

Angie Aparo, Child You're The Revolution

When you're young, they take your hand
Say you're from the greatest land
Right or wrong, they teach you the song
Of your people
And in your dreams, they shape your mind
Until it seems, you're one of their kind
And on your tongue, they write the song
Of your people
Mother tell me, is there love on my tongue?
Mother tell me 'cause I'm the revolution
Mother tell me, are there wars to be won?
Can you tell me?
Am I a child of the son?
The only one who rules the world
Is every little boy or girl
Child you're the revolution
I wanna bury your flags and all your religions
It's a fuckin' drag to hear all your bitchin'
When I was young, standin' in the kitchen
With all the hatred on the television
Mother tell me, is there love on my tongue?
Mother tell me 'cause I'm the revolution
Mother tell me, are there wars to be won?
Can you tell me?

Am I a child of the son?
The only one who rules the world
Is every little boy or girl
Child you're the revolution
Child, you're the revolution
Child, you're the revolution
Child, you're the revolution
I say child, you're the revolution
Mother tell me, is there love on my tongue?
Mother tell me 'cause I'm the revolution
Mother tell me, is there love on my tongue?
Mother tell me 'cause I'm the revolution
Am I a child of the son?
Mother tell me, are there wars to be won?
Can you tell me?
Am I a child of the son?
The only one who rules the world
Is every little boy or girl
Child you're the revolution
Child, you're the revolution
Child, you're the revolution
Child, you're the revolution