Adolescents, Where The Children Play

Drive-by suicide bombers all over In our front yards and in our bedrooms Biochemical warfare, anthrax and smallpox Stuff it all back in the toy box

I want to, I want to play
I want to play where the children play
I want to, I want to play
I want to play where the children play
In a world where the sun shines each and every day
I want to play where the children play

Fanatics on a mission, it's impossible to tell Where the last batch of FDA poison fell To justify their vision is a pretty tough sell Twin towers blew all our dreams to hell