, Suburbia

Side streets and the summer heat,
The wolves run fast when the boredom breeds
Latchkey, ya gotta come clean,
Mission impossible at seventeen

As the perfect world turns
major malfunction in the heart of the concern
Another no-name on the failure freeway
Who's to blame, Mother says it's a phase!

Somewhere down in Suburbia it ain't right.... (x4)
No it ain't right

Dead ends scream a teenage warning,
Opportunity's not even knocking
learn to drown if you can't swim,
drop out if you can't drop in

And when lessons don't get learned
The dysfunctional, discouraged voices go unheard
Another closed door means more losers
The desperate youth stumbles down the avenue

Somewhere down in suburbia it ain't right (x4)
No it ain't right

Nowhere to go and nothing to do tonight
Dysfunctional, unintentional
Perpetual cycle been around you
Come after you
There's nothing nobody really wants to do
Oh, the wolves cry tonight
Out on the streets tonight