

Charlene, Used To Be

Superman was killed in Dallas
There's no love left in the palace
Someone took the Beatles' lead guitar
Have another Chivas Regal
You're 12 years old and sex is legal
Your parents don't know where or who you are

Used to be the hero of the ballgame
Took the time to shake the loser's hand
Used to be that failure only meant you didn't try
In a world where people gave a damn

Great big wars in little places
Look at all those frightened faces
But don't come here, we just don't have the room
Love thy neighbours wife and daughter
Cleanse your life with Holy water
We don't need to bathe, we've got perfume

Used to be a knight in shining armour
Didn't have to own a shiny car
Dignity and courage were the measure of a man
Not the drugs he needs to hide the scar

Can your teacher read, does your preacher pray
Does your president have soul
Have you heard a real good ethnic joke today
Mama took to speed and daddy ran away
But you mustn't lose control
Let's cut the class, I got some grass
The kids are wild we just can't tame 'em
Do we have the right to blame them

We fed them all our indecisions
We wrecked their minds with television
But what the hell, they're too young to feel pain
But I believe that love can save tomorrow
Believe the truth can make us free
Someone tried to say it, then we nailed Him to a cross
I guess it's still the way it used to be