

Children 18:3, Mock The Music

Play me the empty space behind my eyes
They're yelling and screaming
But all I keep hearing is blah, blah, blah, blah
They're talking about the girls and boys making too much noise
And the problems to solve them but it doesn't involve them
I thought about this too much and it's clear that it's unclear
Unless you believe them, believe them and
I won't do it
It's alright it's a stereotype
And I don't mind if you use it
It's alright you can say what you like
Just don't mock the music
Blame me but you're nothing impressive at all
I'm happy to smile I'm happy to nod
If you're happy with making it up
They're talking about the girls and boys making too much noise
Through the playgrounds and backgrounds
And speeding through small towns
I thought about this today and it's strange
But it came to me as I was leaving believing
I won't do it
It's alright it's a stereotype
And I don't mind if you use it
It's alright you can say what you like
Just don't mock the music
The ropes were all tangled
And the battle lines drawn
And I've marked off my space in the room you can't cross
I wanted to be different
But he's always been the same
And I can't, no I can't try and win this for you
I won't do it